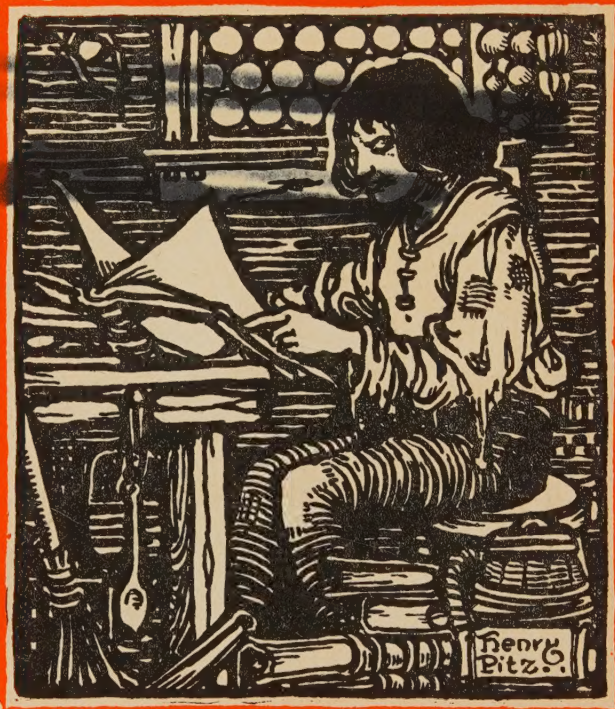
David

Dec. 25 – 1935



RICHES

WITHOUT the earnest love of books
The richest man is poor indeed.
Great is his mental poverty,
And sad the picture of his need.
But, loving books, the poorest man
Is rich beyond all count and measure;
No time nor hand can take his wealth
No chance decrease his endless treasure.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK No. 7

FOR LITTLE FOLK

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK HOUSE
New York

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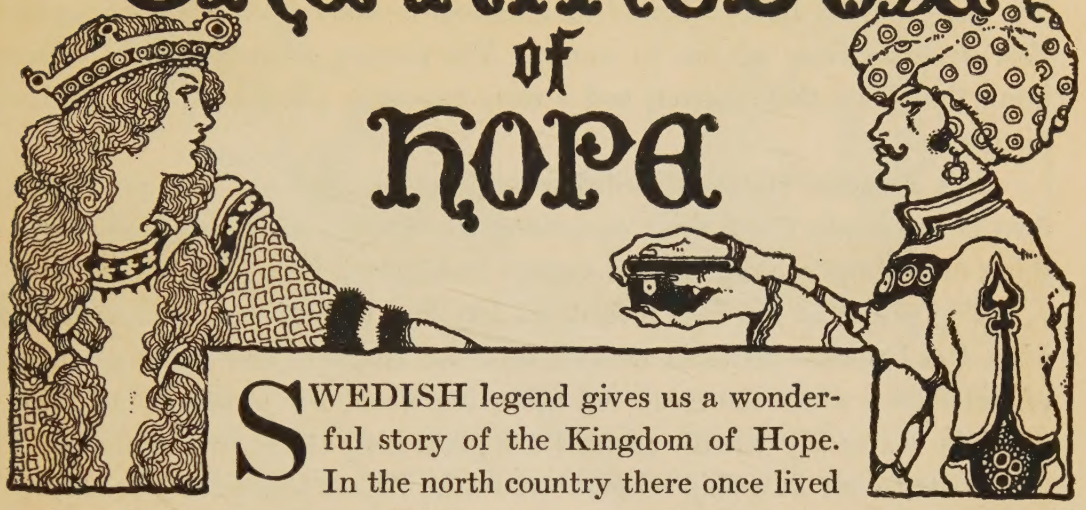
The Kingdom of Hope



SWEDISH legend gives us a wonderful story of the Kingdom of Hope. In the north country there once lived a beautiful princess named Miranda, who said that the man she would marry must be able to show that he was greater than a king, with a kingdom greater than any the people had ever known. We are told that she loved pearls, and was often called the "pearl maiden" and that she drove about in a carriage of gold. One day, as she was out in the woods, she came upon some myrtle from which she made a wreath.

"I will throw this out into the wide world," she said, "and see who will find it."

A little while after this, a high prince of the rich East came along, found the wreath, and brought it to the princess with an offer of marriage. He had heard that she wished a kingdom greater than her people had ever heard about, and he thought that he could well satisfy her. When he knelt before her, he said, "I have to offer you an empire that is unmeasurable, my people are as innumerable as the sands of the ocean, and my treasure rooms are filled from floor to ceiling with gold and precious stones."

Miranda looked at him for a moment and then she replied softly, "Is this all? Your empire is too small; I desire one much greater. Your power is far too limited, and your treasures have not the splendor to please me."

Again Miranda went out into the woods and made a beautiful wreath of roses, saying as she threw them out, "I wonder who will find this wreath and come."

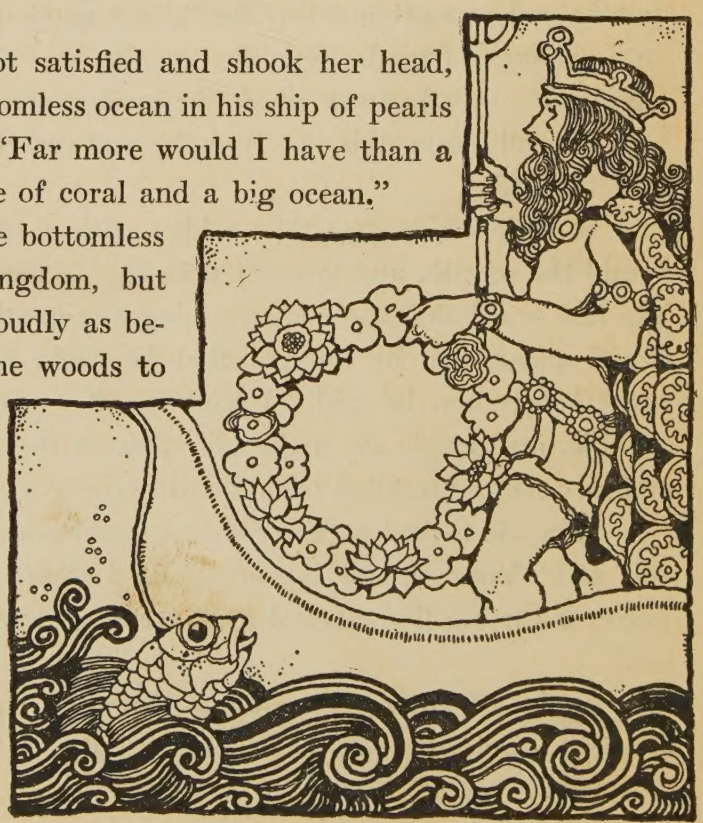
It was not long before a prince from the high mountains, a very majestic personage, came to the princess Miranda, knelt down before her and said, "I have a beautiful kingdom to offer you. It is a kingdom that stretches from sunrise to sunset. The forests, mountains, and valleys know that I am their master, and I own treasures piled high in a hall of diamonds."

But Princess Miranda smiled wearily as she replied, "Sir, your kingdom is too small, for I want something more than diamonds—yes, something more than mountains and valleys that stretch from sunrise to sunset."

The prince of the high mountains left her, feeling very wrathful, and when the Princess Miranda noticed this, she laughed, and made a wreath of water lilies which she threw out upon the world for somebody to find.

The water lily wreath aroused the giant king of the bottomless ocean, who came to her in a ship of pearl and said, "Most beautiful princess, my proud kingdom is yours if you will only take it. You can see the waves of my blue ocean as far as the sun can shine and the wind can blow. Won't you be my queen and ride with me in my ship of pearl and sit with me on my throne of coral?"

But Miranda was not satisfied and shook her head, sending the king to his bottomless ocean in his ship of pearls and saying as she did so, "Far more would I have than a ship of pearls and a throne of coral and a big ocean."



The angry king of the bottomless ocean returned to his kingdom, but Miranda still smiled as proudly as before, and went out into the woods to make a garland of heath, and throw that also out for the richest and greatest man in the world to bring back to her.

Princess Miranda waited for many days, and at length there came to her a young man, plainly dressed, with no

splendid carriage, no gold, and no vast lands to give her. But he did have health, vigor, and love, and as he presented the garland to the princess he said, "I have only my heart as a treasure which shall be yours, but I can give you love for love."

Miranda looked into his deep blue eyes which steadily held hers, and she said, "I have already refused the riches of the East, the treasures of the mountains, and the power of the ocean, and yet you offer me only love?"

The youth drew himself up proudly and stretched out his hands as he said, "I, too, have a wonderful kingdom and a beautiful golden throne. It is not made of earthly material, and I call it the Kingdom of Hope. My throne will reach to heaven and I have everything that is as beautiful as the East. My kingdom is also fully as wonderful as the ocean, and my crown is far better than any crown of diamonds or precious stones, for it is the crown of the high princess of the Kingdom of Hope."

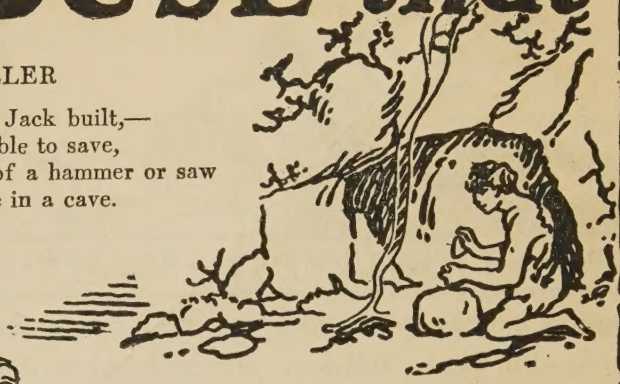
As the youth was speaking, the proud head of Princess Miranda was bowed down and she was conquered, no longer the haughty beauty of before. As she stretched out her hand to Youth, she realized that she had chosen more than any earthly kingdom could give.

WALTER K. PUTNEY

The HOUSE that

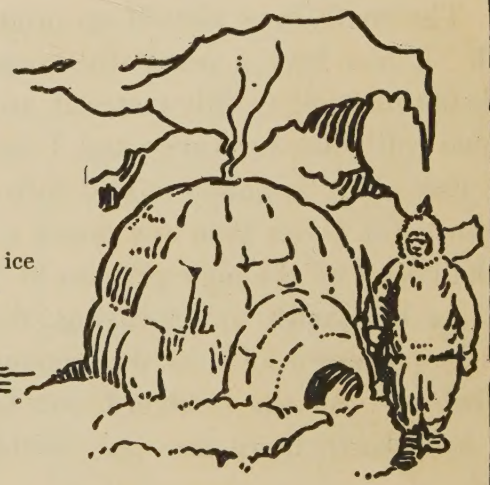
THE CAVE-DWELLER

THIS is the house that Jack built,—
What work he was able to save,
When without the use of a hammer or saw
He took up his home in a cave.



THE ARAB

This is the house that Jack built,—
Far off in Arabia land;
The sky o'er his camel, a tent for himself
Pitched out on the hot desert sand.



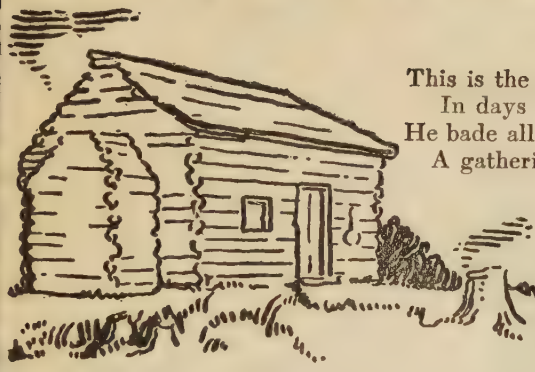
THE ESKIMO

This is the house that Jack built,—
Befitting a small Eskimo,
His igloo is fashioned of cold blocks of ice
All battened and mortared with snow.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

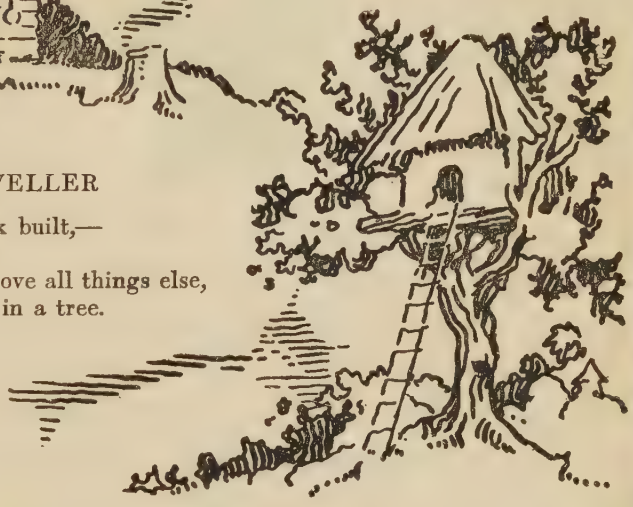
This is the house that Jack built,—
Deep hid in the sheltering wood;
Constructed of poles and of birch-bark and skins,
His wigwam invitingly stood.

JACK BUILT-



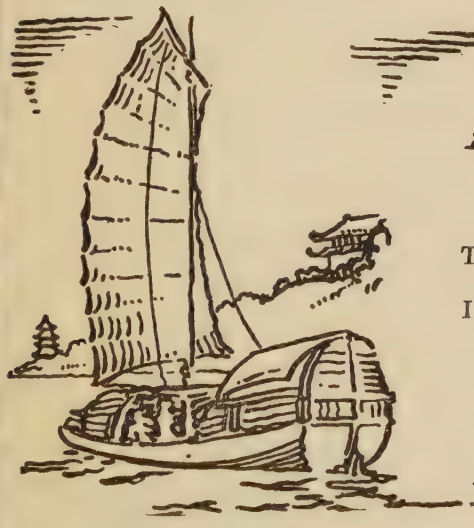
THE PIONEER

This is the house that Jack built,—
In days of the brave pioneer;
He bade all his friends for a housewarming then,
A gathering of friendship and cheer.



THE TREE-DWELLER

This is the house that Jack built,—
A wise Filipino was he,
Since anxious for safety above all things else,
He hung his home high in a tree.



THE BOAT-DWELLER

This is the house that Jack built,—
In China, far over the sea;
In house-boat, or sampan, his family live
As cozy and snug as can be.

THE FLAT-DWELLER

This is the house that Jack built,—
It looks like a very tall hat;
That's stories and stories piled up to the sky,
This modern and huge city flat.

HARRIETTE WILBUR

THE BANDED

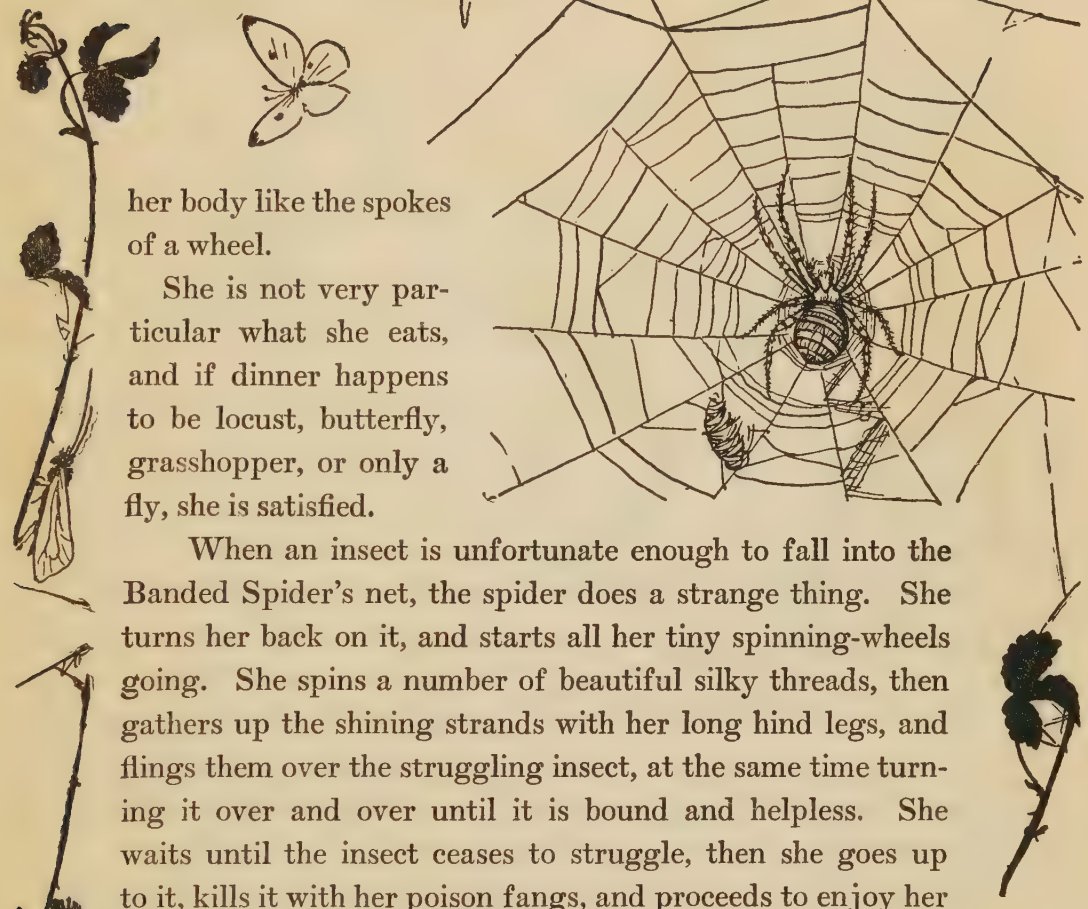
THE Banded Spider is about the size of a ten-cent piece, round and plump, and wears a gay dress with alternate bands of yellow, black, and silver. The spider's eight legs are also banded with light and dark brown rings.

Since she does not go out to hunt her food like most spiders, the Banded Spider builds her net (or web) in places where insects are most likely to come. You will find it among the grasses, in thickets, and sometimes she stretches it across a very small stream.

Her web is like that of most weaving spiders—the threads being straight and running out from a point in the center, and then filled in with parallel circles. The web is large, evenly made, and very strong.

As has been said, the Banded Spider does not hunt her food. She sits quietly in the center of her web and waits for her dinner to come to her. Her eight legs, which play an important part in the securing of food, are arranged about

SPIDER'S WEB



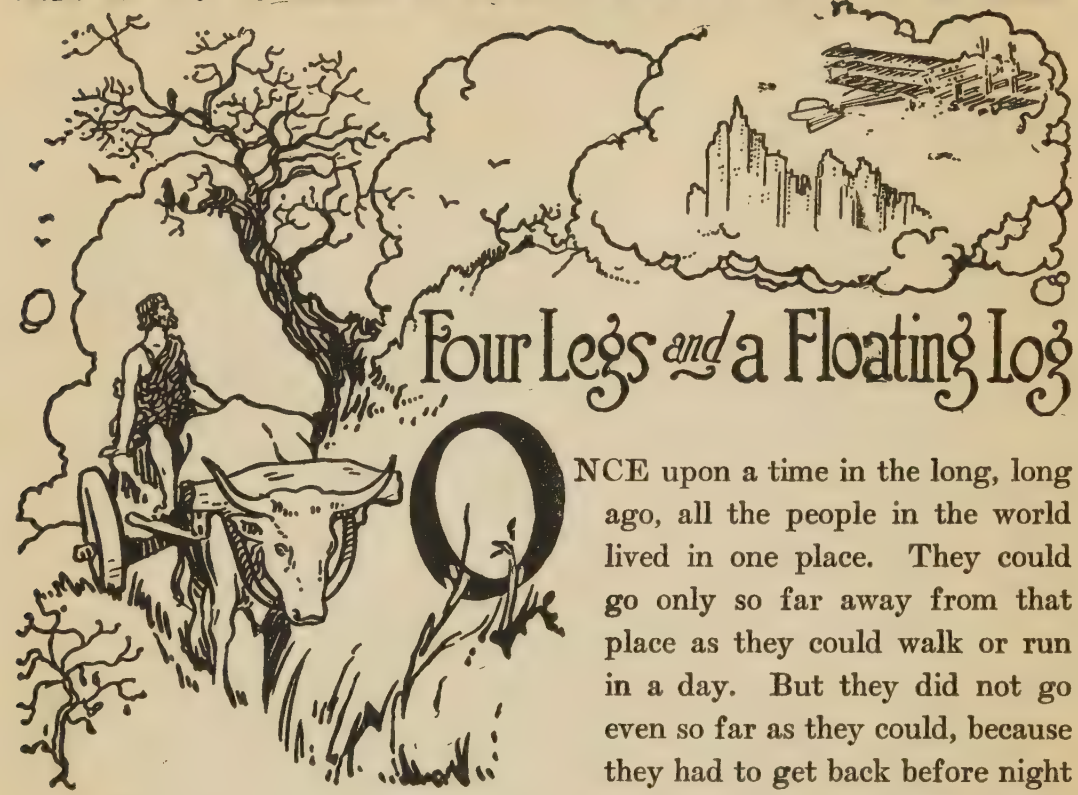
her body like the spokes of a wheel.

She is not very particular what she eats, and if dinner happens to be locust, butterfly, grasshopper, or only a fly, she is satisfied.

When an insect is unfortunate enough to fall into the Banded Spider's net, the spider does a strange thing. She turns her back on it, and starts all her tiny spinning-wheels going. She spins a number of beautiful silky threads, then gathers up the shining strands with her long hind legs, and flings them over the struggling insect, at the same time turning it over and over until it is bound and helpless. She waits until the insect ceases to struggle, then she goes up to it, kills it with her poison fangs, and proceeds to enjoy her dinner.

MAUD A. NEWCOMB.

HOW MEN LEARNED TO FLY



Four Legs and a Floating Log

ONCE upon a time in the long, long ago, all the people in the world lived in one place. They could go only so far away from that place as they could walk or run in a day. But they did not go even so far as they could, because they had to get back before night for fear the wild beasts might come upon them. The people wondered what there might be beyond the distant mountains. But they dared not go there to find out.

They knew there were lofty trees and rich meadows on the other side of the river. But the river was so wide they could not swim across it. Besides, in the deep water, there might be monsters that would drag them to the bottom. It looked as though all the people in the world must stay in one place. But, by and by, Man said to his wife, "Four Legs (that was his ox) can go farther than Two Legs (that was himself). I will make Four Legs carry me." He made a little cart, and he taught the ox to draw it. Then Man and his wife and little boy could ride to the foot of the mountains. But Man was not satisfied. There were the rich meadows on the other side of the river.

"If Four Legs could but have a dinner of that tender green grass," he would say to himself.

Every evening Man would sit on the bank of the river and look over to the other side. If only he could swim across! No, that would not do, either. He did not want to leave his wife nor his son nor his ox. Besides, there were the terrible monsters to be thought of. There he would sit and wish and wonder till he became quite discontented and unhappy. One evening, as he sat there wondering how he could cross the river, he saw the trunk of a tree float by. Then Man jumped up and ran back to his hut, shouting all the way: "I know! I KNOW! I KNOW!

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Man.

But Man kept on saying over and over again, as he looked for the ax, "I know! I know!"

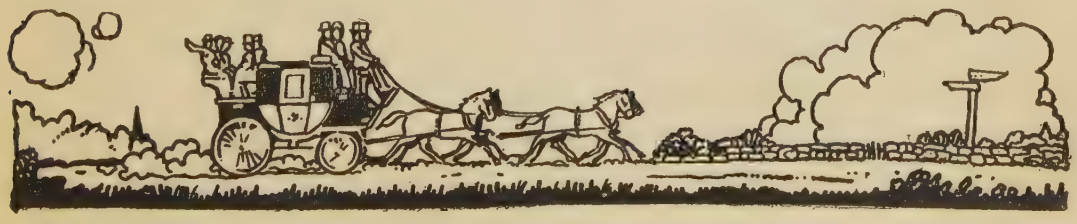
He took the ax and went to the woods each morning for many days. He would not tell Mrs. Man what he was doing. Every time she asked him, he answered: "Wait and see. Wait and see."

At last he said, "*Come* and see." He took her to the river. There, floating on the water, was a raft made of the trunks of trees.

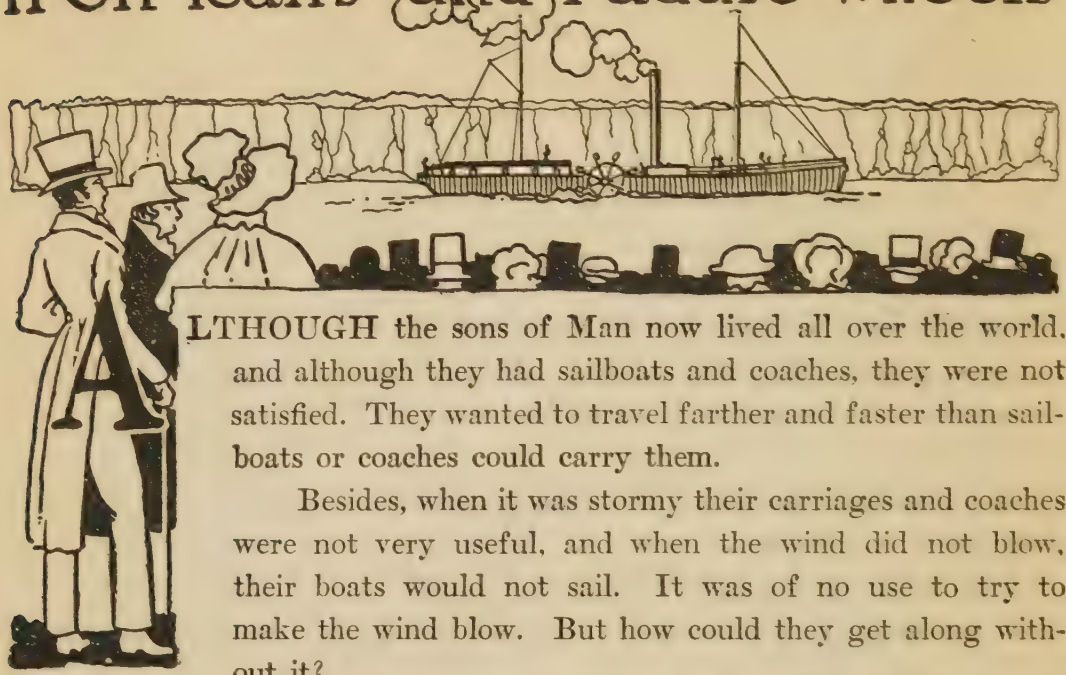
Now Man could cross the river, and he did. By and by Mrs. Man and the little boy and the ox went with him. And they stayed there. Sometimes they went back to visit their cousins, and sometimes the cousins came to visit them.

Then, you see, people no longer had to live in one place.

After a while Man made rowboats and sailboats instead of rafts; and he learned how to turn his carts into coaches and carriages. Then people went ever so much farther. By and by they lived all over the world.



Iron Rails and Paddle Wheels



ALTHOUGH the sons of Man now lived all over the world, and although they had sailboats and coaches, they were not satisfied. They wanted to travel farther and faster than sailboats or coaches could carry them.

Besides, when it was stormy their carriages and coaches were not very useful, and when the wind did not blow, their boats would not sail. It was of no use to try to make the wind blow. But how could they get along without it?

"Why, I know!" exclaimed an American. "Let us put steam-engines into our boats."

"Pooh!" said his brothers, "a steam-engine cannot fill the sails with wind."

"No; but it can turn wheels."

"You foolish fellow," answered his brothers. "How can you make wheels run on water as they do on land?"

"I don't want to. Wait and see. I'll show you how wheels will carry my boat."

Now what do you suppose that man did? He took pieces of wood shaped like the blade of a paddle and fastened them together like a water-wheel. He put a paddle-wheel on each side of his boat with a rod through the axle of each wheel, and fastened a crank from the engine to the rod. The wheels were outside the boat and the paddles rested in the water. When everything was ready, he told his brothers to come down to the wharf and see him sail without any wind.

"Puff! Puff!" snorted the engine as a great, black cloud poured out of the smoke-stack.

"Splash! Splash!" laughed the wheels as they tossed the water into the air. And away sailed the boat without any wind.

For a while the sons of Man were happy, because they could now sail the seas whenever they pleased. But they soon became discontented because they still had to travel over the land in their slow coaches and carriages.

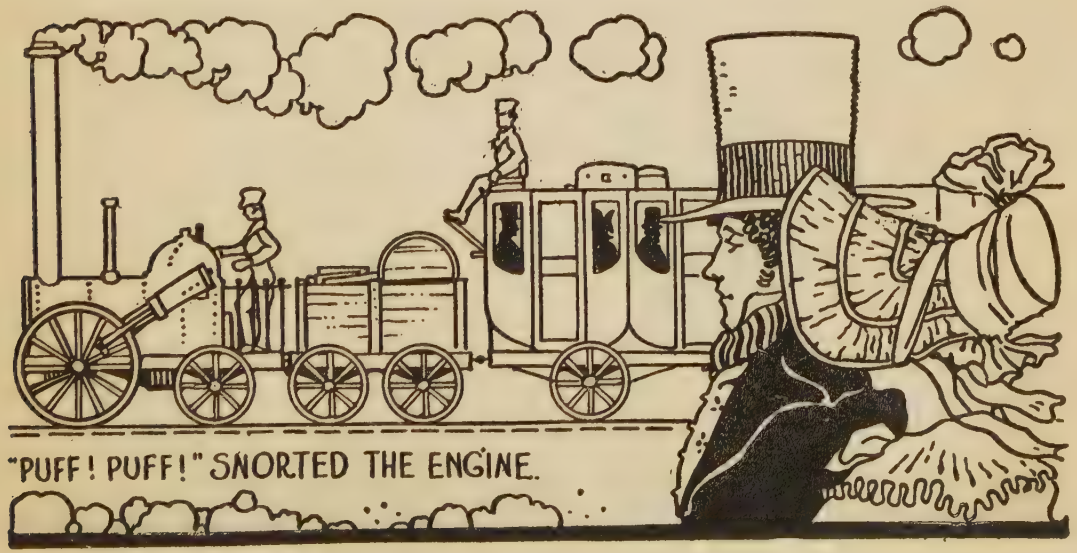
One day an Englishman discovered that a horse could pull a wagon more easily and make it go faster if the wheels were on a track. Not long after the Englishman had found out how to run a wagon on a track, his cousin said, "Why not make my steam-engine pull the wagon?"

The Englishman's cousin made a steam-engine that would run on wheels. It was called a locomotive. A large coach was hooked behind the locomotive and both were put on a track made of iron rails.

"Puff! Puff!" snorted the engine, as a great black cloud poured out of the smoke-stack.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee," shrieked the wheels, as they began to turn. Along the track rolled the locomotive, and behind it rolled the coach.

"Hurrah!" shouted the people. Once more they were happy. They knew that they would be able to travel very quickly from one end of the land to the other. They made larger and larger locomotives, and larger and larger coaches. The coaches were called cars. Several coaches were linked together behind the locomotive. The locomotive with the cars fastened behind it was called a train.



"PUFF! PUFF!" SNORTED THE ENGINE.

Silk Bags and Wooden Wings

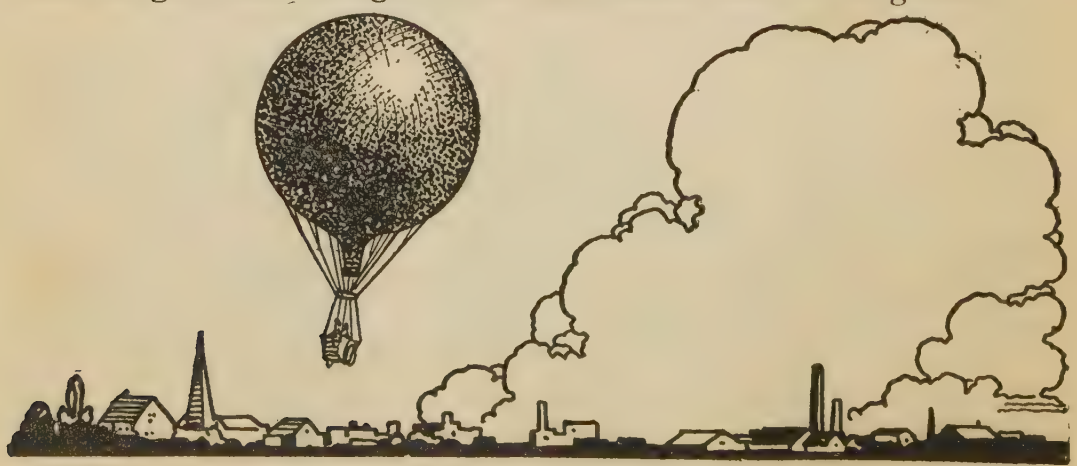
IT SEEMED as though the sons of Man could not be content very long at a time. They were always wanting something more. They were not satisfied to race over the land in their trains and to glide through the water in their steamboats. They wanted to fly like a bird through the air.

They studied the flying things to see how their wings were made. Sometimes they made wings out of cloth, which they fastened to their arms. Then they would climb to some high place and jump off, flapping their cloth wings as they jumped. But, instead of skimming through the air like a bird, they always dropped to the ground with a thump that almost shook them to pieces. But they would not give up trying to fly. "Wait and see! Wait and see!" they said. "Some day one of us will learn to fly."

They noticed that bubbles float in the air. Some one made a silk bubble. That is, he made a round silk bag and filled it with gas. It was called a balloon.

The balloon floated in the air and the wind moved it about. A basket was tied to the balloon, and two men got into the basket.

Up, up, they went, higher and still higher. The wind carried them over the city. People ran out and gazed up into the sky until their necks ached. But the balloon would go only where the wind carried it. And when the gas oozed through the silk, the balloon came to the ground.



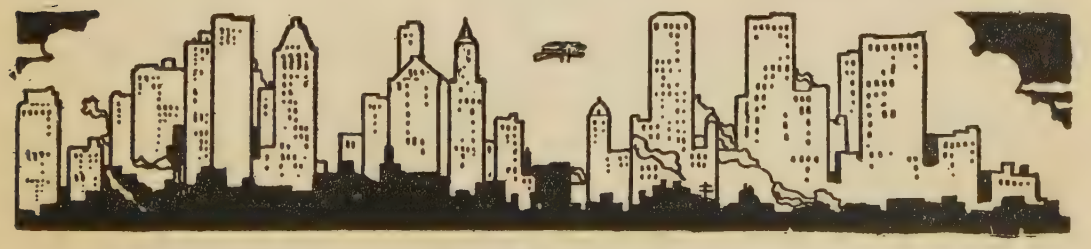
The sons of Man had to give up using balloons for traveling, but they would not give up trying to learn how to travel in the air.

"We cannot fly yet," they told one another. "But we shall before long. Wait and see!" They had not long to wait. Two brothers made broad wings, or planes, out of wood, which they put on a wooden boat shaped like a fish. They put a motor into the boat. They stepped into the boat and started the motor.

The airship trembled; it slid along the ground; it began to rise! Up, up, it went, almost up to the clouds. Most wonderful of all, the men in the airship could steer it whichever way they wanted to go—north, south, east, or west. And they could stay up in the air as long as they chose, and they could come down to the earth whenever they wanted to come.

At last the sons of Man had learned to fly!

EVIE CORNEY



BABY LEO RUNS AWAY

BABY LEO was six weeks old. He could walk on his funny little legs. His paws were soft and big.

Mother Leo loved her baby. She watched him every minute. Some day Baby Leo would be a great strong Lion, like Papa Leo in the next cage. But Mother Leo knew she must take care of him till he grew up.

One day the sun shone. Mother Leo had eaten her dinner and she was sleepy. She went into the den and curled up for a nap. Baby Leo wasn't sleepy. He bit her ears and she growled just a little at him. Then he played with her tail, but it wouldn't wag for him. Baby Leo got tired of playing by himself.

He tumbled over the boards that shut him into the den and got out in the yard. Beyond the yard was green grass. Baby Leo liked it. He went over to the bars that shut the yard in, stepping on his own big paws all the time.

Then he put his head between the bars. He squeezed a little more. All of a sudden Baby Leo was on the other side of the bars!

He rolled over in the grass and dug up the soft ground. He was having the best time he had ever had.

Then what do you think happened?

Mother Leo woke up! She wanted Baby Leo right away. She hunted for him in the den. Then she came out into the yard to look for him. When she saw him outside on the grass, she tried to go right through the bars. She couldn't. She was too big, and the bars were too strong for her to break them. She roared and roared.

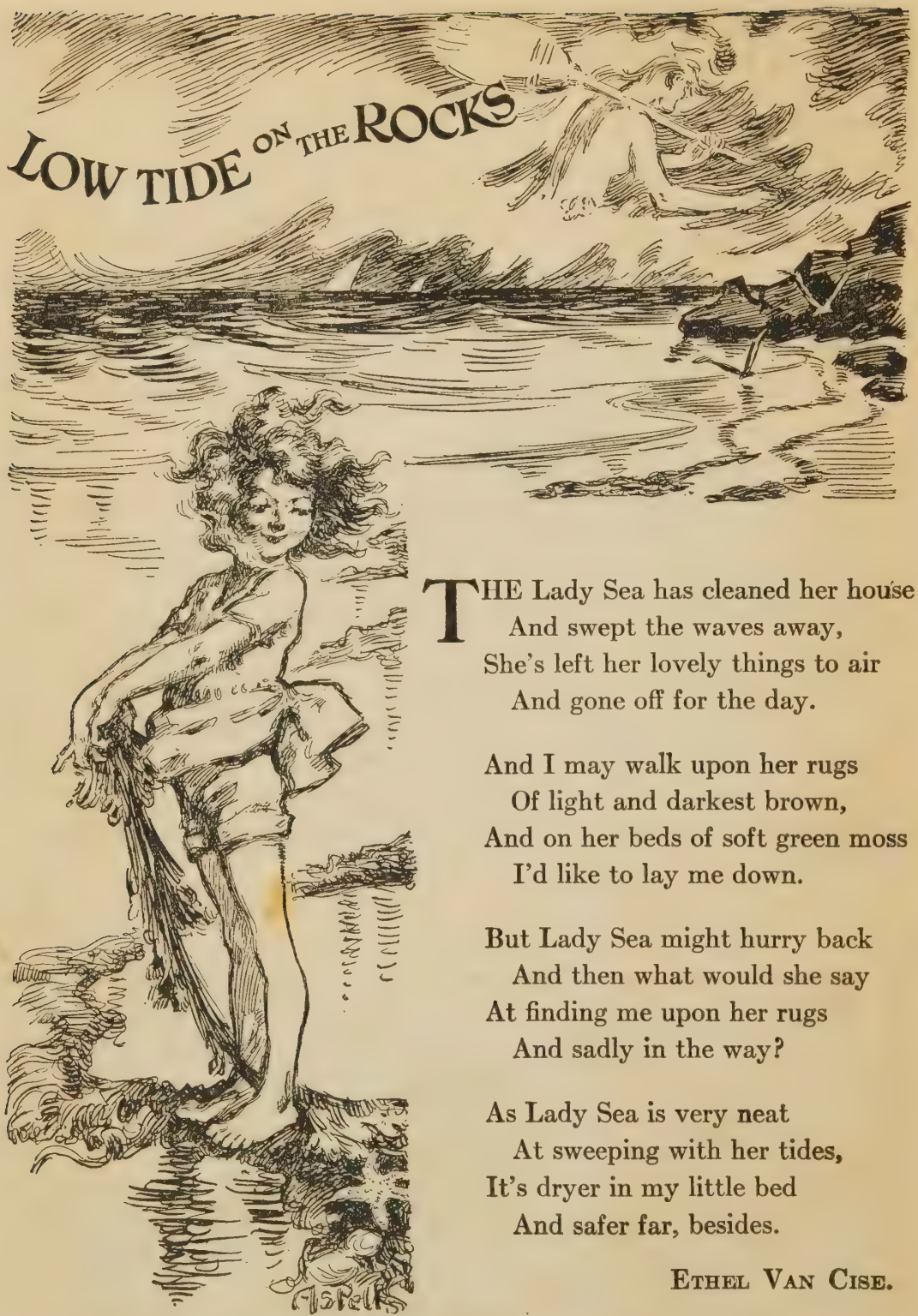
Papa Leo in the next cage woke up and roared, too. All the monkeys in the Monkey House heard him and began to chatter and chatter. The giraffe put his long neck over the top of his fence and screamed. Even the bears down in their den heard the roaring and began to growl. The sea lions set to honking like mad.

The guard down in the keeper's house heard, too. He came running.

He threw Baby Leo a bit of sugar. While little Leo was nibbling it, the guard stooped over and picked him up. Baby Leo wasn't frightened. He kept on sucking his piece of sugar. The guard opened the little window at the back of the den and put Baby Leo through it. He didn't stop to see how glad Mother Leo was to get her baby back again! He closed the window very quickly.

The next time Baby Leo came out of his den, what do you suppose he saw? Some one had put strong wire netting outside the bars of his cage, 'way up, so high that he couldn't ever by any chance get out again while his soft body might still be small enough to squeeze through the bars. He picked at the wire with his teeth and claws, but it was no use. Baby Leo could never run away again.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON



THE Lady Sea has cleaned her house
And swept the waves away,
She's left her lovely things to air
And gone off for the day.

And I may walk upon her rugs
Of light and darkest brown,
And on her beds of soft green moss
I'd like to lay me down.

But Lady Sea might hurry back
And then what would she say
At finding me upon her rugs
And sadly in the way?

As Lady Sea is very neat
At sweeping with her tides,
It's dryer in my little bed
And safer far, besides.

ETHEL VAN CISE.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

AN OLD RHYME BROUGHT UP TO DATE

FIRST William the Norman, then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John.
Next, Henry the third, Edwards one, two and three,
Again after Richard three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,
And yet, after Cromwell, another Charles, too.
Next, Jamie the Second ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary, joint rulers, were known.
Queen Anne and four Georges, a William again;
Victoria next, with a long and just reign.
Then jovial Edward succeeded his mother,
And gave us George V, may there long be no other.

Revised by H. W.

A NOT-WORRY LESSON

ONCE there was a big boy in my town whom everybody called "Silly Joe" because something was wrong with his head and he could not learn. Whenever he met people on the street, strangers or friends, he'd say, "Fine day to-night! Fine day to-night!" Whether it was raining or shining, hot or cold, windy or still, he always said the same thing, "Fine day to-night!" Then everybody would laugh—it was so funny—and Silly Joe would laugh, too. But, do you know, it made people feel better to meet him.

When I was little and the weather was very dry, I was afraid it would *never* rain. Or, if it rained a great deal I began to wonder if it would ever stop. But it always did! And I have learned not to worry much—even when I should like to have it different—when it does not seem to me to be a "fine day to-night," as Silly Joe would have said.

Once I knew a baby boy (there was nothing wrong with *his* head) who went about saying "All wite! All wite!" No

matter what was said to him, no matter what happened, he would say that, until we began to call him "Little All Wite." Always happy himself, he made others happy; and that is exactly what you and I can do by not worrying over the weather or things we cannot help. That is God's business, and He will send whatever He knows to be best for us and all the world.

Every kind of day is a good day. We need rain, shine and wind, heat and cold, some time during the year. There is a dear little verse we ought to learn and say to ourselves, when we wish the weather might be different. Here it is:

"When the weather is wet, we must not fret;
When the weather is dry, we must not cry;
When the weather is warm, we must not storm;
When the weather is cold, we must not scold
But be happy together, whatever the weather."

LEE MCCRAE

CHANSONNETTE

Jean qui Pleure et Jean qui Rit

Arranged by
M. Rose Laibe

1. Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit, C'est la beau temps et la
2. Quand Jean qui pleure apparaît, Jean qui rit, rit à se

pluie; L'un toujours vous réjouit, Rien qu'à voir l'autre on s'en-
tordre. De son oeil rouge et distrait De ses cheveux en dé-

a tempo

nuie. Oh! la la! hi! hi! hi! Qu'il est laid, Jean quand il
sordre. Oh! la la! hi! hi! hi! Qu'il est laid, Jean quand il

pleure! Oh! oh! oh! hi! hi! hi! Qu'il est beau Jean quand il rit!
pleure! Oh! oh! oh! hi! hi! hi! Qu'il est beau Jean quand il rit!

CHANSONNETTE

Jean qui Pleure et Jean qui Rit

3

Jean qui rit, sois indulgent,
Avant d'éclater de rire,
Demande à ce pauvre Jean,
Pourquoi toujours il soupire.
Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah,
Ne nous hâtons pas de rire
Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah
Des misères d'ici bàs!

1 TRANSLATION 2

John who laughs and John who weeps—
They're like sunshine, and like rain.
One brings joy, and joy he keeps;
While the other brings out pain.
Oh, la, la, hi, hi, hi!
John is homely when he cries;
Oh, oh, oh, hi, hi, hi,
Laughing John makes glad our eyes.

Laughing John laughs all the more
When the weeping John appears,
With his hair all towsled o'er;
And his eyelids red with tears.
Oh, la, la, hi, hi, hi!
John is homely when he cries!
Oh, oh, oh, hi, hi, hi!
Laughing John makes glad our eyes!

3

Laughing John, before you laugh,
Please be kind, and find out why
Weeping John must be so sad;
Why it is that he must cry.
Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah!
Let's not laugh at grief like his!
Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah!
Oh, how very sad he is!

Music and Words by

CLAUDE ANGÉ

This little song is taught in Kindergartens in France

Translated by Mary Coit

THERE'S a funny, brown fellow down under the ground;
Though his house is quite dark, he can look all around.
"And how can he see?" a little girl cries.
Why, this funny, brown fellow is covered with eyes!
(A potato)

MARY FLORENCE STEBER

CASTOR AND POLLUX

JUPITER had two sons who loved each other dearly. Their names were Castor and Pollux. Where Castor went, Pollux went, too. When Pollux appeared, it was certain that Castor was not far away. They were both very well known in the country where they lived because of their cleverness. But each was clever in his own way.

Castor loved horses. No horse was too wild for him to tame. Of course there were no horses on the earth like the fire-breathing horses of Apollo, but many untamed ones were brought to Castor, just to try his skill. These untamed horses would roll their eyes wildly, and snort and paw the air. But Castor did not fear them. He spoke kindly to them, and he would soon be riding on their backs quite safely.

Pollux was skillful in boxing. Many people in the country where he lived enjoyed this sport. They often came to box with him, but could never succeed in taking his laurels from him.

Castor and Pollux were among the heroes who sailed with Jason in the *Argo*, when he went to seek for the Golden Fleece. They were both tall and strong and brave, and anxious to share in such an exciting adventure.

Now it happened that, a few days after the *Argo* set sail, a dreadful storm came up. The wind blew with terrible force, and great waves dashed against the ship. Orpheus, the musician, was on the *Argo*, too. He played sweet music on his harp, and prayed the gods to keep them all safe from harm. In answer to his prayers, the storm soon ceased, and bright stars

appeared on the heads of Castor and Pollux. When the Argonauts saw these stars, they thought Castor and Pollux must be gods, friendly to sailors and all travelers. Sometimes, to this day, when boats are out at sea, queer lights like fire appear on the masts and sails. Sailors are always glad to see these lights. They believe its means a safe journey. The lights are called Castor and Pollux.

Now, after the *Argo* with its crew had returned in safety to Thessaly, Castor and Pollux went away to war. Castor was lost in battle. Poor Pollux was sad and lonely indeed to have his brother leave him. He begged Jupiter to take his life and let Castor live again.

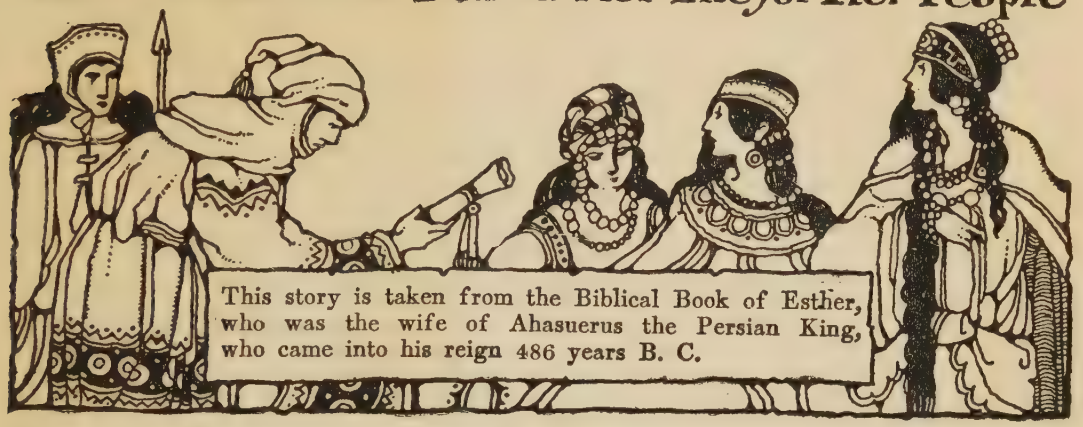
Jupiter felt sorry for Castor and Pollux, so he said they could take turns living. One day, Castor could live on earth while Pollux was in the heavens. The next day, Pollux could be on earth and Castor in the heavens.

Still, the poor brothers were very unhappy, because they could never be together. So, at last, Jupiter turned them into stars, and placed them side by side in the heavens. They are called Gemini, The Twins. On a clear night, they can still be seen, very close together, shining and happy.

LINA WAMBOLDT.

ESTHER THE QUEEN

The Woman Who Dared Her Life for Her People



This story is taken from the Biblical Book of Esther, who was the wife of Ahasuerus the Persian King, who came into his reign 486 years B. C.

IT WAS in the third year of the reign of Ahasuerus that he made a great feast in the Palace Shushan, and all the Princes of all the provinces around about there were present. It came to pass, when the King was merry, that he sent for Vashti the Queen and commanded her to appear before the court. The heart of Ahasuerus was filled with pride at the glory of his possessions, and he desired that the Princes should behold the beauty of his Queen.

So it was, that when the messenger appeared before Vashti, who sat in the midst of her women, the Queen rose up in indignation; for she held her beauty as a sacred thing and clave in honor to the King only.

Then did the messenger return and report to the King the scorn of Vashti. Ahasuerus was wroth, and rose up in his anger to denounce the Queen. The Princes counseled him that he put this rebellious woman from him, and that he receive her no more as his wife. Thus did the King as the Princes counseled, and he sent Vashti, mourning, from out the kingdom.

In due time, it was commanded that all the most beautiful women of the kingdom be brought before the King, that he might choose from among them a Queen to be set over the realm.

It happened that Mordecai, the Jew (who had been taken in captivity and had become a power in the court), heard the command, and brought before the King Esther, the Jewess, his uncle's child, to whom he acted as father. But, because the Jews were a hated people in this country, he coun-

seled Esther that she let it not be known that she was of the Jews. Esther was beautiful in modesty above all others, so that she found favor with the King, and in the allotted time was made Queen. Thus it came to pass that Mordecai, the foster-father of the Queen, was increased in favor by Ahasuerus and advanced in honor and riches.

Now Mordecai sat at the King's gate, and behold, while he listened, two chamberlains, Bigthan and Teresh, plotted against the life of the King. Mordecai told to Esther what he had heard, and Esther reported to the King, whereupon the two chamberlains were hanged.

After this did King Ahasuerus advance Haman, the Agagite, and he was made Prime Minister and became the foremost man in the kingdom. Haman flourished in his pride, and all men bowed down to him save Mordecai the Jew, who sat at the King's gate. Then was Haman wroth, and determined in his heart to destroy Mordecai and all the Jews that were in Persia, for he had heard that Mordecai was a Jew.

Haman went to the King and told him that Mordecai was of the captive people. And the King was wroth, for his hatred was great against the Jews. He gave to Haman his ring as a seal, and ordered his scribes to write. Thereupon the edict went out by messengers that all the Jews in all the kingdom should be destroyed.

Then was there great lamentation among the Jews in all the country around about. Mordecai went forth into the midst of the city, even unto the King's gate, which was forbidden, and cried with a loud voice. As Mordecai wept, clothed with sackcloth and ashes, the servants of Esther came to her and told of the edict against the Jews. When she knew that Moredcai was mourning in sackcloth she also wept, and sent out garments with which to clothe him. Mordecai would have none of these, but returned word to

the Queen by her messenger, sending a copy of the King's decree that all Jews should be put to death. And he charged her to go unto Ahasuerus in that very hour to make request for her people.

But Esther feared greatly, since for many days she had not been summoned to the King's presence. She returned this word to Mordecai. But he commanded the messenger to hasten, and this was the message he returned to Esther:

"Think not because thou art Queen that thou shalt escape in the King's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then from another place shall there arise deliverance to the Jews; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed. Who knoweth whether thou hast not been made Queen for such a time as this, that thou mightest save them?"

Then Esther said: "Three days and three nights will I fast, then will I go in unto the King; *and if I perish, I perish.*"

After her fast, Esther put off her sackcloth and ashes and arrayed herself in beautiful garments; then went she and stood outside the door of the King's court. And Ahasuerus saw her, and his anger rose not, but his favor went out to her, and he held out his golden scepter (which was a sign of his favor). Esther came forward and touched the head of the scepter. Then the King said:

"What desirest thou?" And the Queen desired that the King and Haman should feast with her at the royal house of the women.

Haman was puffed up with pride, and hastened to his home and called his friends and his children and his wife to witness his honor. But the hatred of Mordecai embittered his heart. And his wife counseled him, and he sent workmen to build a gallows outside the city wall for the hanging of Mordecai, the Jew.

On that night the King could not sleep, and he ordered the records to be brought. As the records were read, he knew what Mordecai had done in regard to Bigthan and Teresh, who would have slain their King.

When the morning had come, the King called Haman and said unto him:

"What should be done for the man whom the King desireth to honor?"

Haman thought: "Whom should the King honor but Haman?" As Haman knew not that the man whom the King desired to honor was Mordecai, he said:

"Let the royal apparel be brought which the King useth to wear, and the horse that the King rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head. And let this apparel be delivered, that they may array the man whom the King delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the streets of the city." And Haman waited in pride for the glory which was to be his.

Then went the King and Haman unto the feast of Esther. And Esther received them graciously; but in the midst of the feast she rose up and plead with the King for her people, and she shewed to the King the wickedness of Haman. The King was wroth, and went out to counsel with the lawgivers. And as the King went, Haman arose to beseech the Queen, and would have fallen at her feet. But as he approached, the King entered, and his anger rose up against Haman, and he would have slain him, but Esther delayed his hand. And in that moment she made request that Haman be hanged on the gallows he had caused to be erected for Mordecai.

Thus it was, on that day when Mordecai rode through the streets, arrayed in the glory of the King, that Haman was hanged without the city. On that day the Jews were honored, and Esther, the Queen, was made glorious in the eyes of her people. And a voice sounded:

"Blessed art thou among women. A nation shall rise up and call thee blessed. For unto thee it has been given to deliver thy people from the hand of them who sought their destruction." And of this people, Christ, our Lord, was born.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

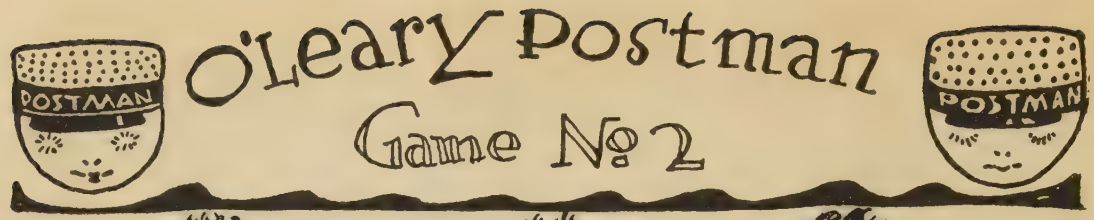
2 new ball games

HAVE a rather small hard rubber ball — hard enough to bounce nicely, and small enough to bat easily with the hand. The rhymes are chanted, the ball being batted on the syllables accented, which are here italicized.

No. 1 The Teddy-Bear Game

Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
How-de-*do!* (player bows quickly so as not to interrupt the rhythm of the play)
Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
Touch my *shoe;* (touches shoe)
Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
Touch the *ground;* (touches ground)
Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
Turn around. (turns around)
Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
Make a bow. (makes bow)
Teddy-bear, *Teddy*-bear,
I'm through *now.* (gives ball to the next player)

If the player delays, or fails to hit the ball on the first bounce, he must forfeit his turn to the next player in turn.



1st—plain bounce, batting the ball with palm of the hand.
Chant:

One, two, three, O'Leary!
Four, five, six, O'Leary,
Seven, eight, nine, O'Leary,
Ten, O'Leary, Post-man!

2nd—Repeat verse, bounce ball, standing on one foot, the other foot being held back as in position for hopping.

3rd—Repeat same verse. Hold one foot from the ground but forward, and bounce ball first on right, then on the left side of the foot held up.

4th—Same verse. Stand on both feet. As ball is struck with the palm of the hand, strike fingers of the same hand with those of the other hand. Ball may be struck with either fingers or palm of the hand, the clap being made with the other part of the hand.

L. B. Watkins

TO FILL A HOUSE

A HINDU STORY RETOLD

A VERY rich man who wanted to retire from business had two sons, but was unable to make up his mind which of them was the more clever and should have his property. He finally decided to make a test of them, and, for that purpose, gave each an *ana* (two cents), saying:

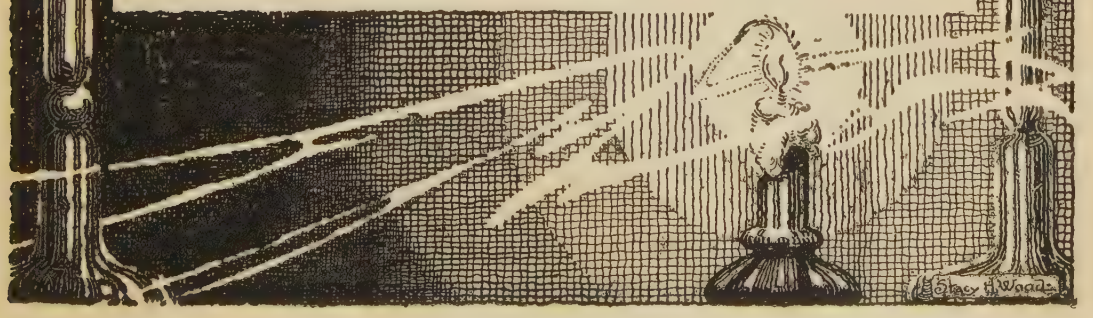
"I wish you to buy with this money something that will fill the house."

The older son went to the market, priced all the kinds of goods that were for sale, and found that the cheapest thing was straw. He, therefore, spent his *ana* on it, but when he took his purchase home, he had not even enough to cover the floor.

But the younger son saw that his father had placed upon him a task that could be fulfilled only by some especially shrewd purchase. So, after careful thinking, he spent his money on candles. These he took home and lit, and the light they cast easily filled the whole house.

"To you," said his father, delighted, "I give over my business, for you have shown true wisdom."

W. Norman Brown.



CLYTIE: HOW THE WATER-NYMPH BECAME A FLOWER

HAVE you ever been in an old-fashioned garden, where hollyhocks and sweet-william and mignonette grow? If you have, perhaps you have done the very thing I used to do when I was a little girl and visited at my grandmother's. Always, down the long path at the very end of the garden, I would find a row of tall stalks with nodding yellow blossoms at their very tops, and these I would wonder about more than all the rest. Then I would run back to the cool, pleasant room where Grandmother sat all the long afternoons, and she would tell me again and again the wonderful story of Clytie, the water-nymph who was changed into a sunflower.

Clytie was a water-nymph, one of those beautiful spirits that the Greeks used to believe lived in every stream to guard it and keep its waters pure and sparkling. Her home was very pleasant among the shadows of great trees, for she lived in the little fountain that had been her birth-place, and she was very happy there. She never thought at all of what might be beyond the trees and cool delightful shadows. She laughed and gurgled so merrily all the long days of the summer-time that the children, who played on the grassy bank of the brook, would put their little fingers to their lips and say: "Listen! Do you hear the voice of the stream-spirit? Be very gentle to all birds and beasts, and perhaps she may come out to play with us." Then they would laugh and be merry, too, thinking all the time that Clytie was answering them in the soft gurgle of the waters over the stones.

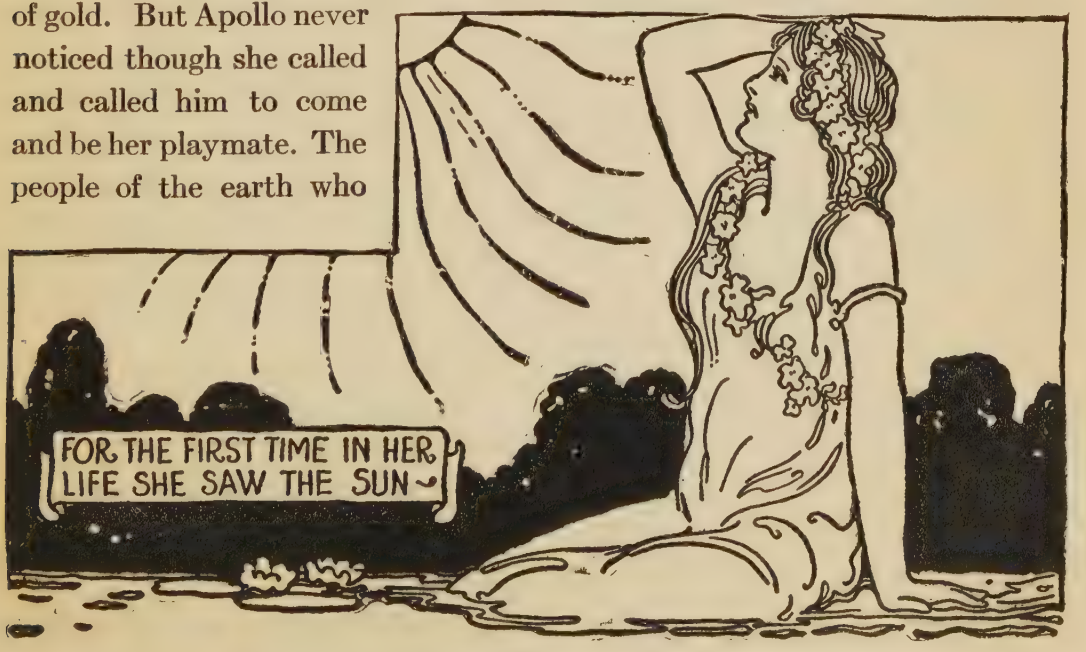
But one day Clytie went floating out farther than she had ever ventured before, into an open space—the woodsmen had been working there and had

cut down some of the trees—and for the first time in her life she saw the sun shining gloriously with no leafy boughs to shadow it.

Now the people of those early days—the Greeks—thought the sun was a beautiful youth and they called his name Apollo. They said that this young god drove every day in a golden chariot, drawn by shining white horses, up over the steep and dangerous road that led from east to west through the heavens.

Clytie thought this sun-god the most glorious thing she had ever looked upon. She babbled louder and louder, hoping he might look her way or come to rest for a little time on the green grass by her bank. But Apollo was busy guiding his horses up over the dangerous road of the heavens, and he never seemed to hear at all—never stopped for one moment. How could he be expected to hear a little nymph babbling out of a brook when he was so big and shining and far away?

But now that she had seen this beautiful being, the little stream-spirit was not content any more with her shadowed life in the woodlands. She would sit on the warm, green bank until the chariot of gold disappeared behind the western hills and the purple mist of the twilight came. Then she would go home, but it was very lonely waiting for the next day to come. So day after day she came out from the shadows of the forest to the open place, where the waters gleamed and the fish went darting like spears of gold. But Apollo never noticed though she called and called him to come and be her playmate. The people of the earth who



came that way often saw her sitting by the stream and heard the sound of her voice—and they looked on her with awe. But at last she did not laugh or gurgle any more—her voice seemed to be always sobbing, sobbing as the water went flowing over the pebbles. Then she was silent altogether.

She crept out upon the bank of her little brook. For nine long days and nights she sat with her yellow hair drawn close about her and would neither call nor answer the children. She was very sad, but she did not die. Oh, no. On the morning of the tenth day, when the children of the valley came to play by the meadow stream, they found a wonder—where the nymph had been sitting, there stood a tall, strong stalk with a nodding yellow blossom at its very top. And when the people watched day after day, they saw that the pretty flower turned its golden head to follow the course of the sun from east to west through the heavens. They knew it was the nymph of the stream—and they called the blossom, Clytie, the sunflower.

Thus you should know that the little water-nymph who had loved the glorious sun and had gazed upon his light so long had been rewarded and was transformed into the image of her high ideal.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

A TRUE COLLIE STORY

I HAVE often visited a friend whose park is separated from the house by a lake. My friend had two fine dogs—a large Collie, called Jasper, and Sandie, a rough Skye terrier. The pair were great friends and, if possible, always went out together. One day I called them, and, walking to the lake, I decided to row across and wander about in the deer-park. Without thinking of the dogs, I got into the boat and pushed off. Jasper at once jumped into the water and gaily followed the boat; half way across he and I were both startled by sad howls. Looking back, we saw poor little Sandie running up and down the bank, and crying because his two friends were leaving him behind. I waited to see what the Collie would do. Jasper was clearly worried; he swam round the boat, and, looking up into my face, said plainly with his wise brown eyes: "Why don't you help Sandie?" Seeing that I did not move, he made up his mind to settle the trouble himself, so he turned and swam back to forlorn little Sandie. There was a moment's pause, I suppose for explanations. Then Jasper stood still, half out and half in the water, and Sandie scrambled on to his back, his front paws resting on Jasper's neck. In this way Jasper swam across the lake and landed Sandie safely in the deer-park.

(Adapted from Dog Friends, "The Spectator," Feb. 23, 1889.)

THE FIRST VISIT TO THE TEMPLE

DID you ever want to do anything very, very much, and Mother said you must wait until you were older? There was something Jesus wanted just that way, but he had to wait for it, just as you do.

I wonder if you can imagine a little village on the hillside, with small, square, one-story houses set all about? Some of these houses had a small upper room that was reached by an outside staircase. Imagine Jesus living in one of those houses, playing with other boys on the hills, working with Joseph in the carpenter's shop, listening while his mother told him Bible stories, and going to the little meeting house each Sabbath for lessons.

When he was a very little boy, his mother must have told him about the wonderful temple in Jerusalem where all the people went each year. He would go as soon as he was old enough. He soon learned to watch for the grain to begin to head, for every one must take to the temple a handful of the very first grain. I can almost see him run into the house shouting, "Mother, Mother, the grain is ready. May I help cut it?"

Every year, as a small boy, he watched them make preparations, taking the things they would need for the journey. It was not such a long way as *we* count distances, but when Jesus was a little boy, there were no cars and automobiles as there are now. People had to walk. At best, there were only donkeys to carry the heavier things they must take with them.

How happy was the little boy Jesus helping his father and mother to get ready, then running to the top of the hill to watch them start. Perhaps he said to himself, "I am a year older now. It will not be so very long before I, too, can go to the temple." Then, one year he could say, "Next year I'll be going with you."

At last came the wonderful spring when Jesus was to go. He knew all the Bible lessons that a boy must learn. He was old enough, strong enough. Can you see what a fine, manly boy he was? How eagerly he watches for the grain to ripen this year. Perhaps Joseph let him cut the grain, the finest he could find, to carry to the temple.

Then, very early one morning, they started. It was a large company. There were the grown people who went every year. There were the boys who had gone last year for the first time. There were those for whom this was the first journey. At noon, the company would stop to rest. At night they would make a camp.

We do not know just how long it took them to go; three or four days, probably. But I like to think that it was near sunset when they looked across from the last hill to see the gilded dome of the temple. Perhaps Jesus was the first to see it. Then they must hurry down into the valley, and across the brook, and up to one of the gates before they were closed for the night.

What an awakening it was, that first morning in Jerusalem! As the boy Jesus looked out upon that city of which his mother had told him so much, he thanked his heavenly Father that he was there. Then, while it was very early, his mother may have said, "Come, my son, let us go to the temple for the sunrise service," and the little family would go down the street and up to the court of the temple. They could hear the silver trumpets calling the people. As they came nearer, they could hear the words, "Praise ye the Lord." Later, Joseph and the mother would take the boy

to the high priest for the ceremony of the day. We do not know quite what that was. Jesus probably had to answer questions, to repeat parts of the Bible, to let the priests see how carefully he had been taught, how well he remembered.

Jesus must have been greatly interested in it all on this first visit to the great city and to the temple. It was very different from our churches to-day. There was the big court, with its pens of cattle and lambs for the sacrifices, its cages of birds, its men rushing about trying to sell their wares. Then they came to the broad porch where stood the singers, at least a hundred of them—and then, over all, rose the incense smoke, calling them to prayer.

As soon as the morning worship was over, Jesus may have gone into the school of the temple, where the priests were teaching the boys who came to them from all over the country. The priests spent much time studying the Bible, and they could answer questions that the teachers in the synagogues could not. Jesus had many questions he wanted to ask them.

But the days passed quickly, just as our days do. It was time to return home. Again they started early in the morning to have a long day to travel. There were so many of them, it was no wonder the mother thought her son had run on ahead with the other boys. It was no harm if he had. But, at supper time, when each family sat down by itself for the evening meal, Jesus did not come to them. From group to group the parents went, but he was not to be found. What could have happened? They must wait until morning, it was not safe to travel by night.

So Joseph and the mother turned back. It was a long day's journey, and they reached the city too late to begin their search. In the morning they went to the temple. The mother knew where to look for her boy; she found him with the teachers, still asking questions. He did not realize how time had been passing, how anxious they must have been about him.

When he found how his mother had been troubled, he must have been sorry. Perhaps he put his arms about her as you do about your mother. The Bible does not tell us. It does say that he went home with them and obeyed them just as he had done before.

"*And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature*
and in favor with God and man."

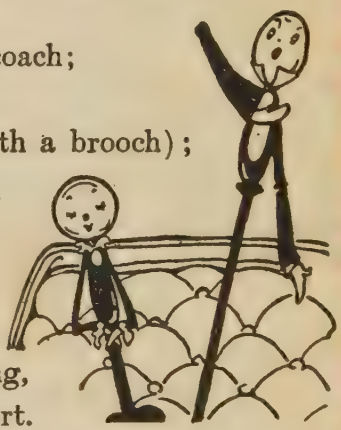
ANNA TRITT DENNIS.

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

Edward Lear

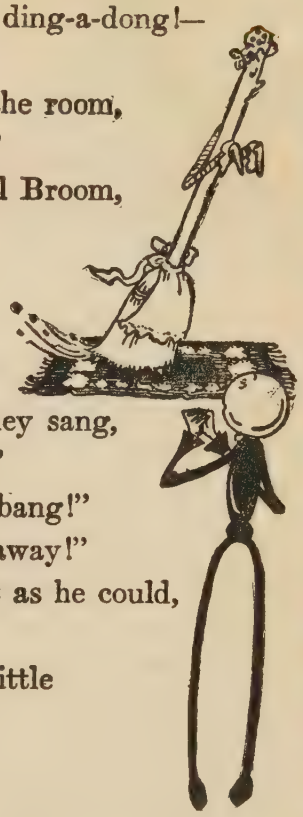
THE BROOM, THE SHOVEL, THE POKER *and* THE TONGS

THE Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park;
And they each sang a song, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
Before they went back in the dark.
Mr. Poker he sate quite upright in the coach;
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash;
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch);
Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
And they all sang a song.



"O Shovely, so lovely!" the Poker he sang,
"You have perfectly conquered my heart.
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,
I will feed you with cold apple tart.
When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
You enrapture my life with delight,
Your nose is so shiny, your head is so round,
And your shape is so slender and bright!
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
Aren't you pleased with my song?"

"Alas! Mrs. Broom," sighed the Tongs in his song,
"Oh! is it because I'm so thin,
And my legs are so long—ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!—
That you don't care about me a pin?
Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
Ah! why don't you heed my complaint?
Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
Because you are covered with paint?
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
You are certainly wrong,"



Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
"What nonsense you're singing to-day!"
Said the Shovel, "I'll certainly hit you a bang!"
Said the Broom, "And I'll sweep you away!"
So the coachman drove homeward as fast as he could,
Perceiving their anger with pain;
But they put on the kettle, and little by little
They all became happy again.
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
There's an end of my song.

EDWARD LEAR

THE TWO LAMBS

WHEN you used to go with Mother out to Grandfather's farm in the summer, you must have noticed the little lambs frisking and gambolling over the meadows, happy as little children. It is not about that kind of lamb that I am thinking now, but of two very human ones called Charles and Mary Lamb. Like many other sisters and brothers in the world of books, they were devoted to each other. Mary was ill much of the time, but no trained nurse could have taken better care of her than did her brother Charles. To him, she was first in all the world, and he could not do enough to make her happy.

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775 (near what famous year of ours is this?), when his sister was eleven years old. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and his essays on that subject give a very full record of his school days. Many of the recollections of his childhood and Mary's are told in *Mrs. Leicester's School,* most of which was written by Mary Lamb. In that book she tells of their happy times on their great-aunt's farm, when they visited the "nice, clean dairy to see the pans full of milk and cream, and were allowed to hunt for eggs in the big barn." But they were not permitted to look for *birds'* eggs. It made her aunt very angry when a boy brought home a bird's nest full of speckled eggs, and she said that the little birds would not sing any more if their eggs were taken away from them. It was different with the hens. They always laid more than they needed so that you could have some for puddings and custards. Mary tells of the sheep-shearing, something modern boys and girls do not often see, I fancy. You will enjoy reading about all their happy times together.

They also read a great deal more than children do now, and loved to

roam around in the great library, which belonged to Samuel Salt, reading *Pilgrim's Progress, The Compleat Angler,* and books that grown-ups like sometimes. When Charles was five years old he saw his first play. The name of it was *Artaxerxes,* the scene in Persia. To him it was "all enchantment and a dream."

Together, Charles and Mary Lamb wrote their delightful *Tales from Shakespeare.* Of course you know that they wrote the plays into stories so that children could understand them. In the preface, Mary said this:

"What these tales have been to you in childhood, that and much more, it is my wish that the true plays of Shakespeare may prove to you in later years—enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson in all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for, of examples teaching these virtues, his pages are full." A quaint, old-fashioned little talk, and Mother may have to help you with some of the long words, but it was meant to be very sweet and kind, as you will know when you read more of the things Mary Lamb has written.

If you read one of the *Tales from Shakespeare,* perhaps the *Merchant of Venice,* you will be anxious to read the play or to see it, to find out how Shakespeare used the same material. There are really three stories in the *Merchant of Venice:* The story of *Shylock and the Bond,* a pound of flesh which he was determined to have from Antonio if he failed to pay the money borrowed from Bassanio; The story of *Portia and the Three Caskets,* the gold, the silver and the lead, from which her suitors

had to choose, he who selected the casket containing her portrait being the one who would receive the hand of the fair Portia. Did you ever hear who was the fortunate man? Then the other story was about *Lorenzo and Jessica and the Ducats.*

Have you ever seen that delightful out-of-door play called *As You Like It?* I feel sure it would be as *you* like it, with its setting in the beautiful forest of Arden, where the banished Duke and his followers found "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," and where Orlando decorated the trees with verses to Rosalind. Almost everybody has seen the *Midsummer Night's Dream,* about Bottom, the weaver, and his companions trying to give a play before the King and Queen, and about Titania, the Queen of the Fairies.

Charles Lamb gave all the pretty plays to Mary to write about, lest she should be unhappy. He never liked to have any one suffer, least of all his dear sister. He wrote all the tragedies himself. He was very generous and would give away his last cent if he thought it would do anybody good. His whole life was a sacrifice for his sister. For her he gave up the idea of marriage and a home of his own. One of the most beautiful of the *Essays of Elia* (as he called himself) is the one called Dream Children, where he pretends to be telling his children of the long ago when he himself was a child—these dream children who might have been his own—and as you read you feel that he would have been a very lovable father. Children were very fond of him and used to run after him and stop him on the street. His pet cat used to follow him around,

decorated with a green ribbon, and he had a very handsome large dog which Thomas Hood had given him and which he called Dash, probably because he used to dash away and make Charles run after him. The story is told of his getting up from the dinner table one day when they had company to let a stray donkey into the front yard to browse upon his grass, because he thought he ought not to eat if any other creature was hungry.

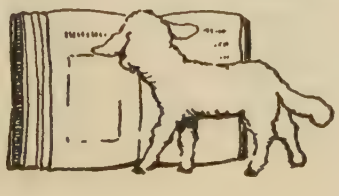
Here are some of the things he loved: sun and sky and breeze, solitary walks, and summer holidays, the greenness of the fields, the songs of birds, and sweet flowers, society and candle-light and fireside conversations, innocent vanities and jests *and* books. Books and people he loved best of all.

Mary loved to be out in the country and she used to say: "I see every day some new flower peeping out of the ground and I watch its growth, so that I have a sort of intimate friendship with each." She loved to take long walks with her brother, sometimes walking as much as twelve miles.

In another essay called *Old China,* Charles tells of the good times he and his sister used to have when they were "so happy and so poor," as our poet Riley says; how he wore an old rusty brown suit that he might buy some books he had long wanted; or how they took cheap seats in the theatre because it did not matter where they sat when they were with Rosalind in Arden or with Viola at the Court of Illyria. If you like boys' books, you may be glad to know that Charles wrote *The Adventures of Ulysses,* suggested to him by reading Chapman's *Homer,* that book which gave such delight to the poet Keats that he wrote a poem about it.

Because Charles wrote about the ordinary little happenings of everyday life that some people would think were too common to write about, and because he was always bright and sunshiny, no matter what happened, he is much loved by many readers and no one has ever succeeded in writing quite like him. I hope you will hunt up some of these things and see for yourself how much real enjoyment there is in them.

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS



The CAT THAT CAME BACK

"MIAUW, miauw," said the cat. "I am so hungry. No one here on the farm gives me any food except milk in the saucer. I am expected to find for myself whatever else I have to eat. I shall go out and seek some kind person who perhaps will feed me."

The cat started out to seek food. He went along till he saw a squirrel jumping from bough to bough in a tree.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the squirrel, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"I will drop you down some of my nuts," offered the squirrel.

"But I cannot eat nuts," said the cat. "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he met a donkey.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the donkey, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"I will give you some of my hay over there in our barn," offered the donkey.

"But I cannot eat hay," said the cat. "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he saw a bird, swaying on a limb and singing happily.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the bird, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"I can soon find a worm, which I will share with you," offered the bird.

"But I cannot eat worms," said the cat. "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he met a pig.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the pig, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"It will soon be feeding time over in our farmyard. I will share my corn with you," offered the pig.

"But I cannot eat corn," said the cat. "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he met a deer.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the deer, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"You may crop some of my nice, tender grass," offered the deer.

"But I cannot eat grass," said the cat. "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he saw a farmer, seated on a stool by the roadside, milking a cow.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter?" asked the farmer, crossly.

"I am very hungry," said the cat.

"Well, go on about your business," said the farmer gruffly. "I have nothing for you. I must save all of this milk for my customers in the village."

"I see," said the cat, sadly, "I must seek further."

The cat went along till he met a boy with a bag slung across his shoulder. The boy was whistling merrily.

"Miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the boy, kindly.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"I haven't a thing to offer you to eat," said the boy. "But you look tired out; I might carry you in my bag to your home. Where do you live?"

"At Farmer Brown's," said the cat.

Then the boy put the cat into the bag and carried the poor creature to Farmer Brown's, where he dropped him gently down in the front yard.

"Miauw, miauw, miauw," said the cat.

"What is the matter, cat?" asked the cook, kindly, from the doorway.

"I am hungry," said the cat.

"Well, there is your milk all ready for you in the saucer," said the cook.

"Oh, thank you," said the cat, lapping eagerly. "How good it is. Home's best, after all. Purr, purr, purr."

LILLIE GILLILAND MCDOWELL

HANDSOME DAN

DAN was our horse, and he was a beauty. His coat was jet black, and his thick mane and tail were silky and long. For miles around every one knew Dan, and, as he went by, would say: "Did you ever see a handsomer horse?" We, who were driving him, would smile and nod—for we knew what they were saying.

To drive Dan was always an adventure—a breathless one! After we were in the carriage, and the groom had dropped the bridle, Dan seemed almost to fly. Out of our yard like a flash we'd go, just miss the gate post, swing onto the main road, and then away we would fly, Dan with his head up, mane and tail nearly straight out, and his feet making sparks as he raced!

I am sure he loved to hear our squeals and little shrieks of laughter as we sped along. Always somebody lost a hat—but no stopping for it then. Daddy would laugh, and shout, "Better hold on to your hair, Billy-boy; you may lose that, too."

Daddy would let Dan run for miles and miles, till he had had enough for that day. Then we'd come comfortably back, find little Billy's hat, and soon be home again. Old David, the groom, would say, as he held Dan for us: "Well, sir, I am glad you are safely back."

Now, David was the only one whom Dan would allow to enter his large box stall. Dan would kick any one else, I'm sorry to say, for he seemed to want it understood that no one but David might come in.

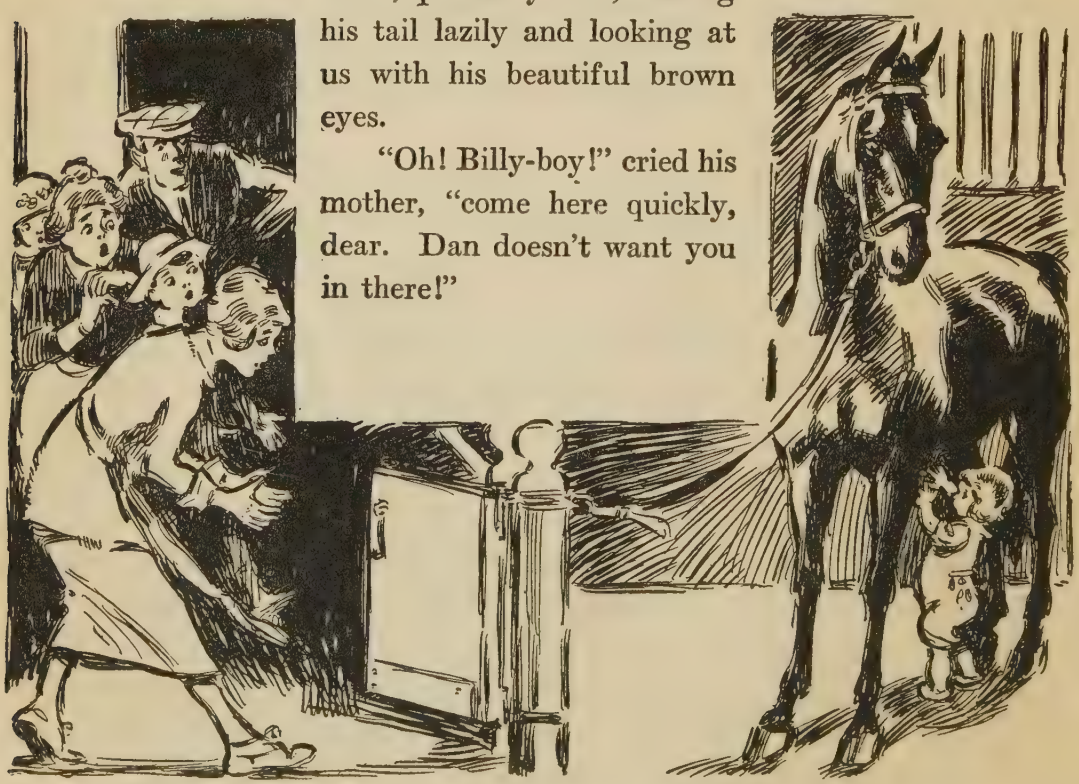
Once, a new stableman would not heed David's warning not to enter Dan's stall, and he started to go in. Dan turned his back to him and, like a flash, up went that hind foot. The man jumped out, and closed the gate just as Dan's foot hit it, such a whack!

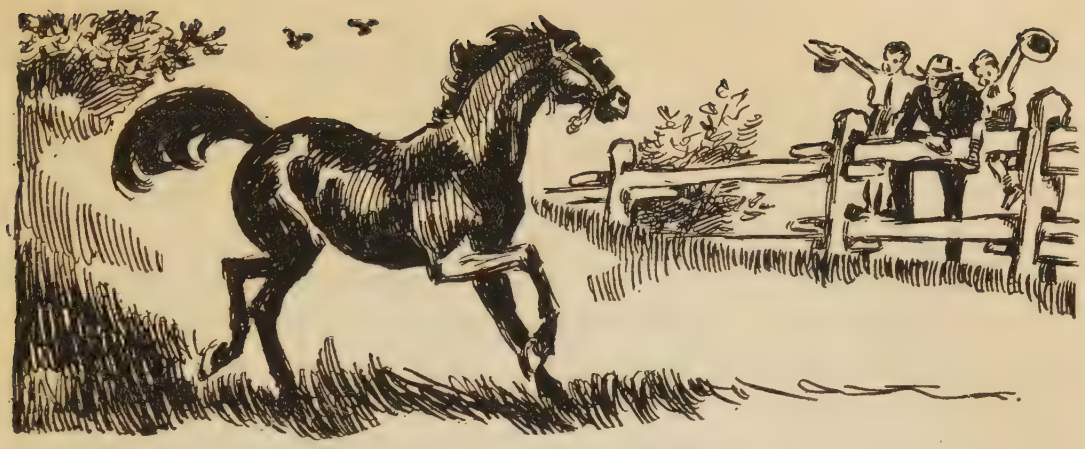
David couldn't help laughing a little at the sight of the stableman's face, which wore an expression of astonished fright. And Dan, naughty fellow, threw up his head and snorted, and trotted around and around in his stall, as if he were saying, "Ha, I'll teach them to whom this stall belongs!"

There came a day when little Billy was missing. He was only two years old, and never before had he been out of the sight of some one in the house. For there was Mother to watch him, or his nurse, or Katie the cook, or Mary the housemaid, or even Daddy—when he was at home. But that day, suddenly, no one knew where little Billy was. The house was searched, and so was the yard. David, who was working in the flower beds, and the stableman who was helping him, had not seen Billy. Find him we couldn't. At last the only place we had not searched was the stable, and there we all went, looking about and calling.

Hark! was that little Billy's voice? "Tum see, muvver, tum see, muvver!" The voice came from Dan's stall! We looked into the stall, and there, what did we see but little Billy standing right underneath Dan's stomach! Dan stood, perfectly still, waving his tail lazily and looking at us with his beautiful brown eyes.

"Oh! Billy-boy!" cried his mother, "come here quickly, dear. Dan doesn't want you in there!"





But Billy, who usually obeyed at once, only shook his head, and reaching up, patted Dan with his fat little hand! Still Dan did not move. Just then David came, and when he saw Billy in Dan's stall he gave a whistle of surprise. Walking into the stall, he patted Dan, and took hold of little Billy to lead him out.

Dear, old, handsome Dan, he did not move till Billy had been taken out! Then he tossed his head a little and whinnied, and moving over to Billy, put his head down and sniffed at Billy's cheek. It seemed as if he was sorry to have him go, and wanted to tell him to come again. From that day, Billy-boy and Dan were the best of friends.

The summer that Billy-boy was seven years old, he and his father and mother and Dan started for a long trip into the country. They were going to Billy-boy's grandmother's, and it was forty miles away and over poor roads. But forty miles was nothing for Dan's long legs, and before long he had them there.

Billy's grandmother was very glad to see them all, and, of course, Handsome Dan received his share of her welcome. She said Dan should be put in the pasture back of the barn, where he could eat the sweet clover and roam about as he pleased.

Billy's father laughed and said, "All right, but Billy must see to catching Dan when it is time to go home, for no one else can."

When Dan was turned loose in that large pasture, he was so surprised he did not know what to do first. He kicked up his heels and began to run. Around and around the lot he went—then stopped short and pawed the ground. After a minute he lay down and tried to roll over. It had been

so long since he had done that he had almost forgotten how; but he kept trying, and finally, over he went. Then up he jumped and began to eat that delicious clover. How good it was!

At the end of the week, when it was time to go home, Billy-boy and his Daddy went down to the pasture to get Dan. When Dan heard Billy-boy's whistle, he whinnied and came trotting to the bars.

"Well, well," Billy's father said, "I thought we might have some trouble in getting Dan to leave this nice place, but—" And do you know, just as he said that Dan tossed his head, and off he started at a gallop across the pasture.

How Billy laughed! "Daddy, you spoke too loud; Dan heard you."

Billy whistled, and Dan would run almost to them, but he wouldn't let Billy get quite near enough to touch him.

"I know," shouted Billy, "I'll go and get an apple from Grandma, Dan loves apples!"

Soon Billy was back with a lovely red apple. He called Dan, and held the apple up so that he could see it. Dan wanted that apple the minute he saw it. He forgot the game he was playing, and came trotting right up to Billy. Billy laughed and caught his halter and patted Dan while he ate the apple. Perhaps Dan said to himself, "Oh well, I had finished that game, anyway."

Then they harnessed Dan, and after many good-bys to Grandma, started for home.

It was later than they had planned to start, because they had spent much time catching Dan. When they had gone only a little way, the mist began to rise. Very soon it had become a real fog, and it was almost impossible to see even Dan's ears. It would be as difficult to find their way back as to go forward, and they stopped to think what would be the best thing to do.

Then up spoke little Billy and said, "Daddy, I think Dan can find the way home if you will not try to guide him; please let him try."

"Well, Billy-boy, I have heard of horses that can do wonderful things, and we will see what our horse can do."

Dan started slowly, once in a while making a turn to the right or left, which those in the carriage could feel but not see. Once Dan stopped and seemed to be thinking what to do. Billy's father got out and walked a little ahead, and there saw a fork in the road. Which way to take he could not tell. "Dan," he said, patting him, "I'll leave it to you, which to take." And he got back into the carriage.

Dan started, turning to the right. Some time later the sound made by Dan's hoofs told them all where they were—on the hard, macadam road that went past their own house.

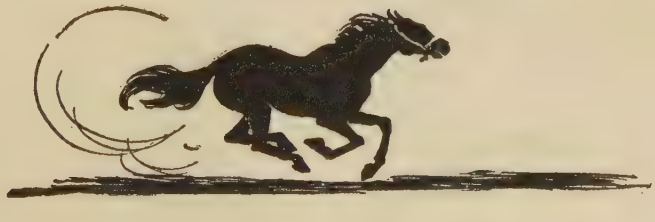
"Hurrah!" shouted little Billy, "Dan has found our road, and we will soon be home!"

At last they were in their own yard; they couldn't see the house, but Billy spied the gate-post.

Straight to the door trotted Dan, and stopped. When they were all out, and David and the stableman had come hurrying up, and Katie and Mary had come out, Billy told them all about it so fast no one could understand him, but soon they knew, and then what pattings and praises Dan received, and how proud they all were of him.

No one could ever have such a horse as theirs. Billy said that not only was Dan the handsomest horse in the whole world, but he was the smartest!

MARION PRESCOTT BROWN



QUEER GREETINGS

WHEN we meet each other, we usually say, "Good morning!" However, in the foreign lands across the seas, the boys and girls have their own greetings, and some of them are very queer.

If you were a little child of Persia, and you should meet a friend, you would say quite warmly, "May thy shadow never grow less."

Just suppose for a moment, that you lived in India, where the highest mountains in the world rise from the earth. You would say:

"Praise God, is your nose fat?"

"Thank God," your friend would answer, "my nose is fat."

"Then," you would tell him, "may you live a thousand years."

The little child of Holland says, "How do you fare?" and the sunny Italian boy or girl asks, "How do you stand?"

But the boys and girls of China and Japan think much of the rice they eat. On seeing each other they will say:

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?"

Is not that a queer way to say "Good morning" or "Howdy-do"?

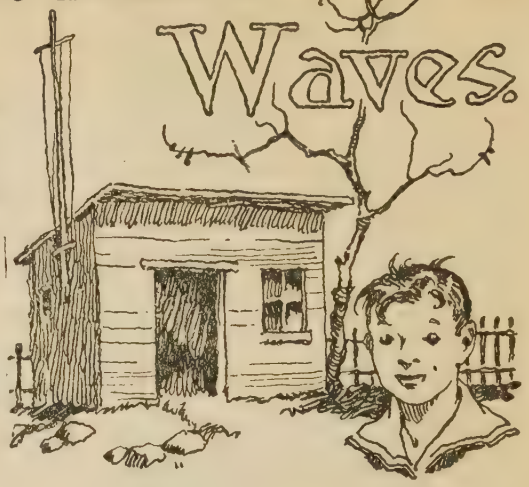
The people of old Poland always ask, "How do you keep yourself?" The boys and girls of France say almost the same words. Very quietly and pleasantly they ask, "How do you find yourself?"

In some lands the boys are not so kind as they should be to the girls. They do not raise their hats, nor do they let sister have the best of everything.

But in our own United States the boys are not often selfish. To sister and all little girls they are kind and fair, and they rarely forget to say "Good morning," or "Good evening," or "Howdy-do."

CAROL C. CRAIN

Tommy's Radio Waves



"H-E-L-P! Daddy!" Daddy dropped his book, for he had been reading under the apple-tree, and rushed to the backyard. Tommy was hanging by both hands from the rather low eaves of the woodshed roof."

"Help me down, Daddy!"

"What were you doing up there?" asked Daddy as he helped Tommy down.

"Putting up my aerial, my radio aerial," said Tommy, as he pointed to a large pole which lay in the grass. Then continuing, "You see, I am going to have one pole on the woodshed and the other on the corner of the house; won't that make a dandy aerial?"

"Why, yes," replied Daddy, glancing at the top of the house, "it ought to be a very good one."

"What's an aerial really for, Daddy?"

"To intercept, to catch the waves."

"The radio waves?"

"Yes, as they are called."

"Well, how does an aerial do it, Daddy?"

"Hm-m. That's rather a large question to answer, son. I think we had better start at the beginning of the story and understand that first. You run into the house and get the dishpan and bring it out under the apple tree."

Tommy scampered away to get the pan, and Daddy returned to his shady seat. When Tommy came back, Daddy said:

"Now get a bucketful of water and put it into the pan."

This done, Tommy settled down on the grass beside the pan and raised an expectant face.

Daddy picked up a small piece of wood from the ground and placed it on the surface of the water near Tommy's edge of the pan.

"Now," said Daddy, "I'll take a little stick—but first, see how still the water is in the pan."

"I see," replied Tommy.

"I'll wiggle this stick gently in the water. See the little waves on the surface of the water? And look—the little piece of wood is moving with the waves."

" 'Course," said Tommy.

"Now, you take a stick just like mine," directed Daddy, "and hold it between your thumb and finger, letting the end go a little under the surface of the water."

They waited a minute until the water in the pan had quieted down and the surface was smooth again. Tommy held his little stick as directed.

"I'll wiggle my stick again," said Daddy as he did so, "and you tell me what happens to your stick."

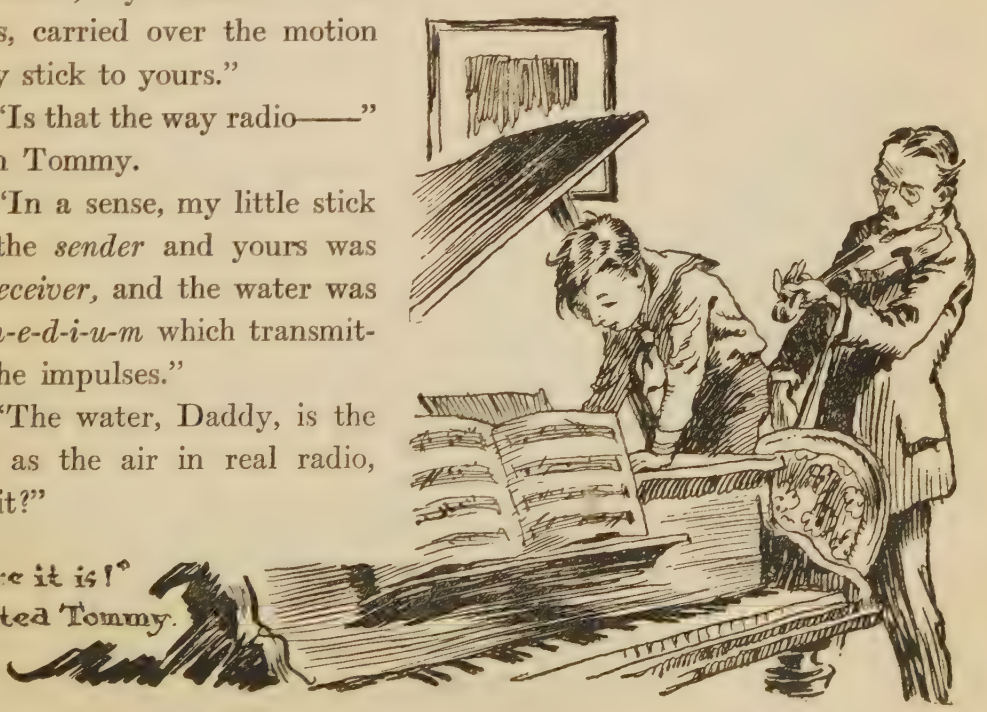
"Why," said Tommy, "it wiggles back and forth, too!"

"That's right, and nothing touched it but the water and your hand. I know your hand was still, for I watched it. The waves, then, made your stick move, or in other words, the water, by means of the waves, carried over the motion of my stick to yours."

"Is that the way radio——" began Tommy.

"In a sense, my little stick was the *sender* and yours was the *receiver,* and the water was the *m-e-d-i-u-m* which transmitted the impulses."

"The water, Daddy, is the same as the air in real radio, isn't it?"



"There it is!" shouted Tommy.

"Yes, it corresponds to the air or *e-t-h-e-r,* as the scientists say."

Tommy was silent for a time, gazing at the pan.

"There is another very good illustration," suggested Daddy. "Come into the house for a while and I will show you."

When they had entered the living-room, Daddy went to the piano and took his violin out of the box.

"Now, I will play a note on the violin, and you watch the piano strings. You will see one of them move or vibrate."

Tommy climbed up on a chair and peered into the piano. Daddy drew his bow across a string.

"There it is! There it is!" shouted Tommy. "Do it again."

"You see, son, the piano string responds to the vibration of the violin string, yet nothing touched the piano string."

"Just like the water waves," suggested Tommy.

"Yes, these strings are really a better example of the question, for you will remember that only one string responded on the piano—the one which was 'in tune' with the string of the violin."

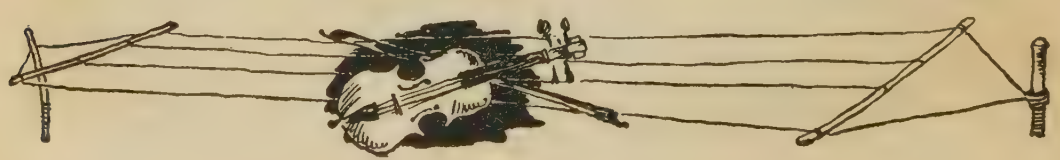
"I believe I understand," said Tommy, as he clambered down from the chair.

Daddy smiled at the puzzled expression on Tommy's face, but said nothing for a minute.

"You see, Tommy, when I played on the violin string, I was the *'sending station.'* The string sent out *'sound waves.'* The piano string was the *'receiving station.'* There are a lot of strings on the piano, but you noticed that only one moved. That was the particular string which was in tune with the note of the violin string. In real radio work, the sending station sends waves out in every direction, very similar to sound waves, and the receiving stations tune their receivers to catch the waves sent out. The receiving stations can adjust their receivers to pick up waves from different senders. If I had played a different note on the violin, a different piano string would have moved."

"I do see, Daddy. Now will you help me put up my aerial?"

DALE S. COLE



Father in Heaven we thank Thee

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees.

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'ry thing His goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GOD'S DARK

THE Dark is kind and cozy;
The Dark is soft and deep;
The Dark will pat my pillow
And love me as I sleep.

The Dark is smooth as velvet,
And gentle as the air,
And he is *good* to children
And people everywhere.

The Dark can see and love me
Without a bit of light.
He gives me dreams and resting;
He brings the gentle Night.

God made the Dark, so Daytime
Could close its tired eyes
And sleep a while in comfort
Beneath the starry skies.

The Daytime, just like children,
Needs rest from work and play,
So it can give us children
Another happy day.

God made the Dark for children
And birdies in their nest.
All in the Dark *He* watches
And guards us while we rest.

JOHN MARTIN

THIS is Plucky Pete, the pirate
Of the *Jolly Buster*, who
Aims his cannon at all Grouches,
And he always *hits* them, too.
Peter's cannon balls are doughnuts,
And he shoots them miles and miles
Until every Grouch is peppered
Full of dough-nutritious SMILES.

ROBIN HOOD FOR LITTLE READERS.

ROBIN · HOOD'S ESCAPE.

CHAPTER I

IN A cottage, near the edge of Sherwood forest, there lived a little old woman.

This little old woman lived all alone, but she was merry as the day was long.

She sat at her wheel and spun threads of flax.

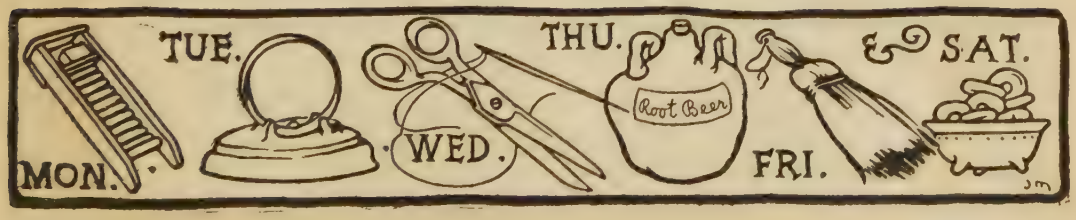
She sang as she spun, and she spun as she sang, and this is the song the merry little old woman loved best:

Monday I wash, Tuesday I iron,
Wednesday I cook and mend;
Thursday I brew, and Friday I sweep,
And baking day brings the end.

And this was the chorus of the song:

Hey down, down, an' a down!
Hey down, down, an' a down!
Saturday brings baking day;
Hey down, down, an' a down!

Very often the little old woman was so merry that when she came to the chorus of her song, she jumped upon her feet, and curtsyed and danced for very joy.



CHAPTER II

NOW it chanced one day that Robin Hood was hunting in Sherwood forest all alone. His merry men all were far away.

Then along came the proud Sheriff, with a great company of his followers. They were hunting for Robin Hood.

The King had offered a great sum of gold to the man who should bring Robin Hood to him unhurt.

But Robin Hood espied the Sheriff before the Sheriff espied Robin Hood.

"What shall I do?" cried Robin Hood. "There is no place where I may hide."

Then Robin Hood saw the little cottage of the merry old woman. Many times had Robin Hood helped her, and brought her gifts. But she was poor, and her cottage had but one room.

"'Tis a small place in which to hide," quoth Robin Hood, "but I'll see what the little old woman can do. There is no time to choose one's shelter."

So straightway he ran to the cottage and looked in at the open door. And there was the merry old woman dancing, and curtsying, and singing:

Hey down, down, an' a down!

But when she saw Robin Hood she stopped and turned rosy red, and would have made excuse but that Robin in haste cried, "Little mother, where can you hide a man in your tiny house? The proud Sheriff and his followers are close after me."

The little old woman looked about, and then she said, "Truly I have no

place to hide you but in my own kerchief and gown. Put them on quickly and pull the kerchief close about your face. Then sit at my wheel and spin.

"Stoop well over the wheel, and mumble only to yourself when they ask you questions."

"But what will you do, little mother?" asked Robin.

"Ah," cried the little old woman, "I shall put on Robin Hood's cloak and hood, and I'll say not a word. I'll have the finest ride of my life, and mayhap I'll have an audience with the King—which I never hoped to do in all my days!"

CHAPTER III

IT all happened as the merry little old woman had planned.

The followers of the Sheriff said, "She's quite daft!" And they left Robin Hood mumbling over his wheel.

But they took the little old woman and set her upon a fine horse, and rode away with her, laughing and singing because they had caught Robin Hood, the bold outlaw, and would have a share of the King's gold.

And the merry old woman shook her sides with laughter as she rode, but she dared make no sound; and she kept the hood of Robin's cloak pulled far down over her face.

"Ho–ho," laughed Robin Hood, as the Sheriff and his followers rode out of sight. "The merry old woman is quick of wit and strong of courage. She shall not suffer for this adventure, as my name is Robin Hood!"

Then he ran from the cottage in the old woman's kerchief and gown, and he ran through the forest.

He drew forth from the gown his silver bugle, and he blew upon it, sharp and clear.

Three full notes did Robin blow, and from now here and from now there in the forest came Little John, and Will Scarlet, and Much, the Miller's son, and Friar Tuck, and John o'Groat, and many more of his merry men.

And when they saw Robin Hood in the old woman's gown and kerchief they laughed merrily and long. Then John o'Groat, holding his sides, spoke, "Good Robin, what adventure is this?"

And Robin Hood told them of the merry old woman, and how she was even then riding off with the Sheriff and his followers to be taken before the King. "And no harm must come to her, as my name is Robin Hood!"

Then Robin and his merry men ran quickly through the forest, for they knew full well which way the Sheriff would take.

CHAPTER IV

AS the Sheriff and all his proud followers rode forward, they heard the notes of a silver bugle blowing.

"What sound is that?" cried the Sheriff.

But the little old woman sang softly to herself:

"Hey down, down, an' a down!

And she wanted to dance, though she could not, for she knew full well it was Robin's bugle that was blown.

And in another moment the Sheriff and the little old woman, and all the proud followers were surrounded by bowmen all dressed in green. And the number of the bowmen was so great that the Sheriff could do nothing.

Then Robin Hood stepped forth and helped the little old woman down from her horse, while the Sheriff and his followers were too greatly astonished for words.

And while the old woman sang: "Hey down, down, an' a down!" under her breath, Robin made the proud Sheriff count out from his purse as much gold as the King had offered for his own capture.

The Sheriff sighed and groaned as each gold piece fell into Robin's hand. But when he had paid the whole price, he was let ride away with all his followers, unhurt.

They forgot to thank Robin for this, but rode off with sighs, and groans, and mutterings. They had hoped to put much gold into their purses, not to have gold taken out of them, and that by Robin Hood himself!

"The Sheriff's gold is taken from the poor. To the poor it shall go back!" cried Robin Hood.

Then Will Scarlet, and Little John, and Friar Tuck, and John o'Groat joined hands and danced about in a ring, while the little old woman sang merrily:

Hey down, down, an' a down!

Then such a feast as they made in the forest, and the merry little old woman was given the best of everything; honey, and venison, and rich cream, and strawberries. Never had she tasted such fare in all her life.

Then they led her home, and each man of them all carried under his arm a gift.

There were warm blankets for her bed, and rich cloth of blue and of crimson for her gown and cloak, and there were pretty buckles for her shoes, and soft hose for her feet.

Every man carried a gift, and when they reached the little old woman's cottage, there was not space enough in its one room to hold them all.

"Another room shall the little old woman have!" cried Robin Hood.

And so it should be!

Much, the Miller's son, laid the floor; John o'Groat built the walls; Friar Tuck made a great wide fireplace; Little John put on the roof; and Will Scarlet added a chimney of bright red brick.

Oh, it was the best little house anywhere about Sherwood forest! And the little old woman was the happiest little old woman in all the country wide.

Then Robin Hood and his men went back to the greenwood, and the little old woman sat down at her wheel to spin.

And she sang as she spun, and she spun as she sang:

Monday I wash, and Tuesday I iron,
Wednesday I cook and mend;
Thursday I brew, and Friday I sweep,
And baking day brings the end.

JULIA DARROW COWLES

NOW-A-DAY WONDERS

"Willie."

KLONDYKE DOGS

I WONDER if you like to sit for hours, as I did when I was little, and read or hear about the heroes of old—Ulysses and Aladdin, the Knights of the Round Table, and the brave Crusaders—soldiers and sailors, giants, pirates, and discoverers. And I wonder if you have the same feeling that I had—that it's all very wonderful, but not very real. That, somehow, it does not help *you*, little Peter Winkle, to get out of bed early, or go into dark rooms at night. That was how I felt, but I am going to tell you of something that did make me want to be brave and sensible.

Gradually I came to know that the now-a-day world is filled with men and women, as daring and sturdy and magical as ever lived in other days. I found that, while I was grumbling about changing from my school clothes to my play ones (don't you just *a-bom-i-nate* changing school clothes?) or whining over some other silly thing, at that *very instant minute* somewhere else, men and women and children were going through the most hair-raising, blood-chilling, goose-fleshy adventures, with not a sniff at the discomfort and danger. (For there never yet was a rampageous hero deed that didn't have a whole fringe of little nagging vexations pricking around it.) When the feeling of all that worked into my heart, my own wee troubles withered up like foolish little mud puddles, and the world seemed bursting with sparkling adventure sunshine. So now, let's see if we can fix *your* mud puddles.

A few years ago something happened in this country that was as thrilling as all the Arabian Nights rolled together into one bouncing bundle. It was not only wonderful in itself. It was, and is wonderful (for it is still going on) because it formed an important part of the growing life of our great country. Men discovered gold in far-off Alaska, and the famous rush for the Klondyke began. Thousands surged into the lands that were then strange, and new, and full of terrible danger and suffering. The story of their bravery and industry would fill great books. Another book (and, don't you tell, but I think that would be the book you and I would read most) could be filled with scouty stories of the jolly camps they made—the strange foods they ate and didn't eat—the animals they hunted and that sometimes hunted them (Woof! Oh! you bear!)—and whole waggy chapters about those splendid friends who stood by them through everything, and made all the big work possible — their dogs. For you must know it is a land of great snows, where all the winter packing is done by dogs. How we'd laugh and glow and scheme as we read those chapters! How we'd turn up our noses afterwards — Pooh! — at our own little skinny troubles.

I know a man who went through all that exciting time, and who for years lived that brave, rough life. And I know about his two chums, Klondyke ("Klondy" for short) and Willie. They did not tell me about themselves—because they can only bark and waggle. But they were in the gold rush just as much as he was, and perhaps a bit more. They went through terrible storms with him. Often he was lost and blinded in the driving snow, and unable to guide his dog team. Then, bless us! they guided him. Woof—puff—

away they'd go, straining at their tugs—their wonderful noses finding the trail in spite of the blinding flakes. Mr. Man's nose is not in the least wonderful. If he had to find a trail with it, I'm sure he would be as useless as he would be funny. But the dogs knew as much with their noses as many people know with their whole heads. And behind those noses were quick, willing brains, and loving hearts that would have dared not only cold and hunger but death itself, for their beloved master.

Willie was the leader in the team. He was a yellow collie with the sharpest bark and *extremely* saucy manners. The leader dog is very important and Willie knew it. Importance bristled in his every hair. He knew his work as you know baseball—only Willie never lost a base. Many a time he made a home run when I fear you would have lain down and given way to dismal sounds. Every one knew Willie and petted him. All through the lazy summers he visited from camp to camp. Always the choicest scraps were saved for him. He was the cleverest, cockiest little collie in all the north, and if any one did not know it, Willie would tell them. There was nothing backward about that young chap.

But at last his self-esteem had a terrible shock. It was a beautiful summer day. Willie had not been working for weeks. He had a great deal of time to talk about himself to the other dogs, and he had not wasted a minute. In fact, he was engaged in that pleasant task when *it* happened. Five dogs were in front of the cabin. Four of them were very sleepy. They wished Willie would stop talking. They wanted to bite their worst fleas and go to sleep in peace. But not so Willie.

"What's more," said he, "there isn't any one in the Klondyke as brave as I am 'ceptin' my master. Did you see me chase that old Mr. Tomcat? Well, that's just the way I do! If he'd been a tiger or a nelephant, or a neagle or a lion, I'd have chased him just the same—yes, siree! Leave it to Willie—I'll take care of every one—Wow!"

He was so excited that at first he did not hear the shuffling behind the cabin. Then there was a clatter and a clash. Like a shot Willie was up—ears alert—eyes popping—off he went around the cabin like a flash. But if he went like a flash he came back like an explosion. Ki-yi-ing as though the sky had fallen—every hair stiff—his tail tucked fast between his legs. Oh! Woofity wow! Willie was a scared dog. With an ear-splitting howl he hurled himself into the cabin and under the bunks. Willie's

master could hardly believe his eyes. His saucy Willie in such a plight! He seized his gun and ran out just in time to see a little fat baby bear waddling away up the trail—still licking his chops over the molasses he had stolen. How Willie's master laughed, and how those other dogs bow-wowed with joy at Smarty Willie. After that, every time Willie boasted, they would bark back—"a lion or a neagle—just leave it to Willie!" That was enough. For Willie stayed scared six months—and that's time enough to take the conceit out of any one, dog or boy.

You would have loved old Klondy, the wheel dog. He was a big black and white "huskie." His father was a wolf and by rights Klondy's ears should have stood up in wolf fashion. But they had been frozen so they lopped over in a most waggish way—to Klondy's disgust, for he was very dignified. He was powerful and, at times, fierce. Though he and Willie were devoted friends, he had scant patience with Willie's frivolity. He thrashed him soundly whenever he thought he needed it. But it was such a family affair that no one minded.

One winter, his master loaned Willie and Klondy and two other dogs to a friend to make a long trip. Their trail lay across a wide lake where the ice was still thin. As they left the shore, Klondy felt the terrible ice-quiver begin under his feet—the quiver he had been taught to fear since he was a wee puppy. He stopped and whined at the man—trying to tell him in dog language of his danger. But the man was young and ignorant.

To him, Klondy was only a dog to drive. "Mush on!" he shouted impatiently, and on they went.

The quivering grew worse,—they seemed to walk on shaking air. In places the wicked black waters oozed and bubbled under the glare ice—waiting. Suddenly there was a sickening sound. The man whirled about—calling frantically to the dogs. It was too late. The ice tore like wet paper—with a swirl the waters leaped on them and, struggling, choking, they sank, man, dogs and sled. The waters circled, then grew still, as so often before it had stilled over other men and dogs.

But only for a minute. Then, fighting madly, the man and dogs rose—gasping—catching blindly at the ice. For a wonder it held. Slowly the man drew himself up and out—almost exhausted from the fright and killing cold. But the dogs could not free themselves. They were bound fast to the tugs of the heavily loaded sled, and though they struggled pitifully they were being drawn steadily down to death. The man tried to free them, but his hands were too numb to loosen the straps. As quickly as he could he drew his knife and cut the tugs. Willie, the leader, was free, and out in an instant. Then Peter. He was working frantically now. Only two straining noses were to be seen above the water. At last he freed Sandy and drew him on the ice, too weak to stand.

Klondy was left with the whole weight of the sled on him, and the tugs too far under the ice for the man to reach—Klondy, the strongest and truest of all the dogs, left to die. Once more his brave old head rose above the water—once more there came his gray wolf howl for help—and then Klondy sank. Down, down he went, choking but alert, the wonderful brain still fighting. He knew what was dragging him. Little by little he turned—groping blindly—caught the tugs, and the fierce wolf teeth sank and cut like steel. An instant more of writhing struggle—then, like an arrow, he shot up and out on the ice. Klondy was saved. Aren't you glad?

ELSINORE ROBINSON CROWELL.

The JOLLY PEDDLER

See what he has for you.
4 flowers and 3 boats!
I didn't notice how many
Animals and Toys and Birds
there are. You count them.

TWO LEGS or FOUR

TWO legs or four" is a jolly little circle game. How we laugh when some one seems to think a duck has four legs!

We draw our chairs into a circle and choose a leader to stand in the center. Now we lay our hands and wrists flat on our knees. Leaving our wrists down, we will raise our hands and wave them from side to side as far as we can.

The leader names several animals having four legs and we wave our hands rapidly back and forth. But the moment she names an animal or bird having only two legs, we must quickly drop our hands on our knees.

If any one moves a hand after the leader has mentioned something having only two legs, he must get up and stand behind his chair. He is no longer in the game but may watch the others to see if they make mistakes.

Be careful, now!

The leader speaks very rapidly. If she says "elephant, giraffe, ostrich" wave your hands for the first two, but stop the moment she says "ostrich." She may say "alligator, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, kingfisher." The kingfisher is a bird and has only two legs, but all may not know that.

How many legs has a pelican? Only two, although the name sounds as if it might belong to an animal with six or eight legs instead of a bird with two. Suppose the leader says "rabbit, fox, mouse, bat"—would she catch you?

She may call the names as rapidly as she can and may call many or few before she names something having two legs. That is the way she will catch you.

The winner is the boy or girl who thinks quickly and is the last to keep his or her seat in the circle. The winner may be the leader for the next game.

MYRTLE J. TRACHSEL

Free Ride Seeds

"WHAT are you so busy about, Jerry?" asked Uncle Jimmy, sitting down on the sidewalk beside him.

"Pulling out pitchforks. Look at them, in bunches!"

"You gave a good load of them a nice, free ride, didn't you?"

"What do you mean—I gave them a free ride, Uncle Jimmy? I didn't offer them one!"

"Oh, they don't wait for an offer! They catch on without your even slacking down."

"I must have found these over by the cheese factory. There are stickers all along the road around there."

"And that's two miles away," said Uncle Jimmy. "So you have brought them a good distance, which is exactly what they wanted. You know that's why they have the stickers on them—so they can catch a free ride."

"They can hold on a lot better than we boys can when we catch a ride. But whatever do they *want* a ride for, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Burrs and sticktights of all kinds are the seeds of the plants that bear them. Their business is to get planted and start new plants that will bear more seeds. And the farther they are carried away from the mother plant, the more likely they are to get started in a new place where there are none of their kind growing. When you pull them out and throw them on the ground, you are doing exactly what the seeds would have you do. As these pitchforks are really pests, we won't help the bad work along. Let's burn them instead of letting them grow and send out thousands of new bodies to catch free rides next year."

"We'll fool them this trip, won't we?"

Jerry said as he worked. "Do they often get as long rides as this?"

"Longer," replied Uncle Jimmy. "Sometimes they come away over the ocean or across a continent. I know a man who lived in Africa for awhile. When he came back to this country he brought some sheep with him. He noticed some of free-ride seeds in their wool. And the next summer he found that African plant growing in several places on his farm where the sheep had been."

"Well, I should call them real travelers," remarked Jerry. "I just wish boys could get around like that, and then they wouldn't need to save until they had enough money to buy a bicycle."

JANET THOMAS VAN OSDEL

These troublesome pitchforks may be known to you as Beggar-ticks or Stick-tights. They have a learnéd name of *Bidens frondosa* and *Bidens laevis* and they belong to the thistle family.

The WHY of Stickers

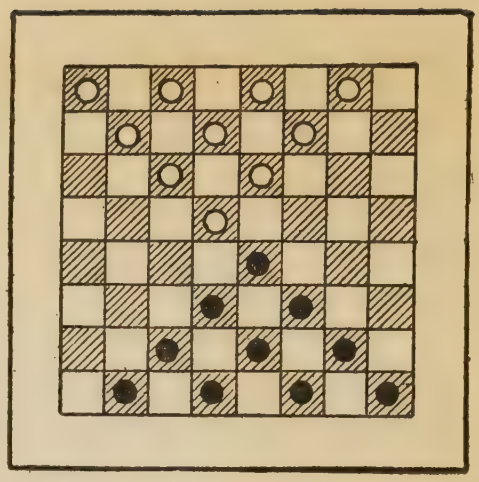
Spanish-needle, Tick-trefoil,
And many plants besides
Dress their baby children up
Ready for chance rides.

Then when something comes along
That's just within their touch,
Baby finger hooks reach out
And eagerly they clutch.

When you pick the "Stickers" off
I wonder if you know
You are kindly giving them
A better chance to grow!

EVA C. TALCOTT

GAME of POINT



THERE is a game called "Point," which you play on a checker-board. It is ever so much simpler than real checkers and little folks can quite easily learn to play it.

You arrange the checkers on the board, black on one side, white on the other, in two triangles as in this picture:

Now, what you must try to do is to get your point, or triangle, moved over to the other side of the board just where your partner's is, and your partner must try to get his where yours is. The one who does this thing first, wins.

You move diagonally; that is, slantwise from square to square instead of straight up and down. You can move every way and jump every way—backward and forward, and even over your own men as well as over your partner's. Sometimes you can jump over two or three at one stretch. It is best to get your men out of the back row, the "king" row, as soon as you can, else you may find yourself penned in there.

Sometimes the game becomes blocked so that neither person can make another move, and then you just laugh and begin another game.

ALICE A. KEEN

On Easter Morn

If I were
a little
child like
you, O

On Easter Morn,
Do you know what I would do?

I'd find the
Bunny
And tie
his shoe,

Color his eggs
and cook
his stew,
. . .

Yes,
That's what I would do!

FLORENCE
E.
GOLDTHWAIT

The Ballad of the Little Shepherds

I

WHEN angels clad in gleaming white
Proclaimed the Savior's birth,
They came not to the rich and proud,—
The lofty ones of earth;
Not to the Wise Men, nor to Kings
Was Christ Child first revealed,
But unto simple shepherd folk,
Abiding in the field.

II

And some of these were little lads,
And when they saw the light
And heard the wondrous song of songs,
They hid their heads for fright.
The angel told them to be glad
And not to be afraid,
For in a crib in Bethlehem
Their God and King was laid.

III

So off the little shepherds ran,
As fast as fast could be,
Into the town of Bethlehem
This wondrous sight to see;
And there, within a stable mean,
They found the Mother mild,
And cradled in her loving arms,
There lay the Holy Child.

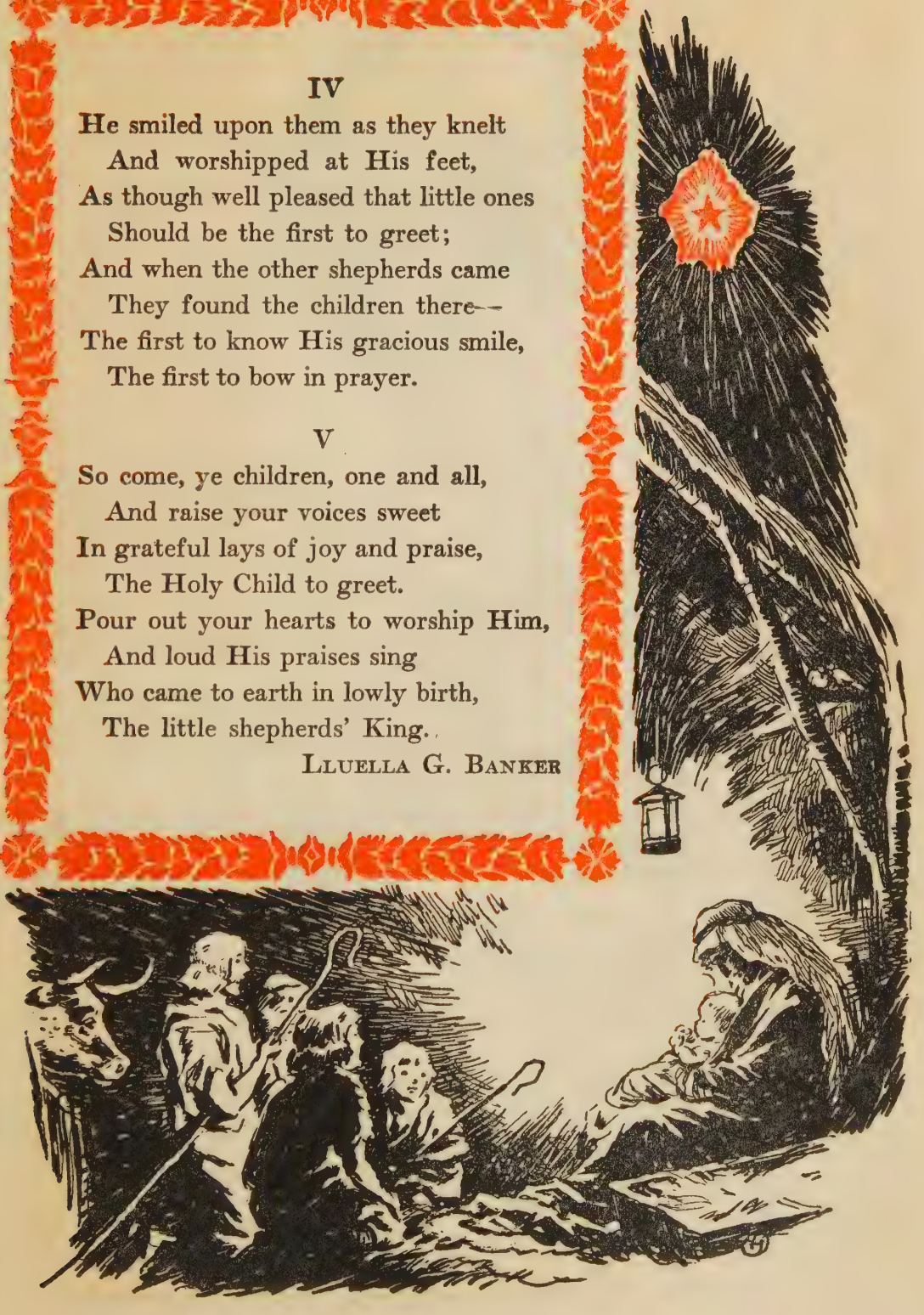
IV

He smiled upon them as they knelt
And worshipped at His feet,
As though well pleased that little ones
Should be the first to greet;
And when the other shepherds came
They found the children there—
The first to know His gracious smile,
The first to bow in prayer.

V

So come, ye children, one and all,
And raise your voices sweet
In grateful lays of joy and praise,
The Holy Child to greet.
Pour out your hearts to worship Him,
And loud His praises sing
Who came to earth in lowly birth,
The little shepherds' King.

LLUELLA G. BANKER



IF YOU reckon us up, we are four times thirteen;
We are everywhere heard of, yet never are seen,
In summer or winter, by sea or by land,
You will always have one of our number at hand.

We are all of one length, but not all of one stuff;
Now cold and now sultry, now calm and now rough,
Now steadily plodding, now recklessly gay,
We make out the twelvemonth as well as we may.

HENRY JOHNSTONE

Ans.—The weeks of the year.

ROBIN HOOD
FOR LITTLE READERS

ROBIN HOOD GOES A-BEGGING.

A CHANGE I must have," sighed Robin Hood, unbending his bow.

"Of what sort, good Robin?" asked George o'Green.

"Wilt go to sea once more?" asked Friar Tuck with a wink.

"No seaman am I, and that I have proved," said Robin. "But I've a mind the land can produce gold as well as the sea. I'm going a-begging."

"A-begging!" cried Will Scarlet.

"A-begging!" groaned Little John.

"A-begging!" said John o'Groat.

"Of whom wilt thou beg?" asked Much, the Miller's son.

"I can promise I'll not beg from the poor to give to the rich," answered Robin.

Then, covering himself with a beggar's cloak, and taking a stout stick in his hand, he left his merry men all and betook himself to the highway.

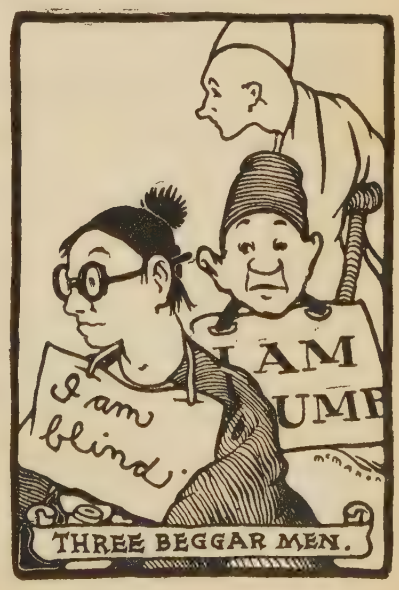
CHAPTER II

DOWN the road came three men, also wearing beggar's cloaks. One bore a card which read, "I am blind."

Another bore a card which read, "I am dumb."

The third walked with a limp—though sometimes he forgot to limp and walked quite briskly.

As they came upon Robin sitting by the roadside, the man who was dumb cried, "What beggar is this?"



The man who was blind said, "He looks well fed for a beggar."

The man who was lame ran up to Robin and said, "Hast had luck to-day?"

"Indeed, sirs," answered Robin, "I am but just learning to beg. Could I not go on in company with you? I perceive that ye are master beggars."

"Why not have a 'prentice?" asked the man who was dumb. "He can carry the bags. 'Twill be easier traveling."

"But the bags hold much gold," said the man who was blind.

ROBIN CARRIED THEIR BAGS.

"We're three to one," answered the man who was lame, "and I'd like to see him outrun me."

So they gave Robin the bags to carry, and he journeyed on with them.

"He must walk ahead," said the blind man. "I would keep an eye upon him."

So Robin walked ahead.

Soon he turned around.

"There be men coming down the road," he said. "'Tis the Sheriff and his two companions. Shall we not beg of them? They are sure to carry much gold."

But the beggars ran into the thicket to hide, and they dragged Robin with them.

"Keep still on your life!" said the dumb man.

"The Sheriff would arrest every man of us!" cried the blind man.

"But why should he arrest four honest beggars?" asked Robin simply.

But the men told Robin to keep still, and to move not till the Sheriff was well by.

And Robin, being but a 'prentice, must mind what his masters said.

CHAPTER III

WHEN the Sheriff had passed by, the beggars came out from their hiding place.

They had not gone far when they met a poor priest, carrying a heavy load.

The three master beggars went boldly up to him.

"What carry you there?" asked the lame man.

"Only stones, good sir," said the priest. "The widow who dwells in yonder little hut needs a new chimney. Her fire does not draw, and the smoke is troublesome in the hut."

"Let us look into your load!" demanded the blind man. So the priest had to empty his load of stones upon the highway.

"What else have you?" asked the dumb man. "We need gold, not stones."

"Only a wee bit of silver have I," said the priest, "and that I had hoped to give to the widow for food."

But the lame man took the silver and put it into one of the bags that Robin carried.

Then they left the poor priest to gather up his stones, while they went on down the highway.

CHAPTER IV

I AM learning fast," quoth Robin to himself as he walked on. "These men be wonderful teachers."

The road was long and dusty. The beggars grew tired and hungry.

"There is a cottage near by," said the blind man. "Let us stop for food and drink."

"So we will," agreed the others.

So they left the highway and made their way through the brush to the little cottage. And the lame man jumped the brush the most nimbly of them all.

As they came near the cottage they heard a voice singing:

"*Monday I wash, and Tuesday I iron,*"

but before the second line was reached the blind man boldly knocked upon the door.

Robin drew his hood well over his face.

The little old woman opened the door.

The beggars looked about, and seeing that the little old woman was all alone said, "We are right hungry. See that we have a good dinner, and that soon!"

The little old woman curtsyed as she said, "I have but little food in the house, but I will give you the best that I have."

Then she bustled briskly about, and soon had food on the table.

The three master beggars ate heartily, but Robin tasted little.

When they had finished, the master beggars opened the door into the second little room.

"Ho-ho," cried the dumb man. "There is more than food to be had here!"

Then he carried forth a bolt of blue cloth.

And the blind man carried forth a bolt of scarlet cloth.

And the lame man carried forth a pair of soft woolen blankets.

And all the while the little old woman sat by her spinning wheel and cried, for there was nought else she could do.

Then the three master beggars went out of the cottage, and the 'prentice beggar said, "But we have not paid the little old woman for our supper!"

" 'Tis not the custom of beggars," said the dumb man. "You have yet to learn your trade."

CHAPTER V

AT that Robin laid firm hold upon his stout stick.

"Me thinks you have mistaken your trade," said he. "You call yourselves beggars, but it is thieves that ye are!"

And with that he laid about with his stout stick.

And Robin's arm was so strong, and his stick was so stout, that the lame man dropped his bundle and ran in one direction.

And the blind man dropped his bundle and ran in another direction.

And the dumb man dropped his bundle and ran in a third direction, crying at the top of his voice.

Then Robin threw back the hood of his beggar's cloak, and when the little old woman saw that it was Robin Hood, she laughed and she cried, all at the same time.

Then Robin Hood opened his eyes very wide, and he cried out, "But my masters forgot to ask me for their bags when they left! And I fear they will not come back for them. What ever shall I do?"

Then Robin laid the three bags on the little old woman's table.

"I know what I will do," he chuckled. "One bag is for you, to pay for the supper we ate. One bag is for the widow who lives in the little hut; and the third bag is for the priest who is building her chimney—for he is good to the poor."

Then Robin Hood took up the two bags and his stout stick, and set forth, leaving the little old woman laughing and singing:

"*Hey down, down, an' a down!*"

As Robin journeyed along he said to himself, "I'm afraid I made a poor 'prentice for my masters. But begging 's not a bad business, if you go about it right."

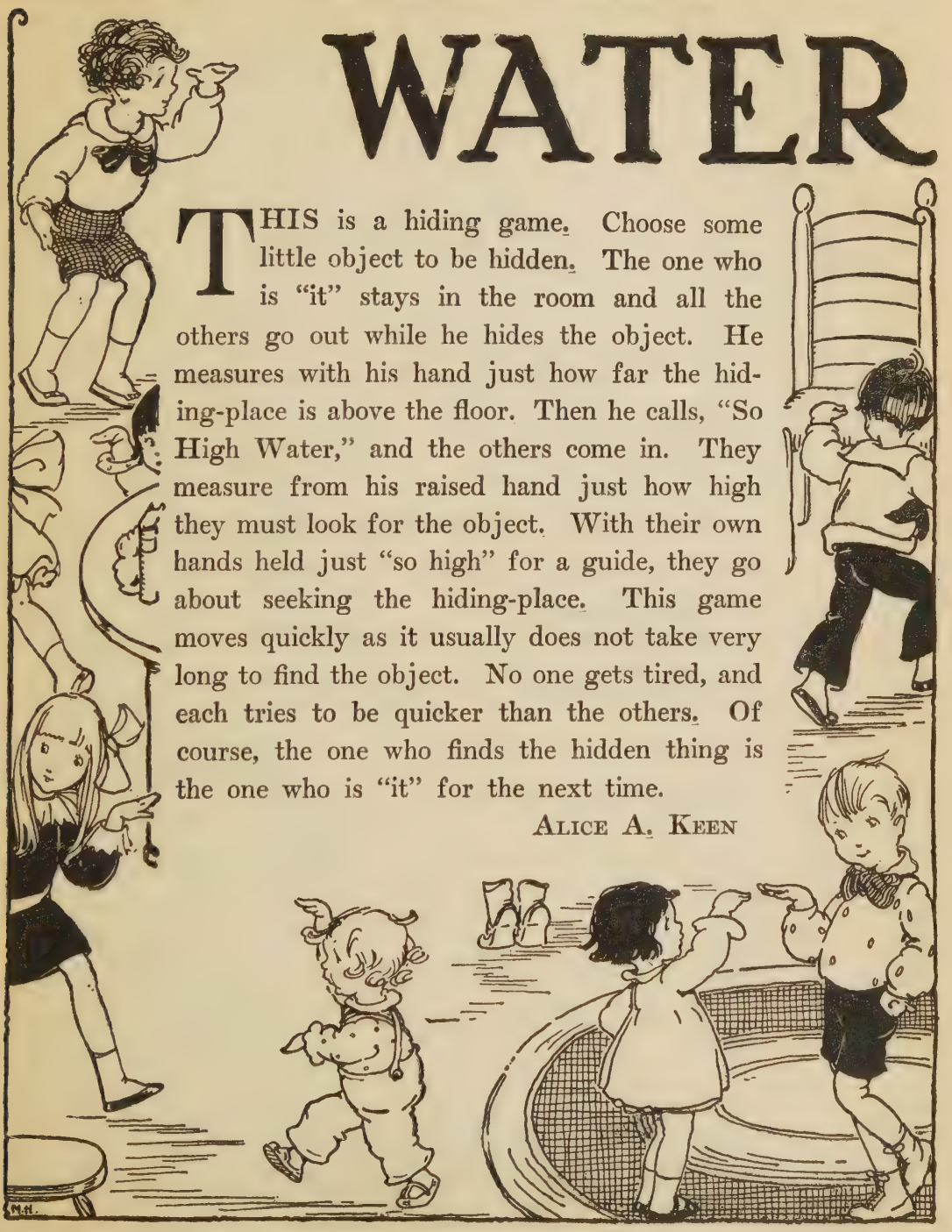
JULIA DARROW COWLES

ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN was a rascal,
Robin was a thief,
But our merry Robin Hood
Never came to grief.
Robin robbed the Bishop
Of his horrid gold.
Robin robbed the Miser, too,
So the tale is told.
Robin robbed the Forests
Of the royal deer:
Robin robbed the Brewer man
Of his foaming beer.
Robin thumped the Friar
With his quarter staff.
Friar thumped him back again,
Making Robin laugh.
Robin shot his arrows
With a bow of yew,
Robin always hit the clout
In the middle, too.
Robin was a robber,
That is very sure,
But he never robbed a man
When a man was poor.
Robin roared with laughter
In the royal wood:
So we can't help laughing with
Merry Robin Hood.

JOHN MARTIN

SO HIGH WATER



THIS is a hiding game. Choose some little object to be hidden. The one who is "it" stays in the room and all the others go out while he hides the object. He measures with his hand just how far the hiding-place is above the floor. Then he calls, "So High Water," and the others come in. They measure from his raised hand just how high they must look for the object. With their own hands held just "so high" for a guide, they go about seeking the hiding-place. This game moves quickly as it usually does not take very long to find the object. No one gets tired, and each tries to be quicker than the others. Of course, the one who finds the hidden thing is the one who is "it" for the next time.

ALICE A. KEEN

Riddles

Ques. Why is a February blizzard like a child with a cold in its head?

Ans. Because it blows, it snows (its nose).

Ques. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?

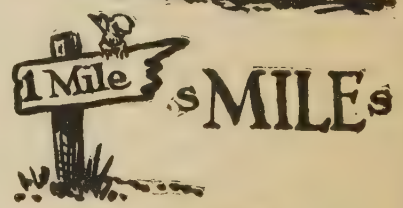
Ans. Because it is the end of pork.

Ques. How do sailors know that there is a man in the moon?

Ans. Because they have been to sea (see).

Ques. What is the longest word in the English language?

Ans. Smiles—there is a mile between its first and last letter.



Ques. Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

Ans. Because it is the scenter.

Ques. Why is grass like a mouse?

Ans. Because the cattle eat it (cat'll eat it).

OWL'S SONG

I LOVE the Moon in the deep, dark sky,
And the Stars that twinkle and wink;
I love the Cloud as it passes by,
As black as a bottle of ink.
I love the hum of the midnight Breeze,
And I love every drop of Dew;
I love the Love of the grave old Trees
O, I love all the Night, DON'T YOU?
TOO-HOO! TOO-HOO!
DON'T YOU?

J. M.

NOW-A-DAY WONDERS

The Temper of STEEL

DO you remember the story of Now-a-day Wonders—and Willie-who-wasn't-afraid? That was just a getting-acquainted story. Now I want to tell you more of what the Klondyke is really like, and the *temper* of the men who worked there. By "temper" I do not mean the being-cross kind. The *temper* of steel is the cutting power and lasting strength that have been put into it by the forge heat, the hammer blows, and the water chilling. Sometimes it gains little through these treatments. Sometimes it comes out perfect in beauty, force, and durability. (Durability means lasting strength.) So it is with men, women, and children everywhere. Life holds forge heat, hammer blows, and water chilling. We hardly know why. Perhaps to make us masters in some greater wonder world. At any rate, we prove our worth by the temper we take on, as we go through trials and tests. The Klondyke tried and tested men cruelly. And though it yielded marvelous gold, it could have given us nothing more wonderful than the courage of the men who freed the gold for use.

Alaska is one of the *very* countries—very cold winters, very hot summers, very big mosquitoes, very desolate wildernesses—lonely and dangerous. But the gold was "very," too—rich beyond belief. That drew men. They came from farms, factories, and stores—thousands of them. Only a few knew anything about roughing it. They had lived in homes like ours, with hundreds of comforts that they did not really need, but would hardly

know how to do without. Have you ever thought how few of the things about you are truly necessary for life and work? Pillows and neckties—sheets and curtains—bathtubs and bedsteads—pictures and saltshakers—sinks and door mats, and peaches and cream. We really could do without them all. Don't you believe it? Then you should go to the Klondyke and find out. The men who went there did without them, and without a thousand other things. There were no cities nor farms, nor any of the countless helps that spring up where people live together—railroads, stores, factories, roads, horses. Just hundreds of miles of unmapped wilderness to be covered by a man's two legs, or the four brisk legs of his little brother who barks. Now you see one reason why they went without. For, even if a man could have bought them, think how fretful it would have made him to carry a piano and a bird cage, a jar of whipped cream and a geranium plant, a cat and a vacuum cleaner and a bathtub on his back all at once! To say nothing of a pig and the Victrola records! You may giggle, but Mr. Man did not giggle when he faced the Klondyke wilderness and thought of all he needed, and how to get it there. The more he thought of that, the less he decided he needed. At last, he decided he needed precious little.

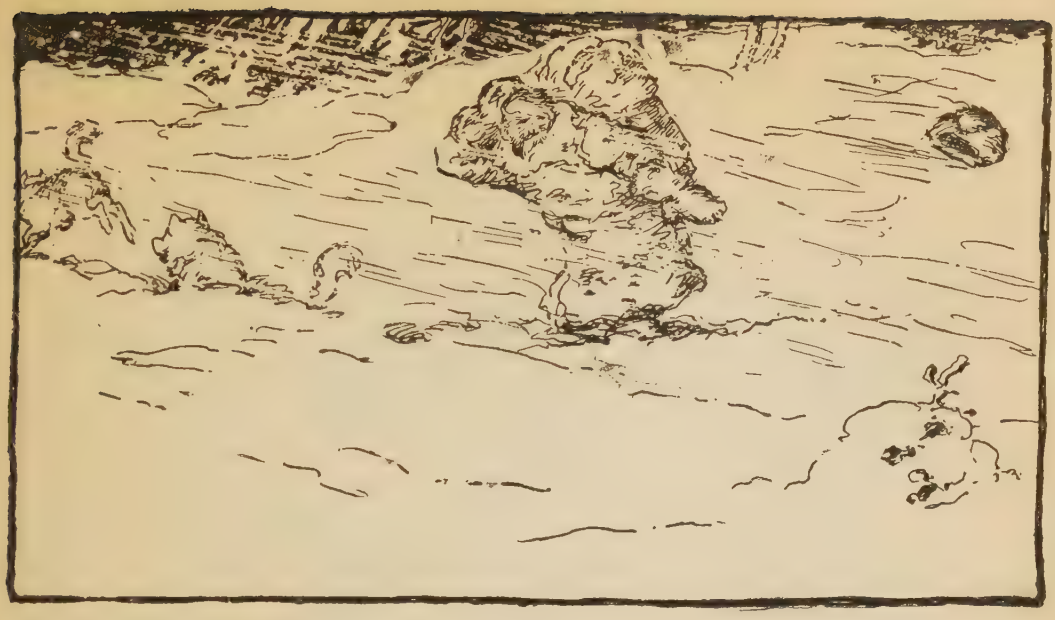
This is what he would carry if he were going alone on a two or three days' prospecting trip to look for gold: His rough blankets (no pillows, sheets, or jumpy mattress), his axe, which, in a wild land, is as important as food; his gun, matches, tea (no cream or sugar), some bread, bacon and rice, a tin cup, a spoon, a frying pan, and a coffee pot. No plates—no comfys of any sort. With these few things he could work and help others on the trail and be happy. (Which, Little Friend, is all any one can do in life, no matter how much he carries.) Indeed, they

were quite enough of a load to carry up the face of a mountain, like Chilkoot Pass, that seemed to be standing on its hind legs and making faces.

That is what Klondy and Willie's master thought the year he first made the acquaintance of Chilkoot Pass—and he did not like the faces. It was storming that day—one of the worst storms in years. The snow did not fall in gentle flakes as you know it. It came hurtling through the air in whipping, blinding clouds, with a wild wind screaming, and the earth stripped bare of life under the cutting cold. Already men were dead in the storm, and every one on the trail was seeking shelter. Now, Willie's master was one of those people who do things, anyway. He had been working for two days, carrying his winter provisions across the pass. His blankets and food, tent and kettles, were all on the other side. Only one load was left—his sheet iron stove, filled with wood, and ready to light when he struck camp. (He had already carried that wood for six miles on his back. Who was it I heard this morning whimpering 'cause he had to bring in the kindling?) He felt that he *must* make camp with the last load. So, out he started with Willie and Klondy at his heels.

Chilkoot Pass is a narrow trail leading over a towering mountain cut. At best, it is steep and perilous enough. But in that storm it was fearful. As they began to climb, they met white men and Indians scurrying madly down for shelter, their packs dropped wherever they had turned. They called to Willie's master to run with them—some of his friends begged him to stop. He laughed at them all and strode on. It was three o'clock —nearly dark. By four the night was on, and the storm redoubled in fury. For a time he kept the trail. But as he neared the top, the drifts grew head-high. At every step he sank to his armpits. Then, for ten minutes he would struggle and twist to get himself and his heavy load out. Another step and in again. Willie and Klondy were nearly as badly off, but as they were lighter they kept fairly well on top.

The Man could not see a yard ahead. The well-known shrubs and rocks were wrapped in a whirling blur. By seven o'clock he had lost the trail entirely. He could tell that, for his feet touched strange boulders beneath the snow. Perhaps he would have been afraid if he had known how to be. But the real men of the Klondyke did not know much about fear. On he went, but whether it was forward or backward he could not tell. On went Willie and Klondy—steadily—without a bark—fighting



their way. Then the Man's cap blew off. To you that sounds like a joke, doesn't it? To lose your hat means a merry scamper. To the man it meant death, had there not been a gunny sack in the little stove. He wrapped that around his head and was safe.

On, on, hour after hour, through black cold that cut like blades—falling, rising, falling. They were going more slowly now. Each step meant longer struggling. Sometimes they lay as dead, without a sound. Midnight—one o'clock—two o'clock—a strange sleepiness was creeping over the man—the storm seemed far away. Only his iron will kept him going, and that was failing fast. Slower and slower he moved—his body swaying. Willie and Klondy knew something was the matter. They stopped and howled. They tugged at his hand. There was no answering pat—no word. Never before had their master failed them. Whining their trouble they trotted on—and out of sight.

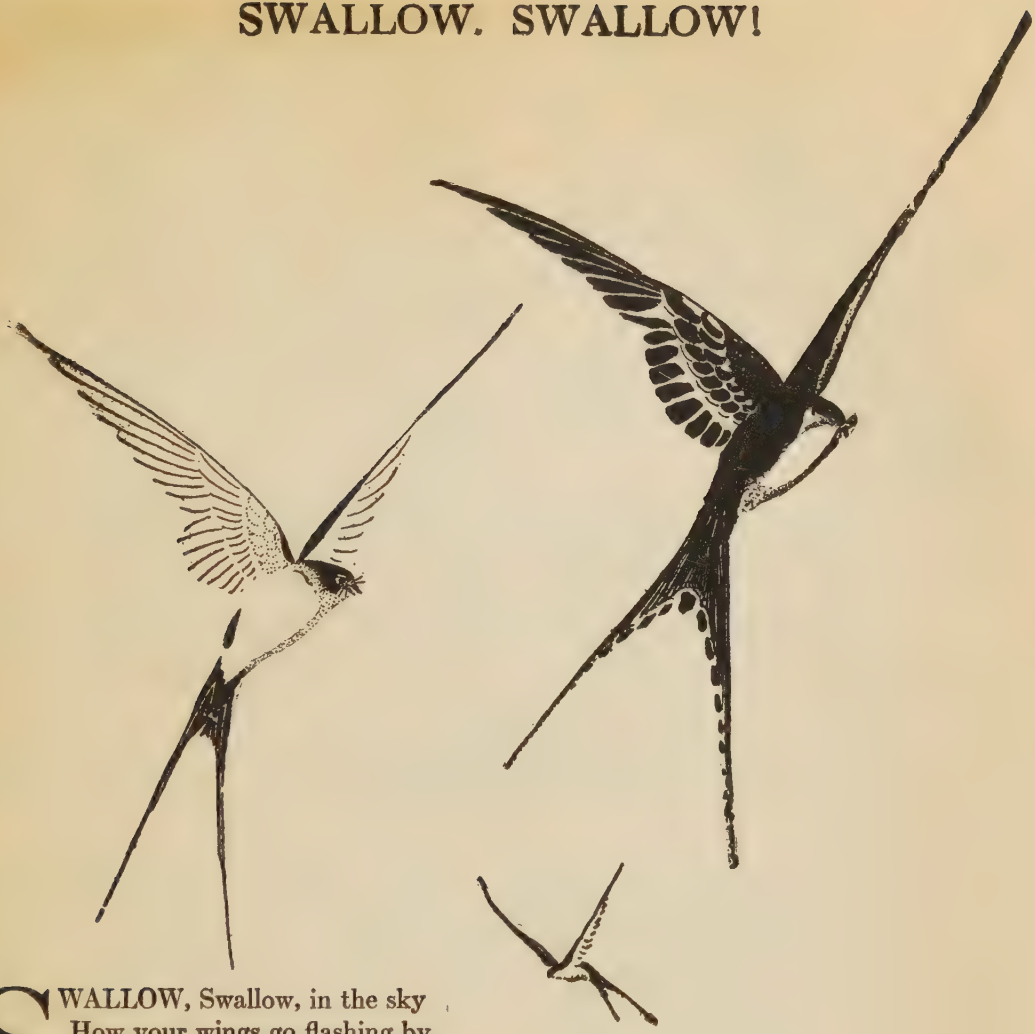
The man did not see them go. He had not tried to rise since his last step. His eyes were closed—the sleep was coming fast. And then—a scurry of padded feet—a scramble on his shoulders—quick pulls at his sleeve—Klondy's deep howl, again and again—Willie's sharp worrying bark! He was too tired to know what it meant. He did not try to think. But he stumbled ahead as he was pulled—stumbled until his feet hit something firm that rose above the snow. At that his numbed brain snapped awake.

He groped eagerly, wild with hope. It was—it *was* the top of a tent, buried under the drifts! He began to dig frantically, with Willie and Klondy burrowing beside him, and yelping madly. Down, down, until, with a thump, in through the tent flap they tumbled, one pell-mell tangle of dogs and man—into the tent where two men lay sleeping.

What a commotion then! The two men had been caught by the storm when half way through their trip. They had food but no firewood, and they had gone to bed, discouraged, after eating some raw bacon. So they were almost as glad to see the man with his stove as he was to see them. You can imagine how cheery that crackling fire was—how good the bubbling coffee—and how Klondy and Willie lay on their filled-up tummies and snored with joy. Though they all had before them many days of danger and weariness, cold and starvation, for a cozy hour, 'way under the snow, that night they were merry as grigs—and I can't possibly tell you how many pancakes they ate!

ELSINORE ROBINSON CROWELL

SWALLOW. SWALLOW!



SWALLOW, Swallow, in the sky
How your wings go flashing by,
Flashing, dashing here and there,
Just like sunlight in the air.

Swallow, swallow, do you know,
Where the little breezes go?
Do the clouds so soft and white
Interrupt your dizzy flight?

Swallow, Swallow, do you see
Nesting bird and busy bee?
Do you think of other things
Than your dashing, flashing wings?

Swallow, Swallow, come and play
For a while with me to-day.
See how happy you can be
With a little child like me.

JANE PASTOR.

THE RICE POT

A MAN once had his rice pot stolen from him. He heard that one of his neighbors, who was a lame man, had taken it, and went to see. There, indeed, was his rice pot.

The man was very angry, and tried to make his neighbor return it. But the lame man said:

"That rice pot has been in my family since very ancient days. Do you think for a moment that I would use a pot that had been in another family?" And he would not return it.

As there was nothing else to be done about it, the man went to court. The judge called the man and his neighbor before him, had the pot put between them, and inquired all about it.

"That is the pot which for many years my family has used for boiling rice. This lame man came while I was away and carried it to his house," said the man.

"Most honorable judge," said the neighbor, "behold, and see that I am a lame man, and unable to stand on my two feet. To walk, I have need to use my two hands to push myself along. How could one such as I carry a pot as heavy as that from his house to mine? That pot has been in my family from very ancient times."

The judge looked at the lame man, and thought for a while. Then he said:

"You are most certainly telling me the truth. It cannot be possible that you stole the pot. Take it now and return to your home."

The lame man was very thankful and happy. He put the pot on top of his head, then, pushing himself with his hands, he started home. When he had gone only a little way, the judge called:

"Lame man, come back! The man who stole that pot carried it just as you are carrying it. It is not your pot."

And he bade two officers take the man and gave the pot to its owner.

Translated from the Japanese by CLARA T. HARD

THE CHICKLING

TRANSLATED *from*
THE RUSSIAN
by
MARY SHAPOVALOV

There once lived a chick. He was a very tiny one, like this:

But he thought he was a very big fellow, and when he walked in the yard he carried his head high, like this:

It happened that his mother ran to the garden to catch a worm for dinner, like this:

And told the chick to stand at the fence and wait.

Just at this time a rooster flew upon the fence, stretched his neck, like this:

and crowed:

"COCK-A-DOODLE DOO!"

And proudly looked around, as if saying "Am I not bold! Am I not brave!"

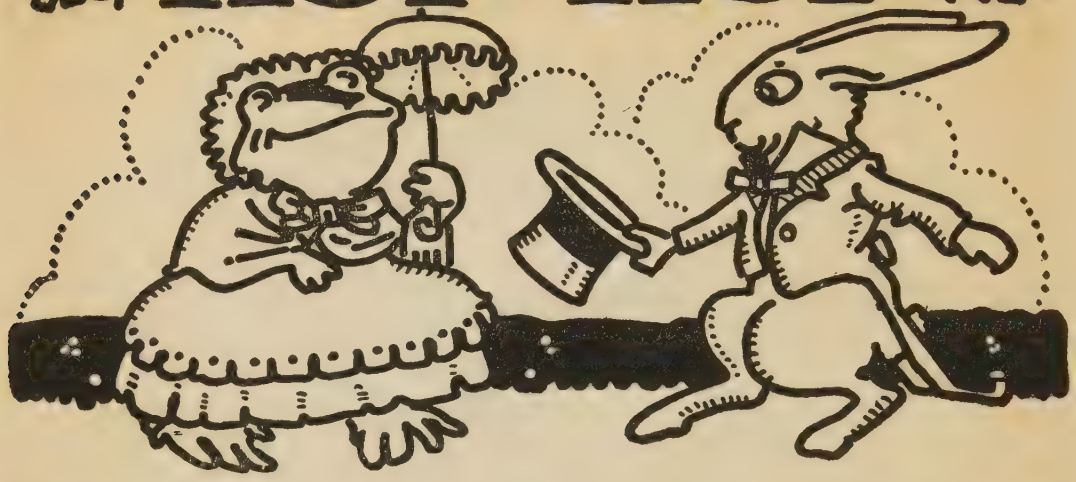
It pleased the little chick very much. He, too, stretched his neck, rose on his tiptoes, like this:

And squeaked with all his might:

"Peep-peep-peep-peep! I also am bold, I also am brave!"

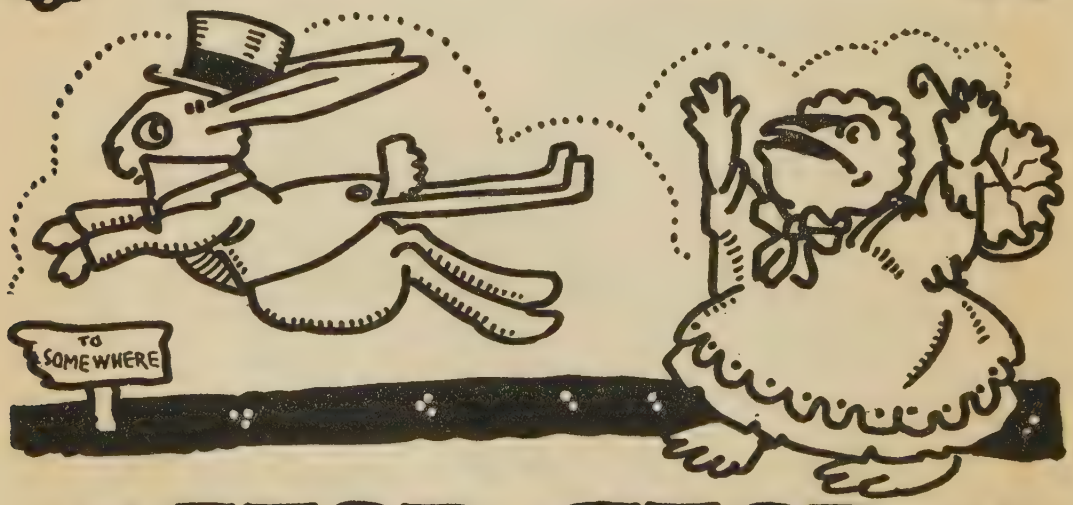
But that was all he could do; he choked, slipped in a puddle, and began to cry.

HOP HOP



BOB Bunny said, "Dear Mrs. Toad,
Come hop with me along the road!"
'Oh, thanks," said she, "most glad I'll be
'Of such distinguished company."
But when Bob Bun hopped just *one* hop,
That Lady Toad exclaimed, "Please STOP!
And keep in step, or else, I fear
The neighbors all will call us queer."

MAY H. PRENTICE.



STOP STOP

TWELVE TWIDDLESOME TONGUE TWISTERS

1 old Oxford ox opening oysters.

2 toads, totally tired of trying to trot to Treadway

3 Thick, thumping tigers tickling trout.

4 fat friars fanning fainting flies.

5 frippy foreigners fleeing for fashions to France.

6 Scotch sailors successfully shooting snipe.

7 Severn salmon setting sail for Southampton.

8 elegant elephants examining the elements.

9 nimble noblemen nibbling nutmegs.

10 tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with tenpenny tacks.

11 limping lunatics lighting lamps.

12 twittering tomtits teetering at the top of a tall tree.

JUST FOR THE TULLEYS J.D.

STRANGE TONGUES

MANY of our little brothers and sisters in far-away lands speak strange words we never could understand. Yet, at one time, all the people on the earth spoke the same language. Perhaps we would still do so if the children and grandchildren of Noah had not disobeyed God in the long ago.

Noah was a good man, and God saved him and his family, with the birds and beasts of every kind he had taken into the ark. All the other people were wicked and were not so fortunate when the flood came.

After the water had gone down, the sons of Noah and their families built their homes close together. As the years passed, the children grew up, other children came and grew up. After a time there were a great many people living on the plain.

"Let us build a city," they said, "and let us make bricks and build a great tower in the midst of it."

This did not please God. He had wanted them to scatter about over the earth and make of themselves many nations. But here they were building a city that they might all live together, and cultivating only a very small part of one plain. God looked down upon them. He caused them to forget the language they had spoken, and made them speak in many strange tongues. Only a few could understand each other, and these had to go off by themselves and make a new nation. Others went off in another direction and, in time, people were scattered all about the earth. Many other languages sprang from those given to the people in the city of Babel. To-day, if we travel far, we may hear many, many strange tongues.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

THE MADE-OVER GIANT

ONCE upon a time there was a most mischievous giant who roamed over the land doing all sorts of naughty things. He shook down the fruit just before the farmers could pick it. He frightened the hens so that they broke their eggs on the nests; he let out the sheep; he turned on the water-taps; and he soured the milk in the dairies. He was most troublesome, as you can see. People tried in every way to get rid of him and begged the good fairy to help them.

Good Fairy did her very best, but for a long time he managed to keep out of her way. One day five mothers came to her and begged her to find their lost boys. They said they could hear them crying but could not find them.

Good Fairy went with the five mothers and found the boys. You cannot think where! Oh, it did look funny, but I assure you it was a woesome thing after all! They were out in the woods, standing in a row *on their heads,* their toes fastened to a clothes-line with spring clothes-pins! What do you think of that? And worse and worse—those poor little boys had cried so much that their tears had moistened the ground and their hair had taken root and was growing fast.

Immediately each mother ran to take the clothes-pins off her boy's toes, and the fairy, with her big scissors, cut each boy's hair loose from the ground. When all were right side up again, they were the happiest lot of boys you ever saw, and the happiest mothers, too.

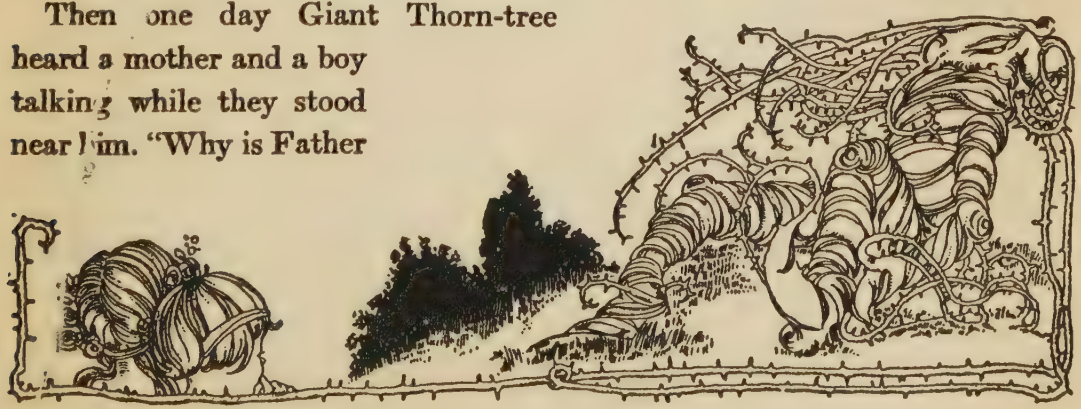
But Good Fairy was angry, and she said the giant must be caught. She hunted especially hard and at last reached him just as he was changing his shoes and could not run away. With a wave of her wand she changed him into a knotty old thorn-tree, growing beside the high road.

"You must stay in this form until you learn to behave yourself," she said, sternly, as she went away and left him.

Giant Thorn-tree could not change his condition but he sulked for a long time, a couple of years, maybe. In all that time not a leaf grew on his branches. The leaf-buds would just burst and then fall off, leaving the branches as bare as in winter. Of course, no blossoms even ventured to begin growing.

People would look up at the tree and wonder if it were entirely dead. Children would search in vain for signs of life. Birds could not build where there were no leaves to hide their nests, and no seeds or berries to eat. No squirrels visited it; in fact, it was a desolate old ruin of a tree, shunned by every one. But there it stood, year after year, for no one cared enough about it even to cut it down.

Then one day Giant Thorn-tree heard a mother and a boy talking while they stood near him. "Why is Father



going to cut this tree down next summer, Mother?" asked the boy.

"Because it is doing no good here, and in our fireplace it would keep us warm. Everything should be useful, little son," answered the woman.

"You told me that one should be kind, too. Is that the same?"

"Sometimes it is the same; always usefulness and kindness should go very close together. Here comes Father."

They walked away, and Giant Thorn-tree began to consider what he had heard. Throughout the day he noticed what went on about him. He saw the people and animals that passed along the road; he watched the wild things in the field and forest on each side; and he observed the birds in the air. By night he realized that everything was useful in some way, each after its own manner and nature.

The horses and oxen added to the comfort of man by their work and seemed to be doing it willingly and with gentleness. In the fields, the cattle and sheep were doing their best to eat so that they might produce milk and wool, and skipped and frolicked as they did so. And how busily the birds hunted insects that might injure gardens and fruit, praising God and rejoicing mankind all the while!

People passed the old tree all day long, up and down the road, across to the fields and hills, and many were the kindly greetings and helpful acts observed by the old tree. Oh, the little children, filling the world with their loving joy! Three happy little ones, returning from school, took hands and encircled the trunk of the old tree to measure its size. The touch of their soft hands on his rough bark was scarcely heavier than snowflakes, but it sent a thrilling joy all through the dull wood. They patted him and said how they wished he were alive to bloom on May-day.

At night when the soft growth-giving rains fell over the land, Giant Thorn-tree felt the start of life in the tightly locked buds on his branches. He wondered if it would not be nice to stretch out in the rain and in the morning sun, to feel the wind blow through leaves, to rejoice in fragrant bloom that would call bee and bird and child. The thought pleased him, and he began to stretch all his sleepy fibers and numb roots, and the more he stretched the more he wanted to—it felt so good!

When morning came, all the world was soaking and just ready for the warm sun that hurried the new growth. Giant Thorn-tree kept stretch-

ing and spreading his roots and fibers, and the life-giving sap sped along the branches carrying out to every tiny twig the impulse to grow. He did not stop at night, but kept on growing every minute of the time.

After several days had passed, Thorn-tree felt quite proud of the little green knobs all over him and pushed out more and more. One morning, the sunrise seemed to remain on the old tree, for he glowed a tender pink all over. Blossoms? Yes, indeed, bushels of them! Proud? Well, I should say so! Giant Thorn-tree was the proudest tree that ever was, and when the world took notice of him he turned a rosier red than ever. The bees and butterflies found it out first, and flocked by thousands to visit him, to hum and flit and buzz, and they added to his beauty as well as to his joy by their presence. Some men passing saw the blossoms and stopped to look.

"Well, well," said one, "the old tree is alive after all. Looks rather good to see it."

"Yes," replied the other, "I was thinking I'd cut it down, but it is too pretty to lose now."

The women that saw the tree were filled with admiration.

"Oh, the beautiful tree!" they cried. "Did you ever see anything so lovely! Let us have a seat put here that people may rest and enjoy the beauty as they travel along the highway."

This was done, and every day many weary persons found comfort under the shading branches. But when the children saw Giant Thorn-tree in his gorgeous dress, they were happiest of all!

"Oh, you dear, dear tree!" they cried. "You are all ready for our May-day. You are the most beautiful tree in the world. How we love you!"

They held their May party under the flowery tree and danced in a ring around him. The pretty little queen wore a crown of the sweet pink blossoms, and oh, what a gay time they had!

All that summer the tree was as happy as he could be. The flowers faded and fell, but bright thorn-berries came in their place and made food for many little creatures. Birds built their homes among the leaves, and all kinds of tiny things lived their short lives under his care.

One night Good Fairy came to him and spoke a very surprising thing.

"Giant," she said, "you have shown a good heart after all, and I think you can be trusted to behave yourself now." She lifted her wand, but quickly he stopped her.

"Don't change me, please, Good Fairy. I am doing more good here than I ever did before. Everything loves me now, and no one did when I walked the ways of men. Let me stay here."

Good Fairy was surprised, but after thinking a while she agreed.

"Very well, you may stay, if you wish it. Should you ever change your mind, let me know."

He cannot have changed his mind, for Giant Thorn-tree still stands there doing his part to gladden the world.

EDITH L. BOYD

THE LITTLE BLACK FAIRIES

LITTLE Marjorie tied on her bright red sunbonnet and gathering Tobe, her old rag doll, in her arms, skipped down the walk to the gate. A man, with a bundle on his shoulder, went by and behind him, step by step, walked a big black something with a black bundle on its shoulder. Marjorie climbed upon the gate-post so she could watch him go down the street.

"Now what can that be, I'd like to know," exclaimed Marjorie as the man disappeared.

A white cat crossed the road and came toward Marjorie, and in front of it ran a black thing that looked for all the world like another cat, but Marjorie could see that it wasn't a cat.

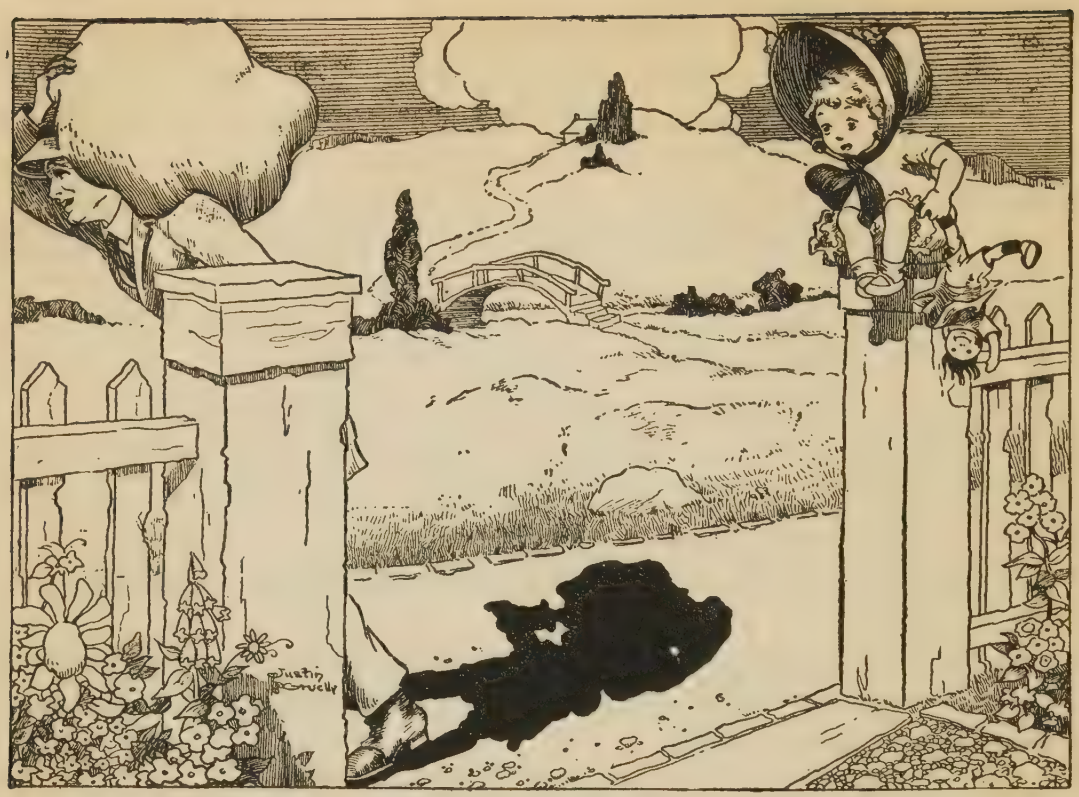
"That's funny," pondered Marjorie. Climbing down from the gate post she ran into the house.

"Mother, what is it that follows every one down the street?" asked Marjorie. "Is it a black fairy?"

"Well, now maybe it is. Fairies do follow good people," replied Mother. But Marjorie wasn't satisfied. "Cats don't have fairies following after them, do they?"

"They must be fairies, dear, so run along and play," answered Mother, who didn't want to be bothered. Marjorie with a puzzled look on her face slowly went out into the yard and, goodness me, right there in front of *her* walked the little black fairy. Marjorie didn't want to step on it, so she moved over, but the little black fairy stepped over, too, keeping right in front of her all the time. She tried to walk on it, but it always kept just a wee bit ahead so she couldn't. She turned around and the little black fairy was gone.

"Oh, dear! Where did he go?" She looked back of her and there it was right behind her. Marjorie quickly ran toward the porch watching to make sure that the little black fairy was following at her heels.



"Mother, can you see anything back of me?" cried Marjorie, running into the kitchen.

"No, dear, there's nothing behind you that I can see," replied Mother. Marjorie looked around, the black fairy was gone.

"Now where did he go? He followed me into this house, for I saw him," exclaimed Marjorie. She looked under the table and chairs and even behind the door and couldn't find any trace of him. She went out on the porch, but the little black fairy was no where in sight.

"Maybe he's behind that tree," thought Marjorie and she tip-toed down the walk. All at once there, in front of her, stood the little black fairy.

"Here he is! Come quick," cried Marjorie, jumping up and down in excitement for fear he would run away again, and Mother, thinking something had happened, came running from the house.

"Here he is," cried Marjorie turning around. "Why no, there he is, right in front of you," and Marjorie pointed to the side walk. Mother looked down and began to laugh.

"Well, well, dear, is that what you've been talking about?" But when

she saw the hurt look that came into her little girl's eyes she gathered Marjorie into her arms.

"There, there, dear, your little black fairies are nothing more than shadows. When you walk in a bright light of any kind, you come between it and the ground. That leaves a dark place on the other side of you and people call it your shadow. Now there's the peach-tree. Where the leaves are so thick that the sunlight can't get through, it makes a dark patch on the grass, but where the leaves aren't quite so thick, the sunlight peeps through and makes spots of gold on the green. My shadow is in front of me because my back is toward the sun, and yours is behind you because you are facing the sun," explained Mother and Marjorie laughed. "And I thought them black fairies all the time!"

All that day Marjorie ran through the yard watching her shadow. Sometimes it ran in front of her, sometimes at her side, and sometimes back of her; and, when Mother called her for lunch, Marjorie walked right on her shadow as she went into the house.

BLANCHE SILVER.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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The Mistletoe

EVERY ONE knows the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. But how many know how this custom began—a story that goes back many, many thousands of years, when, in the Northland, Odin and Thor and Baldur and other gods walked and talked with men, as mythology tells.

Baldur, who was the son of Odin and Frigga, was the flaxen-haired god of sunshine and all its blessings, and greatly beloved by all beings save one. This was Loki, the god of hearth fires and other earthly fires, and all the evils that come from fire. Loki hated him exceedingly, for, when Baldur came forth in spring time with his sunshine and warmth, folk deserted Loki's fires, and would not return to them until autumn when Baldur departed.

For a long time, however, Baldur and his wife Nanna, the blossom, lived very happily together, loving each other, and giving no heed to Loki's black jealousy. Yet, as time went on, Baldur had bad dreams of misfortune and death; at last they came so often that in his distress he consulted his mother.

When Frigga learned disaster threatened her son, for so she knew from the dreams, she sent messengers far and wide throughout the world, asking of everything an oath to do Baldur no harm. Willingly did all promise, for all loved the god of bright and warm sunshine. All but one plant—the mistletoe. It refused to promise, for it lived in the gloomy shade of the vast forests of oaks. But what harm could the frail mistletoe do? Frigga feared it not and was all joy that her darling son was safe from danger.

Now when the Northland gods knew Baldur was safe from any wound whatever, they often found amusement in using him as a target for their

Bough

battleaxes, spears, and other weapons. One day as they were playing thus and making the earth ring with their merriment, Frigga sat at her spinning wheel. As the shouting grew louder, she asked an old woman who was passing the cause of all the laughter.

"It is the gods," returned the old woman, "trying to hurt your son."

"They can never do it," said Frigga, smiling to herself. All things have sworn not to hurt him."

"All? All?" exclaimed the old woman incredulously.

"Well, no, not all. The mistletoe hasn't, but then it is too weak to harm any one!"

The old woman was Loki in disguise.

The god of evil hurried away. He went straight to the mistletoe growing in the soil of the oak outside the gates of Valhalla, where lived the souls of Northland heroes. Having broken off a bit he turned it, through magic art, into a hard and very sharp dart. Then he hastened back before the gods left off playing, and went up to Hodur, Baldur's blind brother, who was leaning moodily against a tree trunk.

"Why don't you play, Hodur?" he asked.

"How can I?" came the answer. "I am blind."

"I'll show you how," Loki laughed slyly. "Stand where I put you, and throw this dart with all your might."

Then Loki called up all his magic, and Hodur threw the piece of hard sharpened mistletoe. It struck Baldur in the heart, and the god of sunshine and warmth fell dead.

Great were the lamentations of the Northland gods. Nanna broke her heart at sight of her dead husband. The bodies of both were placed in

Baldur's favorite war-galley, the Ringhorn. Then the ship was set on fire and floated out to sea, a great flame of fire away on the faraway waters.

The gods resolved that some justice must be done, and in conciliation, and hoping to soothe the great sorrow of Frigga, they gave the mistletoe into her care and control. But, instead of harming it, she wept bitterly over it, and treated it most tenderly and lovingly, for she knew it really was not to be blamed.

And so, to-day, the mistletoe is the sign of tenderness and love.

But the Northland gods decreed it was to stand for these things only so long as it did not touch Loki's kingdom, the soil. For this reason, then, the sorrowful mistletoe left the ground and is never seen growing save high on the oak tree, and we hang it up on the wall, or suspend it under something in the room or hall or passage.

And so the custom arose for enemies to become friends by kissing under the mistletoe, and for lovers to pledge their love to each other beneath it, and for others to meet there as a token of warm friendship and affection.

Some say it is the very oldest of all Christmas customs—the kiss of tenderness and love, under the mistletoe bough.

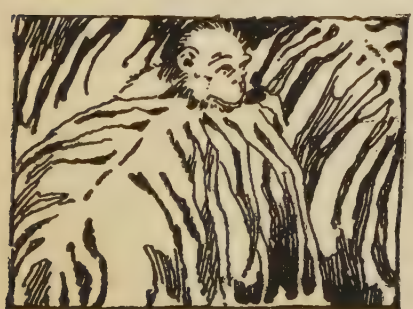
N. Tourneur

Tommy Elephant and Fibber Jibber

IT was intensely hot. For a long time Tommy Elephant had been lying on his side in the shallows of the river, soaking and softening his heat-parched skin. Now and again he would draw great quantities of water up into his trunk and spray it over that part of his body which the river did not cover.

After a while Tommy decided he had been in the water long enough. He slowly got to his feet and ambled ashore. Feeling sleepy after his bath, he looked around for a shady spot in which to take a quiet nap.

Near the river was a grove of cocoanut palms. They did not offer much shade, but they were some protection against the broiling sun. Besides, there was a cool breeze from the river which gave relief. Altogether, the cocoanut grove was a much better place in which to sleep at midday than the jungle farther back. Although the shade was denser in the jungle, there was no breeze, and the gnats and flies made sleeping impossible; Tommy chose the cocoanut grove and went there for his afternoon nap.



In a few minutes he was asleep, although standing on his feet, with his body slowly

swaying from side to side and his huge ears occasionally flapping at a stray fly. Presently his slumber was broken. A cocoanut dropped from the tree top and struck Tommy exactly between the ears. Tommy shook his head but did not move away.

"That was an accident," thought he, "and will not happen again."

But a few seconds later another nut came hurtling down and struck him, nearly on the same spot.

"Humph," thought Tommy, "the nuts on this tree must be growing overripe. I had better move to another tree." He ambled a short distance away and took his stand in the shade of another palm.

He was just comfortably settled in his new place when down came another nut, hitting him on the broad back. Tommy, feeling rather provoked, moved to another tree. In a few seconds down came still another, striking him on the tender trunk. This made him quite angry, for while his trunk was extremely strong, it was intensely sensitive as well. The slightest blow upon it gave him pain.

Looking up into the palm tree under which he was standing, Tommy saw Fibber Jibber, the monkey, high in the top where the nuts were.

"Fibber Jibber," said Tommy Elephant, "if I ever catch you, I will punish you for dropping those nuts on me while I was trying to sleep."

Fibber Jibber cried for help.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Fibber Jibber. "Hear the big elephant! He is going to punish me for playing a joke on him. Well, Tommy, if you ever catch me, you may punish me all you wish. But first, you must catch me."

Tommy turned and made his way back to the jungle. He knew there would be no more sleep for him in that grove of palms while Fibber Jibber was there.

A few days later, Fibber Jibber was perched high in the top of one of the palms. Suddenly he noticed a party of strange Men Creatures stop beneath the tree and look up. He had seen them the day before. They had done nothing, but their mere presence frightened him. He wanted to run away, but his curiosity held him there. He wanted to know what the strangers were going to do.

"There he is," said one of the Men Creatures, pointing up at Fibber Jibber. "Isn't he a fine one? I saw him yesterday when we came through here."

"He certainly is an excellent specimen. We must catch him," said another. "We will set a trap now and get him on our way back."

The first speaker placed a gourd on the ground, and through a small hole in its shell he poured some sweetened rice. By means of a stout cord he fastened the gourd to a stake which the other had driven into the ground. Then they went away.

Fibber Jibber sat up in the tree top, watching and listening, until he could no longer see or hear the Men Creatures. Then he quickly ran down the tree trunk to the ground and hurried over to the gourd. What a delicious odor greeted his nostrils! Sweetened rice! It seemed to Fibber Jibber that he had never in all his life smelled anything so good. He certainly must have some of it to eat.

His little brown paw could just barely squeeze through the hole in the gourd, but when he tried to withdraw it, filled with rice, he found he could not get it out. He tried and he pulled and he twisted but it was no use. If he had only opened his paw to let the rice go, he could have pulled it out as easily as it had gone in. But Fibber Jibber was too greedy. He had a pawful of rice, and he had no idea of losing it now. Try as he would, he could not get away. The stout cord held the gourd, and the gourd held him.

Thoroughly frightened, Fibber Jibber cried for help, but no one seemed to hear him. He cried till the tears ran down his little hairy cheeks. The strange Men Creatures would surely catch him, and he would never again see his beloved jungle. Fibber Jibber wept anew.

After a while he heard a heavy tread coming his way. It was Tommy Elephant again on his way to the river.

"Oh, Tommy Elephant, save me, save me!" cried Fibber Jibber.

The big elephant looked down at the little monkey. He thought of the numerous tricks Fibber Jibber had played on him. For a moment, Tommy was tempted to go on and leave Fibber Jibber to his fate. But then a memory came surging back over Tommy. He remembered how once he had been caught in the Men Creatures' heavy ropes and had been saved by his friends, the little brown ants. Tommy decided to save Fibber Jibber. Wrapping his trunk around the gourd, Tommy gave it a squeeze. The gourd shell broke into many pieces. Fibber Jibber, his little paw still filled with sweetened rice, fled away to the jungle without even stopping to thank Tommy Elephant.

When Tommy Elephant next met Fibber Jibber, he said:

"Fibber Jibber, I was greatly inclined to let the Men Creatures capture you as punishment for the many tricks you have played on me. Now, see to it that you do not torment me any more."

"I'll try not to, Tommy Elephant," said Fibber Jibber contritely. "I'll do my very best." And to Fibber Jibber's credit, be it said that it was a long time before he played any more tricks on Tommy Elephant: a long, long time—maybe a whole week.

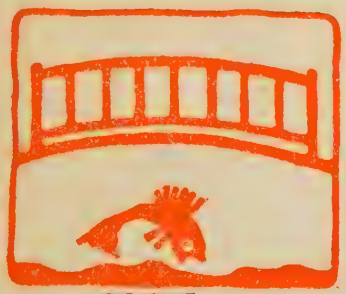
E. M. McCULLOUGH

AWONDERFULADVENTURE

ONE
BLACK NIGHT

A
RED DWARF

MET
A BLACK CAT



ON A
RED BRIDGE.

THE
BLACK CAT

CHASED
THE RED DWARF

UP A
BLACK TREE.

THEN RED SUN
CAME UP

AND BLACK CAT
FELL ASLEEP.

THEN RED DWARF
TIPTOED AWAY

BACK HOME
TO HIS BLACK CAVE

AND
READ A BOOK.

There was a Young Girl of Majorca,
Whose aunt was a very fast walker;
She walked seventy miles,
And leaped fifteen stiles,
Which astonished that Girl of Majorca.

Find the Young Girl.

Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady whose bonnet
Came untied when the birds sate upon it;
But she said, "I don't care!
All the birds of the air
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!"

Edward Lear

I can find seventeen birds.

THE ROOSTER'S PROMISE.

An old Dutch folk tale told long ago to a little girl by her Mother, now retold to little children.

THE Little White Hen and the Big Yellow Rooster were crossing the barn-yard together one morning when it was very muddy.

"Dear me!" cried the little Hen as she stopped at the edge of a puddle and stood on one foot, "how dreadful it is to have to walk through all of this mud with bare feet! I do wish I had a pair of shoes! If I were as big and wise as you are, Mr. Rooster, I would find shoes for poor little hens."

"Shoes?" said the Big Yellow Rooster, fluffing his beautiful feathers. "Do you really want shoes?"

"Of course I do," she cried, "and so do all of the other hens."

"Indeed!" replied the Rooster grandly. "Well, you shall not wait another day. I will get them for you at once." And he strutted off with a very important air; but he was far from feeling as proud and stately as he seemed, for he did not know where to look for the promised shoes. He went first to the Old Cow, who knows a great many things, and asked her where to go.

"Moo-o," replied the Cow, "I don't know. Ask the Pig."

So the Rooster went to the Pig and said very politely:

"Will you kindly tell me, Mr. Pig, where is the best place to get hens' shoes?"

"No," grunted the Pig rudely. "I won't, I won't."

Just then all of the hens came running to him, for the Little White Hen had told them about his promise. "Where are our shoes? Where are our shoes?" they cried.

The Rooster stretched out his long neck grandly, flapped his wings and

said: "There is no hurry, ladies, no hurry. No hen can expect to have shoes until she has laid an egg for the Farmer's Wife." And he walked away, lifting his feet very high, and standing so straight he almost fell backward.

When the hens were not looking, he went to the orchard and searched every corner of it; then he went to the front lawn and hunted about there; and then he flew into the garden and looked about there until the Farmer's Wife *shooed* him away. And so all morning he ran from one place to another but he could find nothing that looked like hens' shoes.

At length he met a Guinea fowl.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "where they keep hens' shoes?"

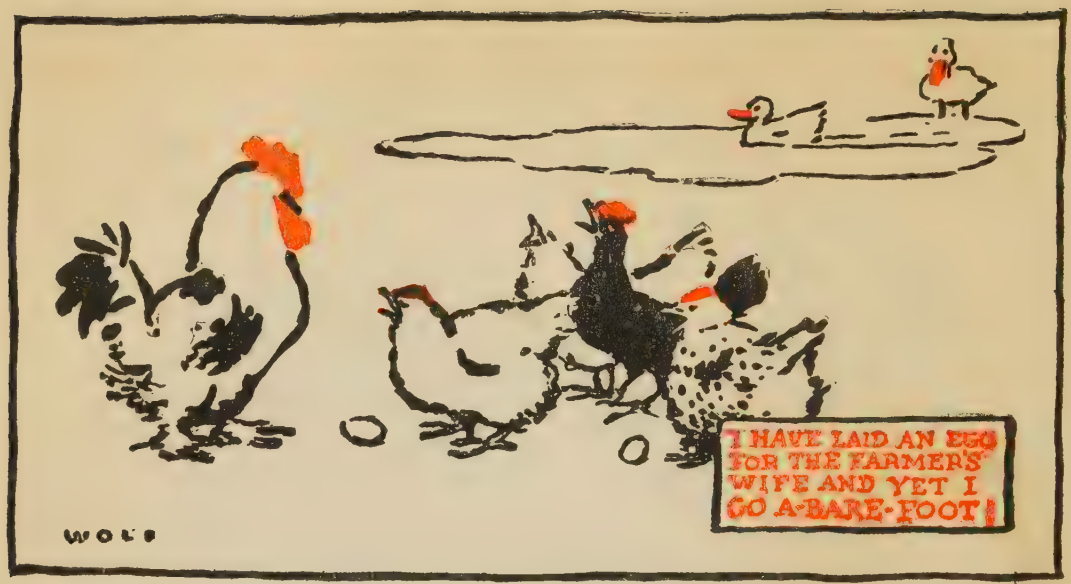
"Why, in-the-buckwheat, in-the-buckwheat," replied the guinea fowl.

"Thank you," said the Rooster and he flew over the fence into the neighbor's buckwheat field. Here he roamed about all the rest of the day but could not find the shoes. It was quite dark when he started for home. His beautiful feathers were drooping and he was very sad indeed, for what could he say to the hens now!

As he flew over the fence, some one called to him: "Whoo-o, whoo-o, who are you?"

"I am the Big Yellow Rooster," he said, for he knew it was the Wise Old Owl who lived in the Pine Tree.

"What is the trouble?" asked the Owl. "You look worried and sad."



"The trouble," replied the Rooster, "is this: I have promised to get shoes for all of the hens, but there are no hens' shoes to be found on the Farm, or on the next Farm, either, for that matter. I am sure I don't know what to say to them, and I shall never hear the last of it!"

"That is true," replied the Owl. "I believe you never will, but perhaps after this you will remember never to make a promise unless you know that you can keep it."

The Rooster thought he would remember and bade the Owl good night. When he reached home the hens were all fast asleep, but early the next morning the Little White Hen came running to him.

"I have laid an egg for the Farmer's Wife. Where are my shoes?" she cried.

And then all of the other hens ran up crying: "I've laid an egg! I've laid an egg! Where are my shoes? Where are my shoes?"

"I have searched the country over," said the Rooster, "and I can find no shoes to fit you."

"No shoes to fit us!" they all shouted at once. "Why not?"

" Because," replied the Rooster, who was cross this morning, "your feet are so very ugly."

"Oh," cried the Little White Hen, almost in tears, "I have laid an egg for the Farmer's Wife and yet I go a-bare-foot!"

"I too," said the Plymouth Rock.

"And I," said the Black Hen; and soon they were all crying together: "I've laid an egg, I've laid an egg and yet I go a-bare-foot, a-bare-foot!"

Then the Rooster was very angry. He flapped his big yellow wings and shouted above them all: "Well, didn't I go through mud and dirt to get a shoe to fit your foot? What ails you! What ails you!"

And to this very day, when a hen lays an egg, if you listen you will hear her cry: "I've laid an egg, I've laid an egg, and yet I go a-bare-foot, a-bare-foot!"

And if the Rooster is anywhere near, he will probably run up and shout: "Well, didn't I go through mud and dirt to get a shoe to fit your foot? What ails you! What ails you!"

ELIZABETH GALE.

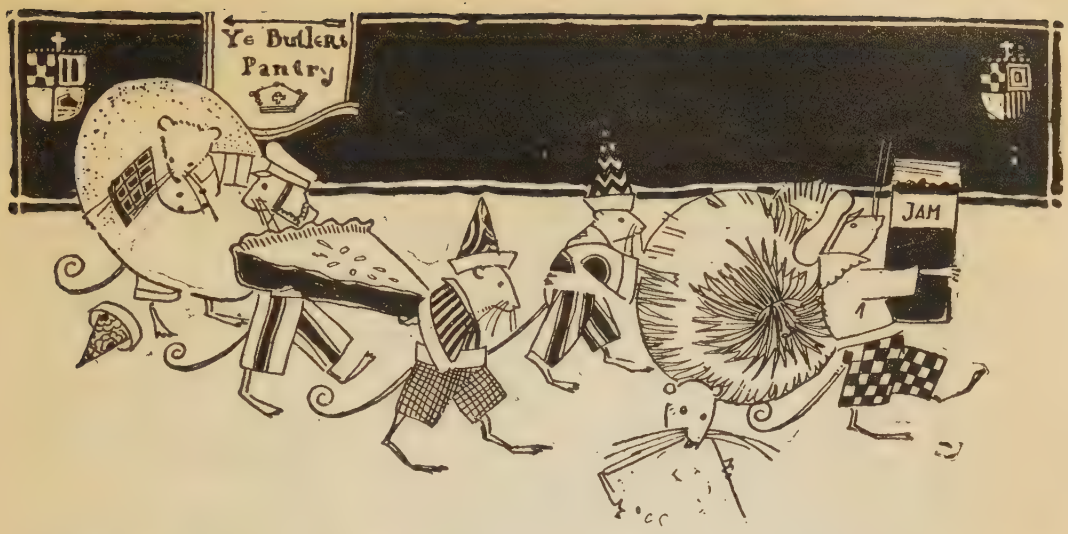
The Famine of the Glass Bowl

IN the year 1329, as nearly as I can determine from a record written on a rock, there was a great famine in the Kingdom of Kink the king. Now most famines are caused by too much sun, too little rain, or again, too many grasshoppers.

This, however, was a famine the like of which has never happened or at least been recorded. Neither the king nor his court nor his people lacked for food. There had been neither too hot a sun, nor too little rain, nor had a single grasshopper been seen in ten years. To puzzle you still more, let me add that so bountiful had the last harvest been, that the king had decreed there should be a nation-wide festival to celebrate the event.

Yet, I insist that in this kingdom there was a great famine that was due neither to sun, rain, nor grasshoppers, but to locks and hinges and a great glass bowl turned upside down. By this time I know that you are saying, "nonsense," and declaring that this is all impossible. Let me explain:

This Kink the king had always been a happy-go-lucky sort of a monarch who worried not in the least because fate had placed him in this position. He at times ordered his cook to give a great banquet to the dogs and cats that lived on his estate. He decreed that horses should not work on Fridays, and one morning when, by chance, he beheld a pot polisher chasing a mouse with a broom, he ordered that no more mice should be killed and that they be given much liberty around the castle. Saith the king, "Go where you wish, do as you like, eat whatsoever pleases your fancy, but if you so much as taste of the hundred year old cheese in the butler's pantry, then by the great gafoozalum, the arrangement is all off."



At no time in the world's history have mice had such a wonderful time as they had in this kingdom in the next five years. Nearly all animals eat to live, but the mice of this kingdom lived to eat. They became globular of shape, great of girth, and uncommonly heavy for mice. This was not strange, seeing that they lived on the fat of the land. They sampled the king's cake, they stole whole wedges of raisin pie, and even ran away with his holiday plum pudding. Great was the despair of the cooks and servants, and yet they durst say nothing, neither dared they to chase them or lay violent hands upon one of the miscreants, for whatsoever the king said, that was the law and must be obeyed.

All this time, in the midst of these revelries, stood the great round cheese, very aged and mouldy; also, I must add, very odoriferous, as is the custom with cheeses. Being mindful of the law, the mice passed it day after day for years, giving it scarcely a thought. When, however, the fifth year had aged a hundred and two days, Icamonongahela (he was called Icla for short), who was a bandit mouse, paused to look at this thing which of all others was forbidden. He was weary of shortcake, bored with roast beef and pie, and for days had longed for something new to eat. Icla, besides being a bandit, was likewise president of the Glutton

The Bandit Mouse Paused to Contemplate this Cheese

Club, being thus honored because, of all the mice in the club, he was the greatest of girth.

He leaned on his cane while he contemplated this new venture. He leaned upon it, my friends, because he was in dire need of its support, having just feasted on a sausage nearly his own size. Then, very cautiously, after looking in all directions, he mounted the stairs leading to the forbidden cheese. The odor from it was most amazing, and it seemed that he had heard of a legend which spoke of the wonderful flavor of these old cheeses. What would one little bite matter, he said to himself. It would never show and the mould could be brushed over the place. Quite sure of his reasoning, Icla sunk his teeth into the cheese. He did not take a bite, however, but withdrew his teeth carefully and brushed the mould over the place.

Licking his teeth, Icla went down to his friends of the underworld to think things over. He well knew that for this one sin he would not be discovered, but at the same time he feared that he had contracted a habit. He felt that it was going to be most difficult to keep from visiting the scene of his crime again, for never in mouse history had a flavor so delicious as this been tasted. He felt that he needed counsel on this subject, but having committed a crime of greater magnitude than any other he could imagine, he hesitated. Nevertheless, that night he hunted up Greymouse, who, even though he was guilty of several murders, turned white when he was acquainted with the facts. But so glowing an account did Icla give of the flavor, that Greymouse saw no harm in making one more visit.

"Let this be the last time, however," he said, as they went out into the night.

Everything being in utter darkness, they had no difficulty in making their way unobserved, and Greymouse was fully as pleased with the taste as Icla. I am not able to say how many of these midnight visits they paid to the cheese, just tasting but never eating. There came a night, however, when Icla cast discretion to the winds and really bit out a piece. All the rest of the night they worked hard to repair the damage, and just before dawn they succeeded in covering the scar.

Casually walking past, the following day, they could see that their efforts had been only partially successful, and they were in a great state of worry until darkness came with no one having discovered the defect.

Further repair being beyond their ability, it became necessary for them to consult an expert in this matter, and they accordingly called upon a recluse bandit who was most clever in crime. He was amazed at the news, but, after dark, accompanied them to the cheese and viewed the trouble. Being most clever, he arranged things so that the damage was quite invisible, but in so doing, he accidently got cheese on his paws, which he later licked with his tongue. Thus a third convert was made, and three now made nightly trips where two had gone before.

As they were returning home one night, the recluse mouse, whose name was Luse, proposed a most daring scheme. He said that it was madness to go tasting as they had done. He knew a cabinetmaker and some other craftsmen, and he proposed that they cut a door into this cheese, place it on delicate hinges, and make it altogether so fine a job, that no one could detect the opening. This, he felt, was not only safer but would give them a chance to eat all they wanted, once they could get inside.

Preparations were made most carefully, and between three and four on a September morning, the door was put in place. So well did it fit that even with the aid of a magnifying glass it could not have been detected. By this time a dozen mice were involved in the plan, all of whom had been sworn to secrecy under pain of death. They, however, each had a close friend who was told, after exacting a promise that it would go no farther. So fast did this confidential news travel, that at the end of ten days there were approximately a thousand mice waiting for their turn to eat of the cheese. This, of course, was not to be denied them, seeing that any one of them in a fit of wrath could have divulged the plan and put the whole gathering in peril of the hangmouse.

In looking over a list of the thousand I find that the crime, which started with arch criminals, now included many of the leading citizens. As I stated before, each mouse swore on his honor not to tell another. Being not particularly good at figures, I can only guess that in a few days more the thousand would have been five thousand, but the number never reached that figure. In fact, it stopped at one thousand four and a half. I add the half because the fifth mouse was still receiving the secret instructions when there was a loud beating on the temple gong, and all the mice within a mile of the temple heard the criers announcing that the royal cheese had been broken into.

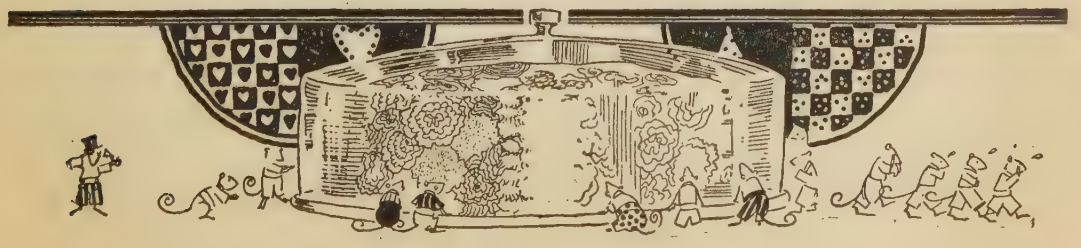
Wherefore, let me explain that the downfall of the society came because of neglect to hire a doorkeeper. On the night that the thousand feasted, the last to leave departed, leaving the door ajar, in which condition it was found in the morning.

I scarcely need say that the king was enraged when he learned the extent of the plot and the damage that was done. He did not, however, mete out death to the offenders, but ordered that doors with great locks and hinges be placed on all cupboards where food was kept, and that a great bowl made of glass be placed over the cheese.

This last part of the decree was of great wisdom, for by this simple plan the society of a thousand were made to endure the most terrible torture whenever they happened to pass by and beheld the delicacy in plain view but quite beyond their reach. Of course, the suffering in mousedom was widespread, for after five years of luxury the inhabitants came to eating plain food again, but the cheese eaters suffered pangs of hunger that the others knew not.

Now I have related the story of the famine of 1329, that was caused partly by hinges and locks, but mostly by a huge glass bowl turned upside down.

GILBERT FLETCHER



The Oak Leaves.

by Martin Nubb.

ONE morning in May a little oak leaf opened its eyes and looked down for the first time from the branch on which it grew.

It was a very tiny leaf—no bigger than the wing of a bluebottle fly. Very fat and chubby it was—as red as a beet, and as soft and fuzzy as the cheek of a downy peach. It lay nestled with six other leaves, all of whom had just unfolded the night before. And as they peeped about, they could see hundreds of their brother and sister leaves, nodding and waving at each other in the morning breeze.

"Hello, you young Red Heads!" exclaimed a voice.

They looked and saw Tic the gnome, sitting near them on the branch.

"Say 'Good morning' to Mister Tic, my dears," said the mother tree. "He's a good friend of ours."

The leaves were too timid to speak, but they nodded shyly, wondering who this strange person with the feather in his cap and the gaily colored sash could be.

"It's a fine family you have this year," said Tic to the oak-tree. "I'm mighty glad to see them all. The woods are so much more cheerful when the leaves begin to come out. You've no idea how lonesome it is in winter when you folks are asleep, with your branches all bare."

"How are the other trees coming along?" asked the oak.

"The maples are a little ahead of you—some of them," answered Tic. "But you're doing quite well. And now I must be running along," he added. "I'll be back in a few days to get acquainted with your youngsters."

While Tic hurried away to visit the other trees, the young leaves looked about, opening their eyes wider and wider, marveling at the strange sights of this new world into which they had been born—the dancing rays of sunshine, the birds and the bees, the flowers on the earth below, and the brook that chattered down the hillside. It was all very wonderful, and they were just a tiny bit afraid as they swayed to and fro in their cradles, high in the air. But the old oak-tree cuddled them closely, and whispered to them to have no fear.

As the days slipped by and the leaves grew larger, they began to learn a great deal about the forest and the world beyond. They asked a thousand questions of the South Wind who played with them, for they soon found that he had traveled far and wide, and had picked up no end of information in his journeyings. The birds and the sunbeams told them of far-away places, and so did the gnomes when they came and sat on their swaying boughs.

The leaves were very happy, bobbing in the breezes and watching all that was going on about them. But the happiest time was when the gnomes played hide and seek in their branches. For when the gnomes hid among them, the leaves joined in the game, and fairly quivered with excitement. Even the acorns peeped out from their cups, and grinned with glee.

One day, in midsummer, the leaves on a blackberry bramble that grew beneath the tree called up to the oak leaves to ask if some of them could not come down to play.

"The crickets are to hold a party down here to-night," they cried, "and if you will come down you can see them dancing the minuet."

"Oh, if we only could!" exclaimed the oak leaves, and they asked the oak-tree if they might go. But the oak-tree trembled and held them closely.

"Not yet," the tree replied. "Remember, when you go, you can never come back. You may go when the time comes—that will be soon enough."

"When will that be?" the leaves asked eagerly.

"When Jack Frost comes to give you your autumn finery," answered the tree. "Be content to wait until then."

Throughout the forest the leaves were beginning to learn, as the oak leaves had, that a time was coming when they should leave their summer homes and fly away like the birds. The West Wind had been whispering to them, telling them marvelous tales of autumn.

"Wait until Jack Frost comes through the valley with his paints and brushes," he said. "Then you shall see some fun! I'll take you dancing through the air, and we'll play Fox and Geese down the paths and along the fence corners. Some of you will go sailing down the brook, through the ripples and over the dams, for miles and miles. You shall see great sights, I can tell you!"

But though the leaves were becoming restless and impatient to start on this great journey about which they had heard so much, the birds begged them to wait, and the trees held them tight, so that only a few—more adventurous than the rest—managed to slip away before the time came. And these sadly regretted having done so. For instead of taking them on a long frolic, the gentle summer breezes only carried them a little way, and they soon shriveled in the hot sun.

Summer slipped by and autumn came. One day the gnomes fell to talking about the coming of Jack Frost and of how the leaves soon would go sailing away.

"I wonder," said Tic, "if we couldn't get the trees to keep the

leaves through the winter. They could, just as well, and it would be much more cheerful."

"Let's go and ask them," suggested Toc.

So away they ran, up the hillside that led to the trees. The poplar-tree that stood on the edge of the wood was the first one they came to. Tic tapped on the tree's trunk.

"We've come to ask if you wouldn't like to keep your leaves throughout the winter," he said politely. "We're going to ask all the trees to do it. It would make the woods much more pleasant."

"Oh, dear," said the tree, yawning. "I really couldn't think of such a thing. I'm such a light sleeper, you know—I'm sure I'd be kept awake by the rustling all winter. And if it didn't awaken me, it might give me unpleasant dreams. No—I'm sorry—but I really can't consider it."

The gnomes hurried on to a maple-tree. But the maple-tree also declined to keep its leaves.

"I always shake my leaves down around me to keep my toes warm through the cold weather," said the maple. "I'd really like to accommodate you, but I'm afraid that, if I did, the frosts would give me chilblains. I really couldn't do it." And all the other maples gave the same answer.

The hickory-tree was even more curt in refusing the request. "It's quite out of the question," said the hickory, in a stiff, abrupt manner. "I've never heard of such a thing being done—I've never done it—and I don't intend to change my habits to please any one."

The gnomes were becoming discouraged as they went from tree to tree, meeting with nothing but refusals. Still, they determined to keep on trying. They visited the beech, the walnut, the elm, and a score of other trees, but all, for one reason or another—or for no reason at all—declined to keep their leaves. They had almost given up hope when Tic thought of the oak-tree.

"Let's not go back home until we've asked the oak," he said. So on to the oak they went.

The oak-tree listened quietly while the gnomes told what they had come to ask. "I think that is a very good idea," was the oak's thoughtful reply. "What do you think of it?" the tree asked the leaves.

They set up a great rustle. "And not go on that trip we have heard so much about?" they asked in alarm.

"Yes, indeed," answered the oak. "Only you'll wait a little longer. Think of all the new sights you will see up here after the other leaves have left—the lights of the village that are hidden now—the snowflakes flying through the air — and the ice on the brook. Then, too, if you should stay, you might show the little leaves how to unfold next spring. And I'm sure that the gnomes would come and play hide and seek with you in the winter."

"Oh, will you?" cried the leaves.

"Indeed we will!" answered Tic. "Every day that it isn't too stormy! We'll put on our fur caps and mittens, and play only in the oak-trees."

"Then we'll be glad to stay," cried the leaves.

The leaves of the other oak-trees, when they heard of the plan, decided to stay, too. So they remained, every one on his own branch, all through the winter, playing with the gnomes and giving shelter to the snowbirds.

When spring came and the new leaves pushed up their tender pink buds, the old leaves stayed by them right loyally, protecting them against the howling winds that roared down the valley and keeping off belated snowflakes that would have chilled the little buds. For every one knows that chills are bad when one is very young and pink.

So it came about that the new family grew in very thickly and vigorously. The old leaves stayed on until all the little ones were well out and hardy. Then, one day, they rustled "good-bye" to the oak and sailed off on the back of the North Wind,—whirling patches of red gold against the tender blue sky of spring.

From that year the oak-trees have always kept their leaves throughout the winter. And some cold day when you are out of doors and happen to see the oak leaves dancing and fluttering, and hear them rustling, you may be sure that the gnomes are playing hide and seek with them, and that they are all having the best time in the world.

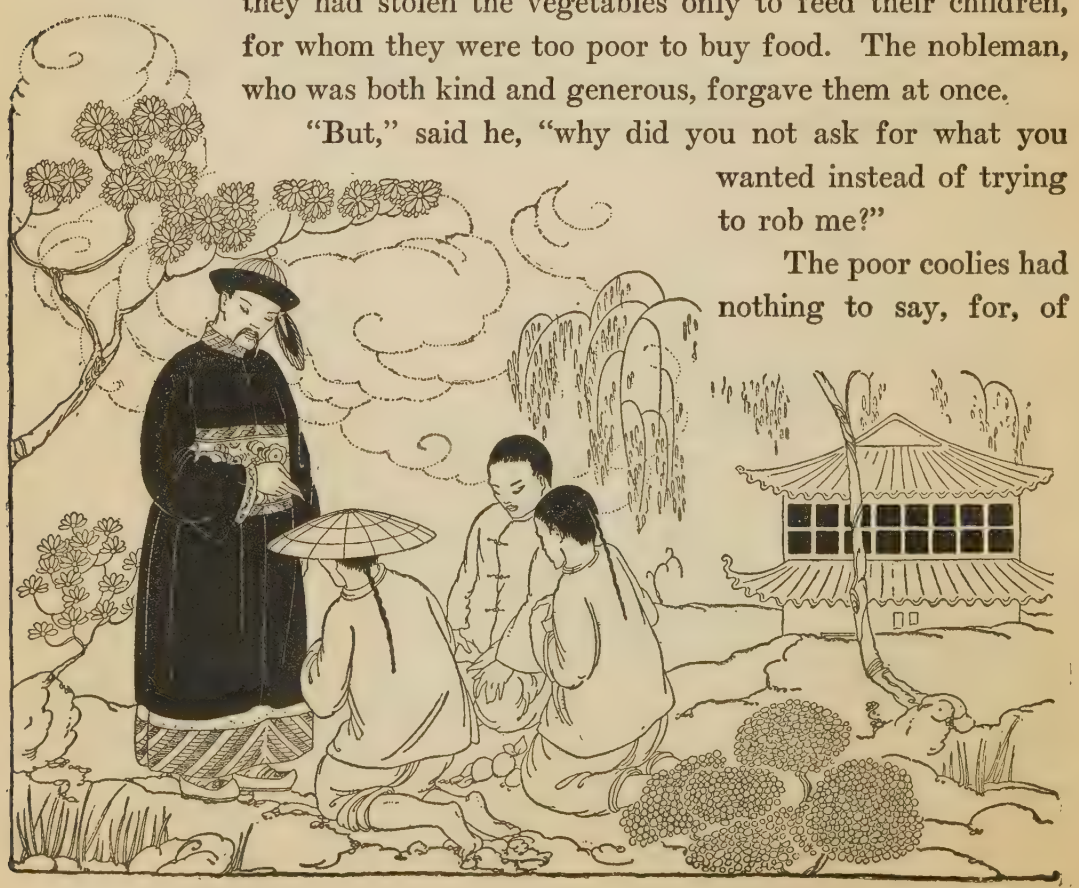
THE GARDEN OF

THERE was once a Chinese nobleman who had a beautiful garden filled with flowers, fruits, and vegetables of all kinds. He was very proud of it and used to walk there every morning and evening to admire his flowers and to rejoice in the size and number of his fruits and vegetables.

One morning, while taking his usual walk, he saw three coolies (Chinese peasants) stealing his vegetables. The nobleman was very angry at the sight and ran after them and caught them. When the coolies saw they could not get away, they threw themselves upon their knees before the angry nobleman and begged him to forgive them, saying they had stolen the vegetables only to feed their children, for whom they were too poor to buy food. The nobleman, who was both kind and generous, forgave them at once.

"But," said he, "why did you not ask for what you wanted instead of trying to rob me?"

The poor coolies had nothing to say, for, of

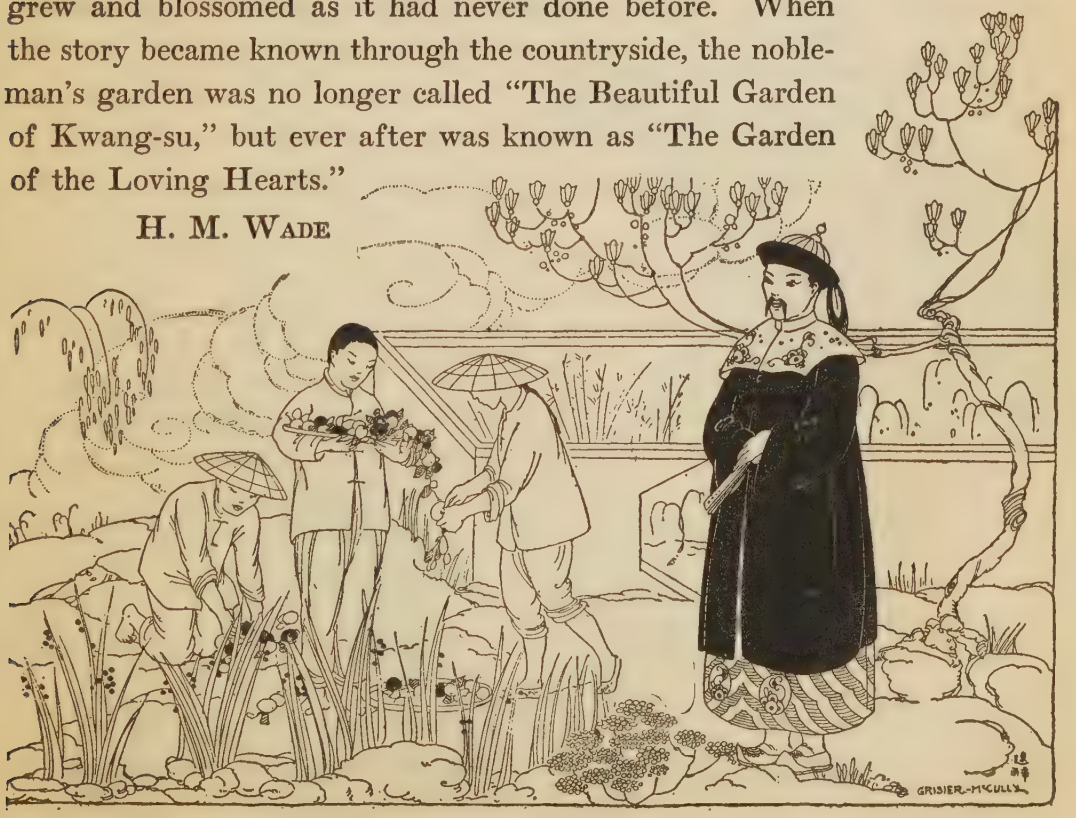


THE LOVING HEARTS

course, there could be no excuse for thieving. Then the nobleman gave them everything they had taken from the garden and told them to take the things home and see that the little children were fed. He also told them to come back to him the next day, and he would give them work in his garden, so that they would never be poor again. The coolies went home laden with good things and with hearts full of gratitude for the nobleman's great kindness.

The next day they came back. The good man took them to his head gardener, whom he commanded to put them to work, and to report to him how faithfully they did it. The coolies felt so grateful to the nobleman that they worked hard and faithfully to repay his kindness, and the garden grew and blossomed as it had never done before. When the story became known through the countryside, the nobleman's garden was no longer called "The Beautiful Garden of Kwang-su," but ever after was known as "The Garden of the Loving Hearts."

H. M. WADE



SULKY SUE AND SAUCY SAMMY——————
——————GENTLE JANE AND HAPPY HARRY

SULKY Sue and Saucy Sammy
Make a wretched fuss when *dressing.*
Always bouncing;
Always flouncing;
Often shirking;
Often jerking;
Sometimes growling;
Always scowling;
Sulky Sue and Saucy Sammy
Certain-*ly* are most distressing!

GENTLE Jane and Happy Harry
Never fuss when they are dressing.
Washing sweetly;
Dressing neatly;
Quiet laughing;
Merry chaffing;
Without scurry,
Fuss or worry.
Gentle Jane and Happy Harry
Surely *are* a joy and blessing!

MISS·MONAD

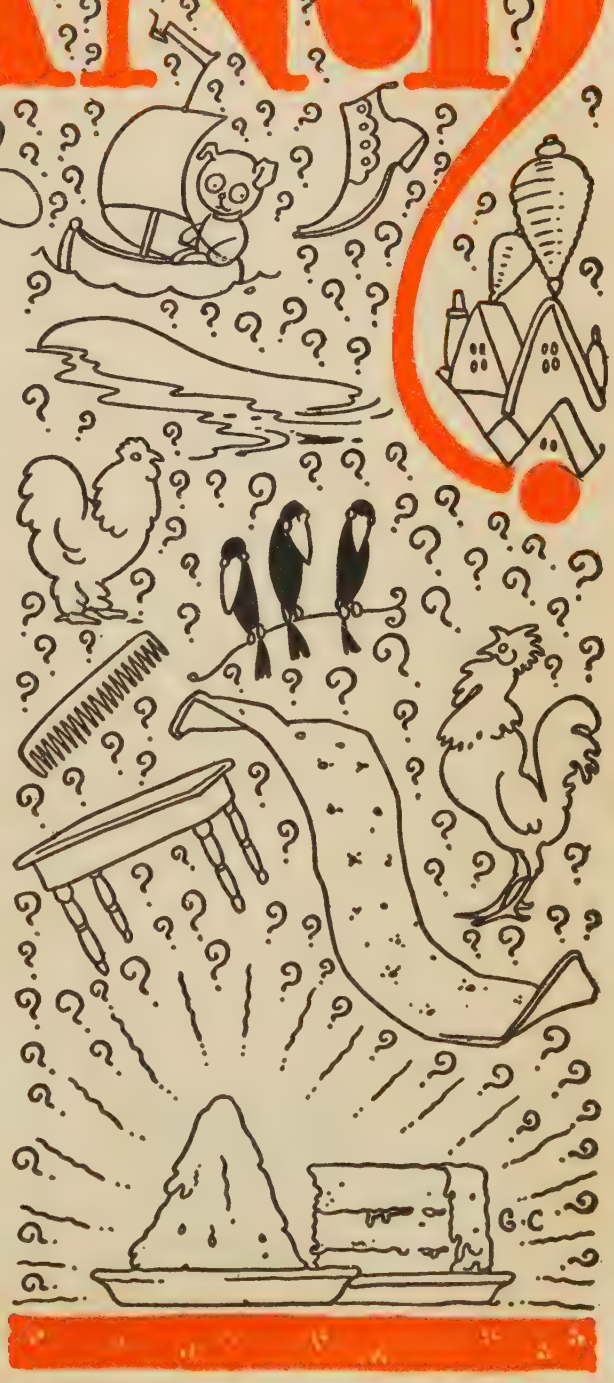
George Carlson

THIS PERSON HAS A DOUBLE-FACE:
MISS MONAD IS HER NAME
SHE ALWAYS LOOKS THE SAME,
FOR UPSIDE DOWN OR DOWN-SIDE UP

HOW

HOW many stairs
In a small boy's
eye?
How many plums
In a printer's pi?
How many drums
In an ear of corn?
How many beams
In the sun at morn?
How many shaves
In a razorback?
How many points
In some old hard tack?
How many hops
In a rail switch frog?
How many knots
On an old ship's log?
How many cents
In the bill of a crane?
How many dips
In an aeroplane?
How many sleeps
In a brand new bunk?
How many trays
In an elephant's trunk?

MANY?



How many teeth
In a chicken's comb?
How many hums
In a wild bee home?
How many shoes
Can a foothill wear?
How many sails
Does a dog's bark bear?
How many leaps
In a table leg?
How many yolks
In a plant called *egg?*
How many crows
Make a rooster black?
How many mouths
Make a river slack?
How many quilts
In a harbor berth?
How many housetops
Spin on earth?
Do these sums
Without a mistake,
And you may have
Ice cream and cake.

OSCAR H. ROESNER

LITTLE BIT OF A PUPPY AND BRUNO

"I THINK it's a shame," grumbled the Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy, to himself, "that Old Bruno won't let me play with his tail! What use is he, anyway? Just lies there in the front piazza all day long! Now *I* can amuse folks—when there are folks around to be amused!"

The Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy swelled out his chest, and strutted up and down on the back piazza. But that soon grew tiresome, and he began to look around for something to do.

"I think Old Bruno is mean!" he sputtered. "Oh, but this *is* a long afternoon! I wish *some*body would stay at home! Even my Mistress Dorothy has deserted me!"

Just then he heard a heavy, dragging step, and a big hand reached over the fence, and unfastened the back gate.

WHAT A DIRTY MAN!

Oh, what a dirty looking man!

The Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy had never seen a dirty person before. He didn't like the man's looks, and he more than didn't like his smell. Dirty—ugh! The man came shuffling up the walk.

The Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy bristled the hair along his back, and tried to bark. His mouth opened, but the bark seemed to stick in his throat.

The man laughed.

HE WAS CAUGHT - QUICK!

"I can make a pretty penny out of you, my beauty," he rumbled. And he caught the Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy up by the back of his neck, quick, and flopped a dirty old scarf over his face and into his mouth, and popped him into a big, dirty bag.

The Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy had

only time for one "Ki-yi!" Then he was smothered in the smelly darkness!

"Bow, wow, wow!"

It was Old Bruno.

"*Bow, wow, wow!*"

He was coming, fast!

"I s'pose he'll help the man," sighed the Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy, to himself. "He doesn't like me—he won't let me play with his tail!"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

And then, all in a minute, the Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy felt himself dropped, bang! He scrambled out of the bag—and what do you think?

There was the dirty, smelly man, on the ground, and Old Bruno standing over him.

Old Bruno was showing his teeth, and looked very dangerous; but the Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy did not feel one bit afraid.

He just jumped all around him, hallooing, "Yip, yip, yip!" as hard and fast as ever he could.

Very soon some one came whistling up the road. It was Dorothy's big Brother Dick. He came around to the back of the house.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. And he went and got a rope, and tied the man's hands.

"You're the fellow who has been robbing hen-roosts and clothes-lines around here," he said. "I know by those shoes. I saw the tracks in the mud outside our hen-yard."

Then he stooped and patted Bruno, who had lain down, feeling that his part of the work was done.

"Good Old Bruno!" said Dick. "You are the best policeman that ever was! It's always safe to leave the house with you to guard it!"

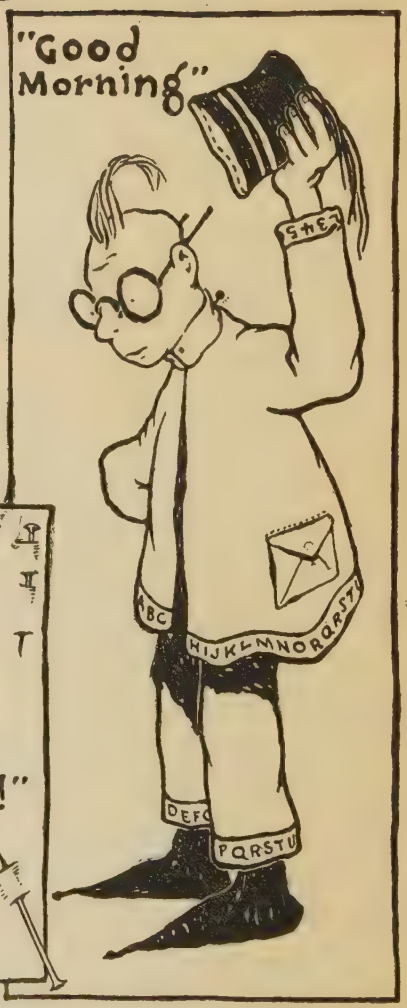
The Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy was listening, with all his ears.

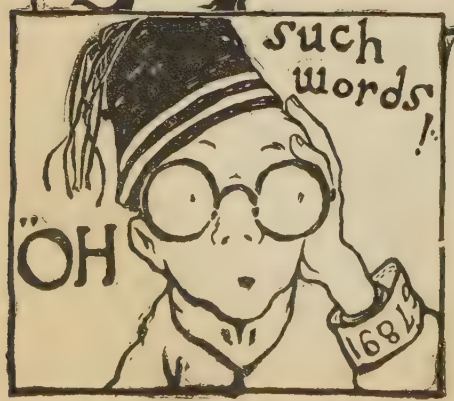
"Hm," he said, "hmmm." He looked very thoughtful. "I see that Old Bruno is good for something, after all. He seems to be good for more than I am! With a real hero like him, I think I'd better forget about a little matter of tails."

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

THE HORRID SNIPPY SNAPPY-

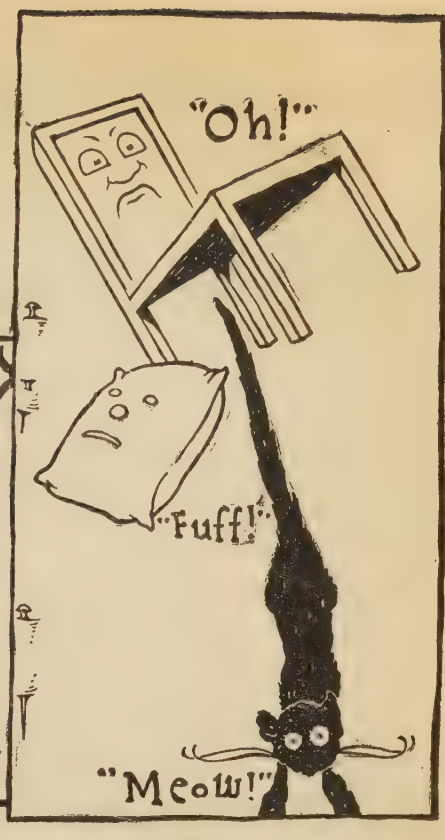
ONE day I met a Snippy Snap
And tipped my hat politely.
"Good Morning, Sir," I said to him
In manner kind and sprightly.
Did Snippy Snap return my bow,
Or pass a simple greeting,
Or show a little pleasure in
Our accidental meeting?
Did Snippy Snap look nice to me,
Or even quaint, or funny,
Or give the least impression of
A person sweet and sunny?





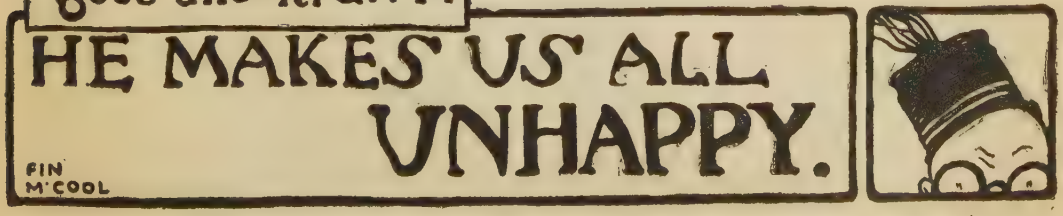
Alack! Alas! Oh, NO indeed!
Contrary to my wishes,
He acted like a pound of tacks
Served up on pickle dishes.
"Go 'way," snapped he with sulky lips,
And looks as black as ink, Sir.
He growled sulky, ugly words
I dare not even *think*, Sir.

He jerked himself, he stamped his heels
With naughty frown and glare, Sir.
He gave a snappy slap at me
And kicked a harmless chair, Sir.
He does not like our sunny days,
He does not play, nor sing,
He does not smile, he cannot laugh,
He snaps at everything.



What do *you* think of Snippy Snap?
'Tis needless to reply.
You have the same opinion of
The Snippy Snap as I.
He isn't any use at all;
He spoils our work and fun;
He has no good to say or think
Of us or any one.
He is a naughty creature who
Makes all of us unhappy.
By name and nature he is just
A horrid *Snippy Snappy*.

JOHN MARTIN.



The FIRST TIRED LITTLE PIG

FIVE little pigs once built themselves a cozy house in which to live. After the house was built, they all said it was very fine, indeed. But they decided that a house was not of much use unless it was properly furnished. And they put their piggish heads together to plan how to furnish it.

At last it was agreed that the most suitable furnishing would be a bed. They were all tired after building the house, you see, and they wanted to sleep. So the first tired little pig said: "We shall have to go out into the woods and cut down some trees for the beams. Who will go with me to get the beams?"

The second little pig said: "*I* won't, I'm too tired."

The third little pig said: "*I* won't, I'm too lame."

The fourth little pig said: "*I* won't, I'm too weak."

And the fifth little pig said: "*I* won't, I'm too sleepy."

So the first tired little pig had to go all alone into the woods, chop down a good strong tree and drag it all the way home to make into beams for the bed.

When he had the beams all sawed and hammered and fitted together into a bed, he said: "Now we shall need wire to make ourselves a spring for our bed. Who will go with me to the factory to get some wire?"

The second little pig said: "I *won't,* I'm too tired."

The third little pig said: "I *won't,* I'm too lame."

The fourth little pig said: "I *won't,* I'm too weak."

And the fifth little pig said: "I *won't,* I'm too sleepy."

So the first tired little pig had to go to the factory all alone to buy wire to weave the spring.

When he had the wire all neatly woven into a spring, he laid it upon the bed and said: "Now we shall need a mattress to make our bed comfortable. Who will go out and gather corn husks that we may have a comfortable mattress to sleep on?"

The second little pig answered: "I won't, *I'm* too tired."

The third little pig answered: "I won't, *I'm* too lame."

The fourth little pig answered: "I won't, *I'm* too weak."

And the fifth little pig answered: "I won't, *I'm* too sleepy."

So the first tired little pig had to go out into the cornfields all by himself to gather corn husks for the mattress. When he had gathered enough, he sewed them all into a big sack and laid it on the bed.

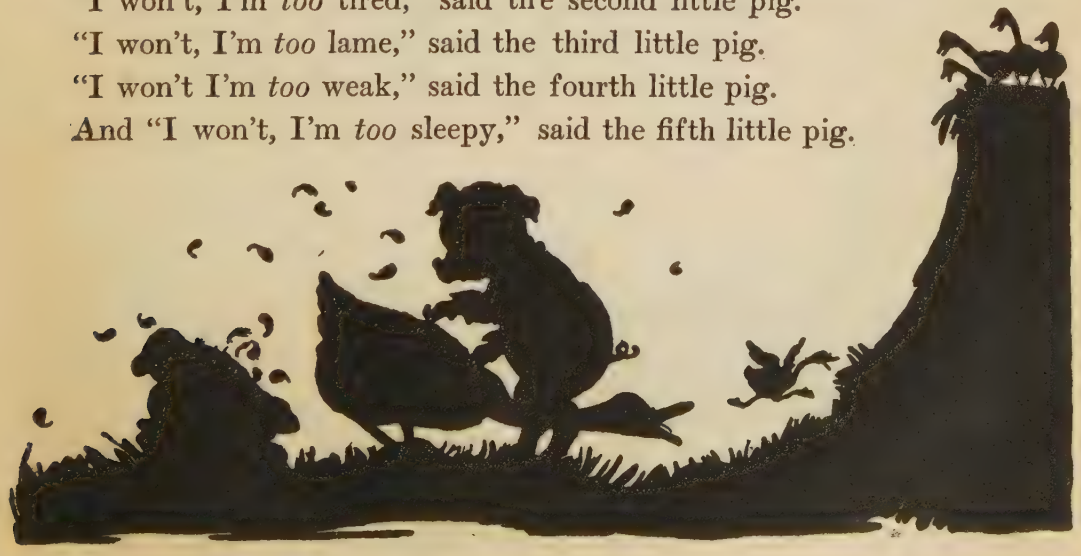
"Now," said the first tired little pig, "we shall need a pillow. Who will pluck the geese feathers with me and make a soft pillow?"

"I won't, I'm *too* tired," said the second little pig.

"I won't, I'm *too* lame," said the third little pig.

"I won't I'm *too* weak," said the fourth little pig.

And "I won't, I'm *too* sleepy," said the fifth little pig.



Then the first tired little pig went out all alone, plucked a dozen geese and took the feathers, put them into another bag and made a fine, fat, soft pillow for the bed.

When the pillow was lying invitingly at the head of the bed, the first tired little pig said: "Now we must have a warm cover for our bed. Who will shear the sheep and weave for us a warm blanket?"

The second little pig said: "I won't, I'm too *tired.*"

The third little pig said: "I won't, I'm too *lame.*"

The fourth little pig said: "I won't, I'm too *weak.*"

And the fifth little pig said: "I won't, I'm too *sleepy.*"

"Very well," answered the first tired little pig, "I must do it then," and he went out all alone, sheared the sheep, carded the wool, and wove it into a beautiful warm blanket. Then he spread it over the bed and tucked it neatly into the sides.

"Now," said the first tired little pig, "the bed is ready. Who will sleep in it?"

"I will," said the second very tired little pig.

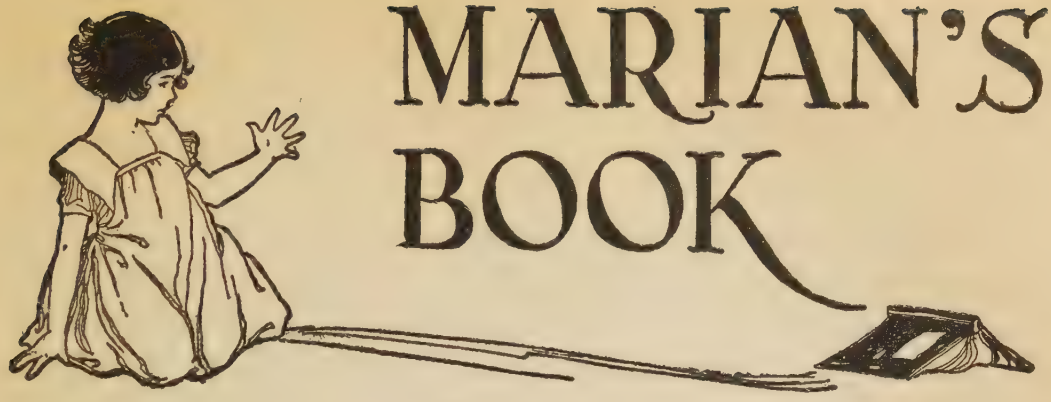
"I will," said the third very lame little pig.

"I will," said the fourth very weak little pig.

And "I will," said the fifth very sleepy little pig.

"Indeed you will not," answered the first tired little pig, "for I have done all the work and you have done nothing." Then he sprang into the bed, put his head on the soft, feather pillow, pulled the warm, woolen blanket about him snugly, and slept all night long, just as cozily as you please.

MARY LAURENCE TURNBULL TUFTS



MARIAN'S BOOK

MARIAN was a little girl who did not like to study. Her mother had sent her to the library to read her next day's lesson. After scowling at her book and pouting for fifteen minutes, she crossly threw it into a corner, exclaiming, "I wish there wasn't a book in the world, I do!"

Just then Aunt Elizabeth came into the room. Aunt Elizabeth was Marian's favorite aunt. She had fluffy, golden hair, and was such a dear, loving aunt, that Marian thought there was no other quite like her in the world.

"Dear me," laughed Aunt Elizabeth, "then you don't like the story books I gave you at Christmas. I shall have to find another little girl to whom I can give books instead of to you."

"Oh, no, indeed, Auntie," said Marian quickly, for she dearly loved stories. "I did not mean just that. But I wish there were no study books."

"If you had been a little girl some hundreds of years ago, you would not have needed to make such a wish," said her aunt as she settled herself in a chair.

Marian snuggled up to her at once, for it looked as if Aunt Elizabeth had a story to tell her, and Marian loved her aunt's stories.

"A long time ago," she began, "a book such as you threw into the corner would have been worth at least one hundred dollars in our money."

Marian gasped. "A hundred dollars! Why, Aunt Elizabeth!" and Marion looked as if she thought Aunt Elizabeth was teasing her.

"Yes, I mean it. Any little girl who owned even one book would have felt very proud and rich. A library of twenty or thirty volumes was thought to be a very large one. That number of books was worth several

thousand dollars of our money. None of the books were printed at that time, for people had not yet learned the art of printing. Though very few men could write, all books were written, and as that took a long time, books were very costly. For copying a book, a sum equal to about a half dollar was charged for each page.

"At that time there were religious houses, which were called monasteries, scattered all over Europe. The men who lived in them were called monks. They spent their whole lives in the monasteries, and had plenty of time for study and writing. In these monasteries were kept nearly all the books in existence at that time. In most of the monasteries there was a room called the writing-room, where books were copied and histories written. Some of the monks spent nearly their entire lives in this work. None of the common people could read, and if it had not been that the monks loved and copied the books in their care, much learning would have been lost to the world. Day after day they toiled and copied; and one monk whose name has come down to us, Columba, is said to have copied over three hundred books in his lifetime."

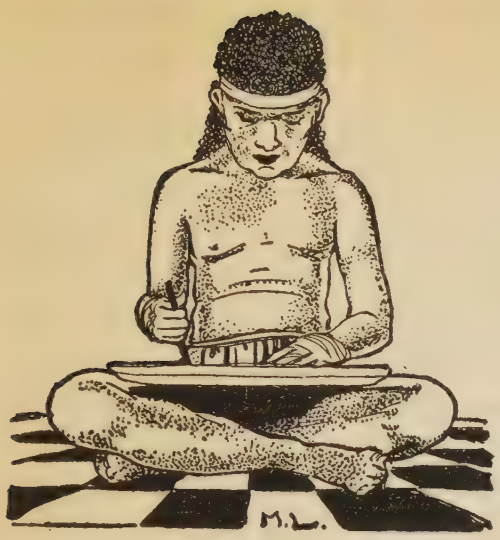
"When were the very first books made, Aunt Elizabeth?" asked Marian, who was greatly interested.

"I cannot tell you that, dear," her aunt replied, "but to-day we have books that were made by the people of Assyria and Egypt hundreds of years before Christ was born."

"Oh, tell me about them," said Marian quickly.

"The books of the Assyrians were simply tablets of clay. The marks were made by a three-cornered tool on the soft clay. The tablets were then baked, just as bricks are baked to-day. A book would be quite heavy, you see, but it was also very durable.

"The books of the Egyptians were written on papyrus. This was made from a plant that grew along the Nile River. Their books were really just rolls of papyrus.



"Many of the Greek and Roman books that were made some centuries later were of ivory coated with wax. The writing was scratched on the wax with a sharp-pointed metal stick. Many of the Romans kept slaves to copy books for them. These slaves were very costly and, of course, only the rich could afford them. Only in the last two hundred years has every one been able to afford to have books."

Marian looked rather shamefaced, and went to the corner where she had flung her book and carefully straightened the rumpled leaves.

Her aunt smiled, and went on with her story. "Great kings had only a few books even in later years. About six hundred years ago we read that Edward I of England had eleven volumes in his library, and King John of France had twenty. No one who was poor could then afford to borrow a book. When a book was borrowed from one of the church libraries the borrower had to leave a large sum of money, jewelry or plate at the monastery as a pledge that the book would be returned. It made no difference how great or rich the man, he could not borrow a book otherwise. It is said that the King of France, in 1471, wanted to borrow some books from a library in Paris, and he was obliged to leave costly plate for security, like any common man. Think of that, Marian, the next time you go to the library for a book of stories. At this time, and for many years afterward, books were chained fast in the churches and libraries, so that no one could take them away.

"People prized books so highly that much time came to be spent in making them beautiful. Wonderful designs, drawn and colored by hand, were scattered through the pages of the books. This work was called illuminating. The monks did the work with great patience and care, sometimes spending half a lifetime on a single volume. The covers for the books were just as carefully made. For the most part, they were made of oak boards, sometimes covered with carvings in ivory, gold or silver. Precious stones were set here and there to add to their beauty; rubies, pearls, and even dia-

monds were used. Later, books were bound in satin and velvet that was richly embroidered. Such books may be seen in museums, where they are kept. They are worth many thousands of dollars. A book made by William Caxton, who printed the first books in England, sold some years ago for ten thousand dollars, and you would think it a very queer-looking, ugly book. Before Caxton began to print books there were a few block books made by carving a design on wood, putting ink on the wood, and then stamping the design on paper. Of course, it was very slow work, and when Caxton could print books so much more quickly, many of the poor, ignorant people thought it was witchcraft. He laughed at them, and went on printing books. Even then his books cost about thirty dollars each. This was over four hundred years ago, and from that time books began to grow cheaper.

"In those days people never thought of making books for children. Even in later years, when the common people began to read and write, the children were expected to learn from the Bible, or some book written for grown-ups. Were you obliged to study from books such as little children used several hundred years ago, you would have cause to grumble. Even in America no books were written for children until the first little Pilgrims were old men and women. The first book for children was a little schoolbook called the *New England Primer*. No one knows who wrote it, but it was published in Boston some time between 1687 and 1690. No doubt the children of that day thought it was a wonderful book. It also had a few poor pictures in it, though the boys and girls of to-day would scarcely call them pictures, and would think the book extremely dull.

"The alphabet came first in the book, followed by short syllables, and then longer words, until finally there were such words as 'a-bom-i-na-tion' and 'qual-i-fi-ca-tion.' I imagine that I can almost see the proud look on the face of some sober little Puritan maiden when she at last mastered those hard words. There was also a second alphabet in the book, with a rhyme and picture for every letter. The pictures were small wood cuts, and were, of course, uncolored. The picture for the letter H was a heart and a book, side by side, and the rhyme for it was:

'My Book and Heart
Must never part.'

There were, too, several prayers."

Marian drew a long breath as her aunt finished. "I wish I might see that book," she said. "But I'd like better to see one of those you said were worth so many thousands of dollars and had all the lovely stones on the cover. And I'd like to see one of the very first printed books that the people thought were done by witchcraft."

"Wonderful as those books seemed to the people then," said her aunt, "they would have thought it much more wonderful to see a little girl like you, eight years old, who could read. We feel sorry for the Pilgrim boys and girls who had scarcely anything to read, but think of all the children, several hundred years before that time, who never in all their lives learned to read. Wouldn't you rather be a little girl to-day, even if you do have to study sometimes, than to live as those little girls did?"

"Indeed I should!" answered Marian quickly. "I am glad you told me so many things about books. I shall not fuss about studying them after this. If those Pilgrim girls could read a book like theirs, I think I can read mine." And, thinking of the long-ago little children who would have been so glad if they might have had books like hers, Marian picked up her book and began to study.

ELLEN JOHNSON

BOBBY GETS A NEW IDEA

BOBBY had been named after his uncle, Robert Morris, who was an engineer on a great railroad, and it was Bobby's ambition some day to be an engineer like his uncle. It happened that Uncle Robert was visiting Bobby's parents on the day when the children of that neighborhood brought home their report cards.

"*Deficient* again in Language!" sighed Bobby's mother. "Oh, dear, what shall we do!"

"I don't care!" swaggered Bobby. "I am going to be an engineer when I grow up, and then I shan't need any Language. All I'll need to know will be how to handle the throttle, read the steam gauge, and—and—and keep the engine oiled," he finished lamely.

Uncle Robert's eyes twinkled. "Engineers and other trainmen have a language that's all their own, my boy, and they have to know it thoroughly. If they were to get 'deficient' on their report cards, they would soon find themselves looking for other jobs."

"Aw," said Bobby disdainfully, "what language do they have to learn?"

"Well, there's the language of whistles and other signals," said Uncle Robert, "and it must be learned perfectly, for mistakes on the railroad are apt to be more costly than the ones you make in school. But I presume a boy who finds his own language hard in school wouldn't want to hear a description of any other."

"Oh, yes, I do! Please go on," said Bobby hastily.

"Well, to begin with," said Uncle Robert, "one long whistle is sounded when approaching a town, and it makes a pleasant, prolonged noise. We might say that it means 'S-T-A-T-I-O-N,' and the conductor and brakeman

know at once where they are. The telegrapher on duty at the station hears it, too, and listens for the next whistle which will be four blasts. It will say, "GIVE ME THE BLOCK!' If the operator wishes the train to proceed, the required signal is given, and the engineer answers it with two blasts which say, as plain as plain can be, 'Thank you!' although the trainmen only call it an 'answer to signal.'

"When an engineer gets near a grade crossing, it is his duty to warn all nearby people that a train is approaching. His language then consists of two long and two short blasts. They say, quite plainly: 'R-A-I-L-R-O-A-D C-R-O-S-S-I-N-G! *Look Out!*'

"Sometimes it is necessary to come to a standstill very quickly, and then the engineer gives one short, jerky toot which says, *'STOP!'* It tells the other trainmen to be on the lookout to see what is the matter.

"When the engineer sees a cow, horse, or other living object on the track, he gives a succession of quick, sharp whistles saying in plain, emphatic language, *'Get! Get! Get! Get! Get!'* "

"And I've seen them *get* just lots of times," said Bobby. "Isn't the train language interesting! I know I could easily learn *that,"* he boasted.

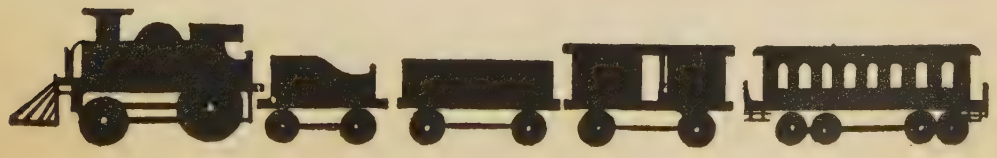
"A bright boy can learn *any* language," encouraged Uncle Robert, "but there's much more to the engineer's language than I have time to tell you. Besides the whistle signs, of which I have given you an inkling, there are flag signals and lantern signals, and in them we get the meaning of different colors; green for safety, yellow for caution, and red for danger."

"My teacher marks my Language mistakes with *red,"* said Bobby thoughtfully.

"There's a reason," replied Uncle Robert.

The next time Bobby brought home his report card,—and here's the strangest thing of all—it said "Excellent" in Language, as well as in everything else.

KATHRYN G. WOODSIDE.



The Enchanted Shirt

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score;
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat;
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble;
If they recovered, they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the King, in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage.
The other leech grew a shade pale.

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
"The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man."

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran;
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

* * * *

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"Oh, yes, fair sirs!" the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black.
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

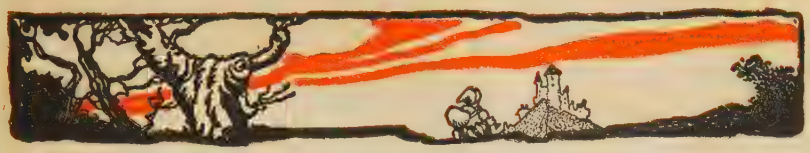
And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY

KINKS

FLAMINGO PINK
WEARS HIS NECK
IN A KINK
WHILE PIGGY-WIG PALE
WEARS HIS KINK IN HIS TAIL!

The whole world's full of such as he.



Vision

THREE crows sat high in a wayside tree,
And they quarrelled and grumbled miserably.
"Now look at that man," cried one of the three,
"By the pack on his back I can plainly see
He's a robber, bent on some villainy
And the whole world's full of such as he."

A bluebird sat in his leafy bower,
And his voice poured forth in a golden shower.
"God bless my friend of the road," sang he,
"By the pack on his back I can plainly see
He's a good man bent on some charity,
And the whole world's full of such as he."

JUSTIN C. GRUELLE.

THE ARMADILLO

A MIGHTY lucky animal
I think the Armadillo,
For, when it's time to go to bed,
He rolls up in a ball instead
And winds himself around his head,
Which serves him as a pillow.

And when the morning comes again,
They never call and shake him.
He never gapes, and grunts, and groans,
And hears them say in startling tones:
"Get up, you awful lazy bones!"
They never *try* to wake him.

GEORGE CASSARD.

EVERY one loved Tweetie, dear little rosy-cheeked, roly-poly Tweetie, and they hated to see him, as they say in Fairyland, "going to the snapdragons." The plain truth of it was that Tweetie's sweet teeth were getting the better of him. You see, Tweetie had grown two sweet teeth instead of just one, as all proper persons do.

Now this was all very well so long as Tweetie was little, for then his sweet teeth were little, too. But as Tweetie grew, his sweet teeth grew, until he just could not manage to give them all the cakes and honey they wanted to nibble.

Tweetie used to lie awake at night thinking of new receipts for cake. He would hear the owl hooting and see the bats flying in and out among the trees. He would see the moon slip away and the dawn creep up the sky, and still he would be thinking of cakes. He would drop off for a wee bit of a nap just before daybreak, and dream of cakes, and be up with the sun, gathering dewdrops before their freshness was gone. Then, before the bees had had a chance at them, he would gather honey and pollen from the flowers. When the other fairies were yawning, and smoothing out their wings and climbing out of bed, they would hear Tweetie already busy beating up a cake in his little acorn cup.

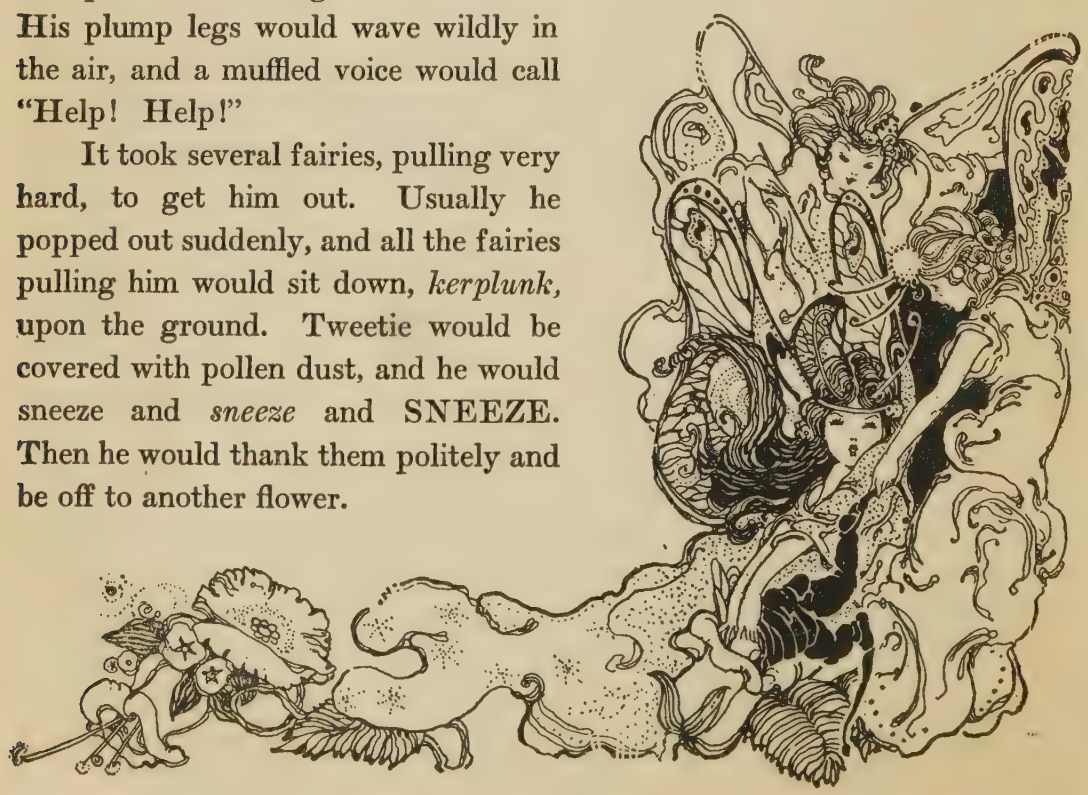
Tweetie's favorite cake was this: Take one drop of dew, two drops of honey, stir in some yellow pollen, put

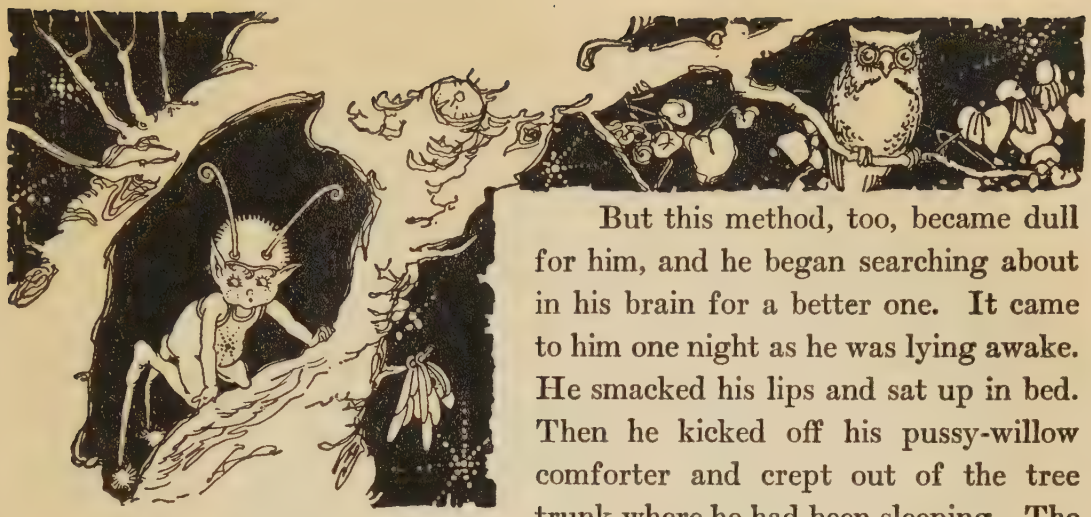
in acorn cups and set in the sun to bake. Tweetie licked his lips as he watched them slowly cooking. Then, when they were just the color of the sun on buttercups he whisked them into the shade and fanned them with an old butterfly wing until they were cool.

Tweetie never hurried them. He always waited until they were just right, trying them with his little pink forefinger. The minute they were done he ran a sharp blade of grass around the inside of the cup, turned it upside down on a smooth leaf, gave it a little pat, and there it was, all smooth and tempting. But you must look quickly, for no sooner was it out of the cup than away it went down Tweetie's little red lane, and immediately he busied himself with making another.

Baking cakes was rather a slow process, and finally Tweetie abandoned it for something more rapid. He went from flower to flower, just as the bees do, and supped the honey. Now the sweetest honey is away down deep in the heart of the flower, and Tweetie, kneeling on the petals, at the very edge of the cup, had to be very careful lest he lose his balance when he put his head down into the flower. Sometimes, alas! the greedy little scamp did tumble right in head first. His plump legs would wave wildly in the air, and a muffled voice would call "Help! Help!"

It took several fairies, pulling very hard, to get him out. Usually he popped out suddenly, and all the fairies pulling him would sit down, *kerplunk,* upon the ground. Tweetie would be covered with pollen dust, and he would sneeze and *sneeze* and SNEEZE. Then he would thank them politely and be off to another flower.





But this method, too, became dull for him, and he began searching about in his brain for a better one. It came to him one night as he was lying awake. He smacked his lips and sat up in bed. Then he kicked off his pussy-willow comforter and crept out of the tree trunk where he had been sleeping. The wood was very still except for the sound of the leaves rubbing softly against one another. Through the trees Tweetie could see the stars twinkling and winking at him. Then somewhere overhead an owl began to hoot. Tweetie shivered and shrank back against the tree trunk; he did not like the dark. Just then a little firefly glowed out brightly directly in front of him. Tweetie put out his hand, caught the little lantern and stuffed it away down in the pocket of his pink pajamas; then, keeping his hand over his pocket to be sure that the firefly would not escape, he started boldly forth.

Alas! Alas! Our Tweetie was going to turn robber! For, as he lay wide awake in his little bed, he had thought sadly how every one else was sleeping soundly—the fairies, the flowers, the birds, and the bees. The bees! It was then that Tweetie sat straight up in bed. If the bees were sleeping, their honey was all unguarded! That thought was too much for him, and now he crept through the forest, making straight for the tree which was the honey storehouse.

After Tweetie was actually on his way he forgot all about being alone. He liked the coolness of the damp leaves of the forest under his feet. Far away a brook was tinkling busily as it scurried over the pebbles. Strange that brooks never went to sleep! The owl had stopped his dismal hooting, and Tweetie knew by a soft, feathery sound that he had flown away on some mysterious adventure in the dark. Tweetie was on an adventure, too, and he could feel his heart beating like a little hammer on his ribs. He thought with great greediness of the treasure of the bees, and his

sweet teeth began to water in a most impatient way, so that he had to swallow at every step. Walking became too slow, and he began to run. But he stumbled over toadstools and nuts, and he took out the little black beetle with the secret fire under his wings, and, holding it by its legs, kept spanking it to make it show sparks.

At last, twisting in and out among roots and plants, he came to the bee storehouse. It was in a great round tree with an opening between two root legs, and from the doorway a long, uneven flight of stairs led up into the heart of the old tree. The stairs were dusty with the pollen which had fallen from the bees as they toiled in and out with the honey, but from somewhere above floated down the most delicious odor, as sweet as the breath of the breeze from over a field of clover.

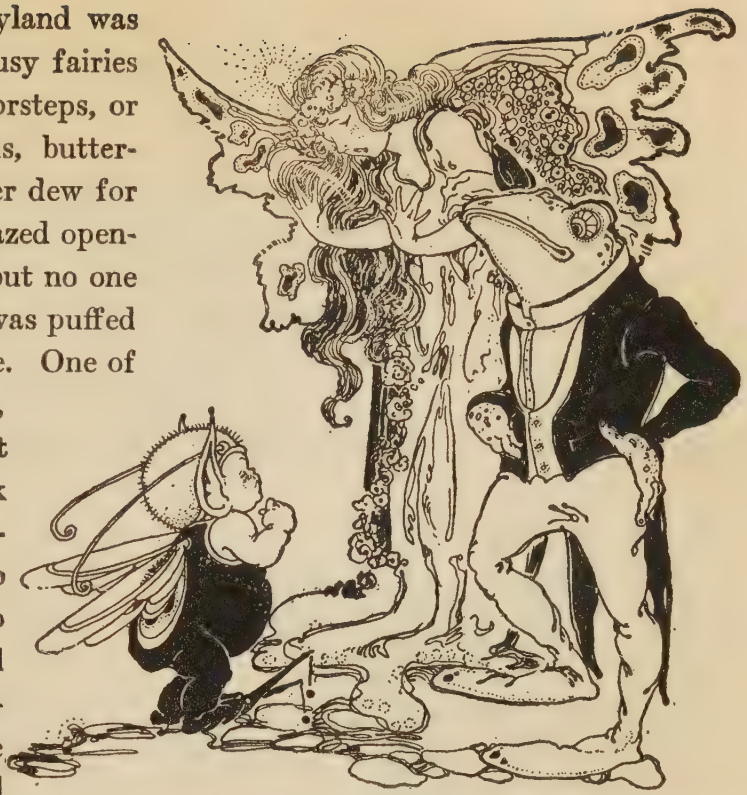
Tweetie went in boldly, for he knew that the bees were very heavy sleepers, and besides he could hear them snoring faintly. He climbed up and up until the odor was *very* sweet, and the snoring was *very* loud—much like bees buzzing in the daytime, only not so busy a sound. Oh, how his heart thumped and bumped, and oh, what a sweet tooth itching he had! He spanked his firefly very hard so that he could see just where the honey was kept. There it was, in little yellow barrels, all around the sides of the room. Some of them had overflowed a little, and the delicious yellow syrup was dripping down the sides. Tweetie just could not resist clapping his hands—and away flew his lantern!

It was pitch dark. Tweetie walked forward cautiously—one step, two steps—then he heard a groan. Even a bee wakes up when he is kicked in his little ribs. Tweetie took another step—another groan. He had forgotten which way to turn to find the door, and he plunged wildly this way and that, while at every step there were more sleepy groans and rumblings. These quickly grew louder, more wide awake and angry. Tweetie ran frantically about in a room now rumbling with roars, and suddenly there arose the cry: "Robber! Thief! Sting him! Sting him!" And he felt sharp needles pricking him. They hurt dreadfully.

Poor Tweetie! At last he fell, or was pushed, out of the room. *Bumpety bump*—down the stairs he rolled and out upon the grass, where he lay gasping and bewildered.

The dawn was lighting the tree tops when Tweetie, with many a groan, got to his feet and started homeward. By the time he had almost reached

his own tree all Fairyland was awake. He passed busy fairies sweeping off their doorsteps, or starting for the fields, buttercups in hand, to gather dew for breakfast. They all gazed open-mouthed at Tweetie, but no one recognized him. He was puffed up to an enormous size. One of his eyes was tight shut, and he looked out queerly over a cheek like a fat, pink pincushion. From top to toe—and it was hard to tell which was top and which was toe—Tweetie was one mass of bee stings. He realized that he could never hide his adventure, and this, added to his pain, made fat tears well up in his eyes and trickle down his bumpy face.



Of all mornings in the year, it happened that on this particular one the Queen of Fairyland decided to take an early morning walk. Her appetite had been falling off of late, and old Mr. Bull Frog had advised her to try a brisk walk before breakfast to sharpen it.

Now, her feet in extra heavy lady's-slippers, the Queen sallied forth in the dewy grass. She was attended by her court, a long line of lovely ladies with wings as transparent as moonlight and feet as tiny as blackberry seeds, and old Mr. Bull Frog hopped by her side, croaking to her wisely.

Thus it was that Tweetie, his eyes swollen almost shut, and the Queen, attending carefully to the words of Mr. Bull Frog, almost touched noses before they saw one another. The Queen was usually a most courageous lady, but Tweetie was a truly terrible sight, and this being before breakfast, and he appearing so suddenly, she just fainted away completely.

Up rushed her ladies in waiting to attend her, while Mr. Bull Frog stepped forward to examine this strange creature. He took Tweetie by

the arm with one hand while with the other he searched the pocket of his green breeches for his spectacles. Setting them on his flat nose, he leaned forward to examine Tweetie. Tweetie's one visible eye was looking out at him pleadingly, and a big tear was just ready to roll down his cheek. Mr. Bull Frog opened his mouth in astonishment. He knew that eye.

"Why, it's Tweetie!" he said, loudly enough for every one to hear. The Queen got up immediately, and they all crowded around him to make sure it was indeed their poor harmless little Tweetie. With many sobs, he told them the whole story—of his two unmanageable sweet teeth, of his struggles to fulfill their demands, of how he gradually went from bad to worse until finally he had fallen into the disgrace of robbery.

At the end of his tale many of the tender-hearted fairies were openly using their pocket handkerchiefs, and the lofty manner of the Queen (which she had at first assumed to cover up her loss of dignity) had entirely melted away. Every one was very much distressed. It was plain enough that these things were not really Tweetie's fault. With one accord they turned to old Mr. Bull Frog, the wisest fellow in Fairyland. Surely

he would have a remedy. Old Mr. Bull Frog was gazing straight before him. His nose was all wrinkled up, as bull frogs' noses are when they are thinking very hard.

"Mr. Bull Frog," said the Queen, timidly touching his sleeve. She was the only one who dared disturb him. "Mr. Bull Frog," she ventured again, and this time he turned slowly toward her and looked at her solemnly over the top of his spectacles. "What shall we do?" she asked.

Mr. Bull Frog looked out over the throng of anxious faces, and then his eyes rested pitifully on Tweetie. "Of course, we must pull one," he said in his deep voice, and then he added, "At once!"

There was a great buzz of excitement. Mr. Bull Frog's voice could be heard croaking out orders, and every one scurried this way and that.

"Three fairies to hold Tweetie! Fetch me a good strong horse hair!" These orders made Tweetie shiver in his little boots.

At last there was a shout, and the crowd opened to disclose a tiny fairy dragging a stout, long horsehair.

"Now to the pond!" And away they went, dragging Tweetie in their midst. When they were all gathered at the edge of the little pond in the meadow, Mr. Bull Frog hopped to the water.

"Croakety, croakety, croak," he said, which in frog language meant, "Send a big, strong frog up here." Immediately a big frog's head appeared out in the middle of the pond.

"Croakety, croak," said Mr. Bull Frog, and the head began to bob along toward them. The frog hopped up upon the grass, and they saw that he was a great, sleek fellow, quite ready for any job. Mr. Bull Frog jumped over and whispered in his ear.

"To the very deepest part of the pond," the fairies near by heard him say. Then he called over his shoulder: "Here you are! Tie one end of the horsehair to this fellow's back leg, and be sure that you make a good knot." When this was done he hopped back to Tweetie.

"And now," he said, in a slow, distinct way, "tie the other end right around one of Tweetie's sweet teeth—the left one, I think."

Of course, poor little Tweetie cried. I am afraid he screamed, and he wriggled most tremendously. But the fairies held him tight.

Mr. Bull Frog said soothingly: "It is for your own good; it will be over quickly." Then, "Go!" he cried to the big, shiny frog.

Away went the frog, and *plop!* out came Tweetie's sweet tooth. They saw it jerk after him on the end of the long horsehair, and then, in the midst of a breathless silence, it disappeared under the ripples.

What a great clapping and shouting there was then! All the fairies danced around Tweetie, who stood looking rather

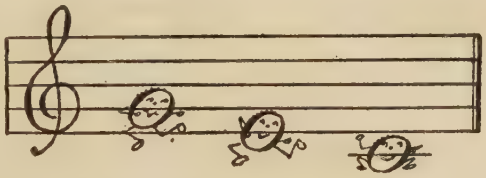
shamefaced and sucking his cheek into the hole left by that tooth. They declared that they would have a great banquet in honor of this happy ending to his troubles, but Tweetie begged them to have moonlight revels in the glen instead, as the very thought of a banquet table laden with cakes and goodies made him shiver. Then, amidst much laughter, Tweetie was led off to have pokeberry poultices put upon his bee bumps.

This was the end of Tweetie's troubles.

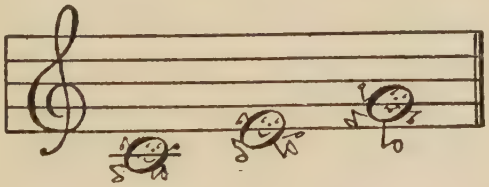
MARGARET RHODES PEATTIE

THE THREE FRIENDS

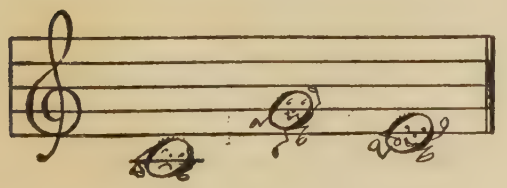
IN A castle of Ivory there dwell three friends. Their names are Charles, Edgar, and George, but every one calls them C, E and G. Everywhere in this castle of Ivory you are apt to meet them, for they are very fond of running about. Sometimes they go skipping along with G at the head of the line, E just behind G, and C the last one of all. As they skip along they look just like this:



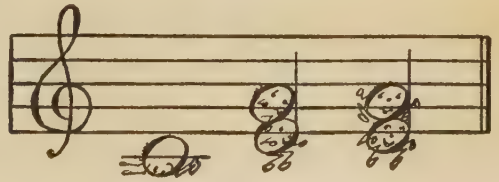
Another day, perhaps C would start out first and G would be the last one in the line. Then they would look like this:



Sometimes, too, C would be the first to start out and G would follow him, leaving E very unhappy because he was left behind. Then they would look like this:

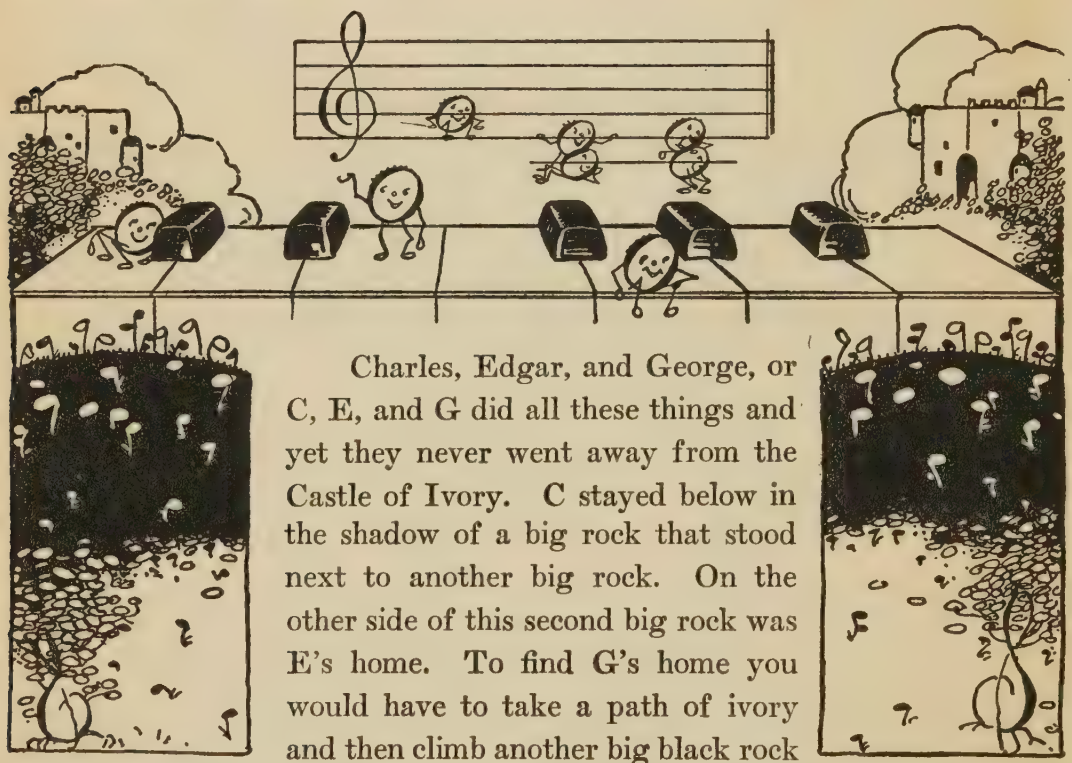


These three friends were so fond of each other that wherever they went people used to call them the "Three Happy Brothers." Sometimes C would lie down and let E and G jump up and down on his back like this:



Sometimes E would lie down in a hammock with G jumping up and down above him and C crawling along below him, like this:

Sometimes G would sit on the window-sill and watch C and E at play below him, thus:



Charles, Edgar, and George, or C, E, and G did all these things and yet they never went away from the Castle of Ivory. C stayed below in the shadow of a big rock that stood next to another big rock. On the other side of this second big rock was E's home. To find G's home you would have to take a path of ivory and then climb another big black rock and drop down to a new path of ivory. There G lived. But how could C and E and G do all these things and remain at the same spot all the time? I will show you. Look at the picture of C, E, and G's home above.

The Castle of Ivory is the keyboard of the piano. The rocks near where the three brothers lived are the black keys of the piano. From the picture you will see where C, E, and G live. There are other C's and E's and G's that live in the same way, near the same kind of black rocks. Can you find them?

SARAH HOWLAND MURDOCK

ROSA BONHEUR
One who Loved Animals

ONE hundred and three years ago, in 1822, there was born in Bordeaux, France, on March 16th, a little girl who in later years became one of the greatest women painters the world has known. Her name was Rosa Bonheur, and I am sure you have seen copies of many of her paintings. The best known, perhaps, is the great canvas called "The Horse Fair," which is a painting of horses being driven to a fair to be sold. In it you see slender, prancing saddle horses, with flowing manes and tails; work horses, rearing in excitement at the unusual clamor and noise about them; great draught horses, dappled gray and white, the muscles shining on their broad flanks, huge feet pawing the ground, glistening necks arched as they pull and tug at their bridles; you see the dust rising and you can almost hear the clamor and trampling of hoofs, the shouts of drivers, the neighing and snorting of horses as they enter the fair grounds.

You think as you gaze at the splendid picture so full of life that whoever painted it must have known animals very well. Rosa Bonheur did know and love animals from the time she was a little child. In painting, she was able to make others admire them and see their splendid and beautiful qualities.

Although very poor, the Bonheur family was a happy one. The

father, Raymond Bonheur, was an artist and a gentle, loving parent. When Rosa was eight years old he moved to Paris from Bordeaux and soon afterward sent for his wife and Rosa and her brother Auguste, whom they called *"Pipon,"* even after he was grown up. After they moved to Paris, a younger brother, Isidore, and little sister, Juliette, were born. Isidore was known by the pet name of *"Dodore,"* Juliette was called *"Juju,"* and Rosa was nicknamed *"Zaza."* They lived in a very old house on the Rue St. Antoine in one of the oldest parts of Paris. Across the street from them was a pork butcher's shop whose sign was a boar carved from wood. Little Rosa used to stop and caress the ugly wooden animal whenever she went to the shop. This was one of the first ways in which she showed the love of animals that lasted through her life.

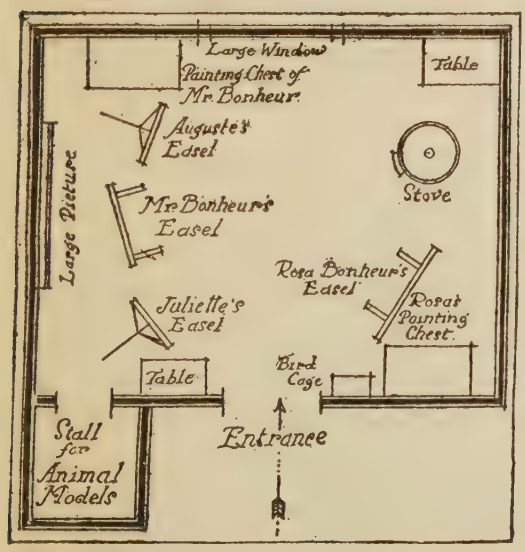
BRITTANY SHEEP

When she went to school, it was with Pipon and Dodore to a boys' school. She was the only little girl pupil, but she played all the boys' games, romping and climbing with the best of them and growing into a red-cheeked, fearless little maid with bright, dark eyes and a merry smile.

In 1833 Rosa's lovely young mother died, leaving the four little children motherless. Raymond Bonheur was exceedingly poor at this time, but he determined to do the best he could for his little ones. He made many plans for their futures. As Rosa did not care for school, he apprenticed her to a dressmaker, and put the boys in school, thinking to make a teacher of Auguste and to find some useful profession for Isidore. Little Juliette went to live with a relative. But poor Mr. Bonheur's plans for his children all came to naught, and yet it was just as well, as you will see before this story is finished.

Rosa could not learn to hem and run seams and baste, and she proved such a trial to her mistress that she could not keep her. After a time her father sent her to a boarding-school kept by a Madame Gibert. Here one day, the frolicsome Rosa gathered her playmates about her and planned a sham battle. The children were armed with wooden sabres, and doubtless very happy over this new game. But alas, Rosa led the cavalry charge right over Madame Gibert's rose-bed and after the battle the rose garden was ruined. Rosa was sent home in disgrace and Raymond Bonheur gave up trying to educate his high-spirited little daughter. He let her remain at home, which, after all, proved the best thing that could have happened, for during the long hours at home Rosa began to teach herself to paint. One night, when her father came home tired and discouraged from teaching, he found Rosa just finishing a pretty painting of a bunch of cherries, her first work. It was well done and he was so pleased to see that his little girl had a talent for painting that he said she must now go to work at painting in earnest and he would teach her.

Soon after this Auguste wrote home that he did not want to become a teacher but wanted to paint. Then Isidore, too, began to show a talent for painting and sculpture. Mr. Bonheur made room for his children in his big studio, and when at last little Juliette began to show cleverness at drawing and painting, she, too, was given an easel in the studio, and the family circle was complete. Mr. Bonheur's children were like chickens who had come



THE FAMILY STUDIO

ROSA WITH ONE OF HER MODELS

home to roost. You will see the plan of the studio here which shows where each one worked, except Isidore, who liked to set his easel up just where he pleased. How happy they must have been! During the day, while their father was out giving lessons, Rosa and her brothers were tramping through parks, fields and woods, sketching and painting and finding subjects for their pictures, or wandering through the art galleries studying the works of great artists. At night, the family gathered in the studio and worked by lamplight, the father helping, criticising, and encouraging his children in their work. Sometimes one of them would read aloud and the others sketched the pictures suggested to them by the reading.

Although the whole family loved animals and enjoyed painting them, Rosa was especially fond of them. In a stall off the studio she kept a little goat (whose bleating bothered every one but her), a few rats, some rabbits,

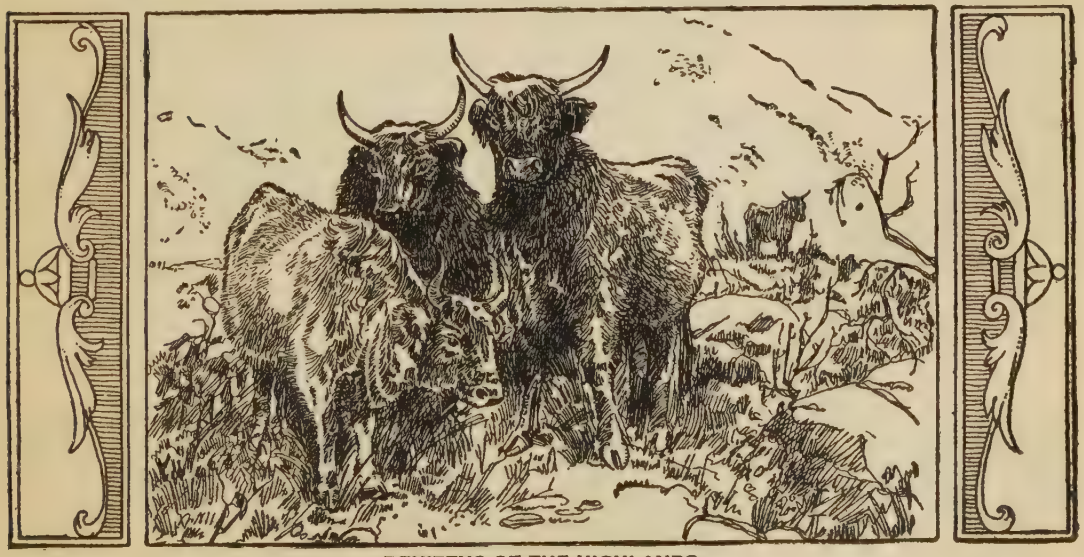
A HERD OF BISON IN THE SNOW

THE REPOSING STAG

chickens, and ducks; these she used as models for her drawings. About the room were several canaries and a tame finch. There was a squirrel, too, who scampered friskily about at will. One day the squirrel chewed the cords on the great painting that hung over Mr. Bonheur's easel and it fell to the floor with a crash, and would have injured him badly had he been working at his easel. After that the little squirrel was turned loose in the park, for Rosa could not bear to shut him up in a cage. When she was nineteen, one of her paintings, called "Rabbits Nibbling Carrots," was shown in the great Paris Salon and Rosa Bonheur began to be known.

She loved and admired large animals as well as small, and spent much time on the farms about Paris painting the horses and cattle and oxen, or in the parks where the deer grazed. She used to go to the slaughter-houses to paint the cattle as they stood dumbly waiting to be killed for food. The men at the slaughter-houses sometimes spoke roughly to her and annoyed her. As she did not wish to give up this opportunity of painting animals, she hit upon a strange plan to stop the annoyance. She had always worn her hair short and her face was round and boyish. Now she donned a peasant's blouse and trousers, and she really made a fine looking young man. She found by wearing this garb she could work in the slaughter-houses unnoticed. Through her whole life, from that time, she wore the blouse and trousers when at work. Her paintings were often of such great size that she had to climb on ladders and scaffolds to work at them, and it was much easier and safer to clamber about in trousers than in long, heavy skirts; besides she felt freer to wander about in the farmyards and fields when dressed as a man.

For years Rosa Bonheur worked, early and late, painting her beloved animals, gaining fame for herself and many friends as well. Sometimes, on moonlight nights, she would lie in the forest near a pool of water, and, hidden by a tree, would watch for the stags that came there from great distances to drink. Oftentimes they would engage in fierce combat. Rosa Bonheur's memory was so true that she could carry home such pictures in her mind and paint them the next morning.



DENIZENS OF THE HIGHLANDS

Although she surpassed her brothers and sister in painting, they, too, were well known as artists of merit. As time went on, the family circle was broken up. Raymond Bonheur had married again and had a happy home. Auguste and Juliette married. Rosa Bonheur after a while bought a home for herself in the country, surrounded by the fields and forest she loved. Here she kept a stable full of the big animals she loved to paint and a houseful of small ones, cats and dogs and monkeys and birds. Whenever she walked through the countryside, she was accompanied by two great dogs. The people knew and loved the merry, red-cheeked woman who set up her easel in the fields and painted the farm animals as they worked or grazed.

As she grew older her hair became quite white, but her eyes were bright as ever and she still remained the active, great-hearted woman she had always been, continuing to paint until the very end of her long seventy-seven years of life. In 1889 Colonel William Cody, whom we all know as Buffalo Bill, brought his Wild West Show to the Paris Exposition. Rosa Bonheur went there to sketch the buffaloes and horses and Indians, which so pleased the Colonel that he gave her a fine little riding horse. If you ever see her picture, "Bison in the Snow," you will know she painted the bison from those in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in Paris.

She died in 1899 after a short illness. At the time she was taken ill, she had plans and sketches for a great many paintings which she hoped to do. When Rosa Bonheur died, the world lost one of the greatest painters of animals it has ever known, and the animal world lost one of its truest friends.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

A STUDY FOR "THE HORSE FAIR"

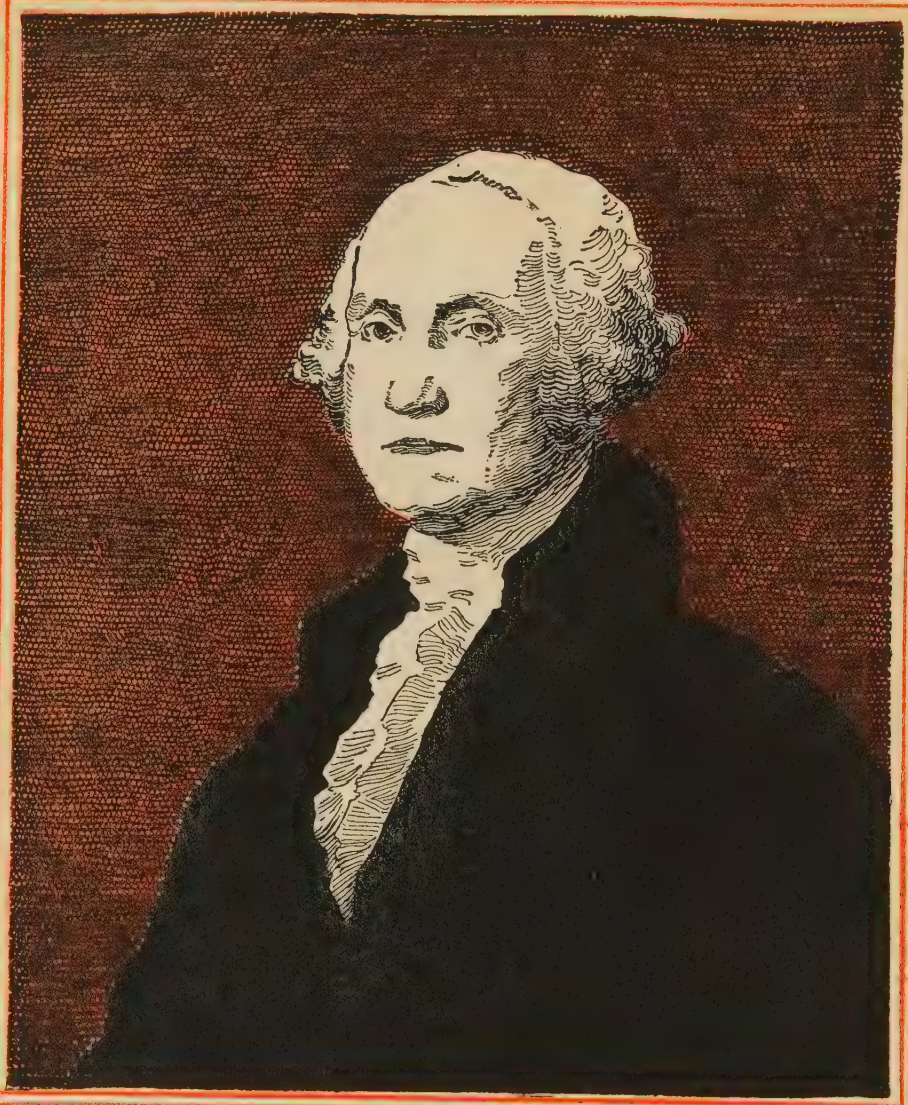
HERE IS MOYA! THERE IS JACK!
THEY FOUND A
CHEST OF TREASURE!
THERE'S A TURTLE AND A PIG!
THE DUCK
IS FOR GOOD MEASURE.

Two little dogs
Went out to walk
And it was windy weather!
For fear the wind
Would blow them off
They tied their tails
TOGETHER

AN OLD NURSERY RHYME

SIXTEEN young men climbed up a tree,
And three of them were fat.
Thirteen of them were very lean.
What do you think of *that?*
The tree they climbed was very tall;
The sixteen men were not.
The sun was big and round and red,
And most exceeding hot.
Yes, *sixteen* men climbed up a tree,
But *thirteen* men got down.
The three, ah me, most surely were
The fattest men in town!
Far up the sky the sun rose high,
That hot sun hotter grew.
Those fat men three up in the tree
Were melted down to glue!

AN OLD NONSENSE RHYME



GEORGE WASHINGTON

"TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAN FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN."

FROM A COPLEY PRINT OF GILBERT STUART'S WASHINGTON

QUOTATION FROM COLONEL HENRY LEE'S EULOGY TO WASHINGTON

TOMMY TUCKER'S WASHINGTON RIDE

"TOMMY TUCKER," called his mother. "Tommy Tucker, tell Harriet to get you ready for a ride."

"Where we going?" questioned Tommy. He didn't ask it very plainly, because he was lying on his tummy, making a parade of lead soldiers across the rug.

"To Mount Vernon," answered Mrs. Tuckerman. "Daddy has to go to Camp Humphreys to see Colonel Taylor, so he said he would take us on to Mount Vernon and let you see where George Washington used to live."

It was fun to be wrapped up in a warm overcoat, with a knitted cap down over one's ears, and then to be lifted into the big roadster and settle down for a long ride.

It was cold when they left Washington, and going over the Long Bridge Jack Frost gave Tommy Tucker's nose such a nip that it was even redder than his cheeks. The drawbridge was open and Tommy Tucker's Daddy had to stop the car while a fussy tugboat with two barges full of sand puffed its way up the river to Georgetown.

From their place in the line of waiting automobiles, they could see the white pillars of Arlington, and Tommy's Daddy pointed out the three great wireless towers on the hill beyond, where every evening the crackling sparks send a wireless message to the station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

They crossed the river into Virginia, passed through the quaint streets of old-fashioned Alexandria, and in an hour were at Mount Vernon where Major Tuckerman left Tommy and his mother while he went on to Camp Humphreys.

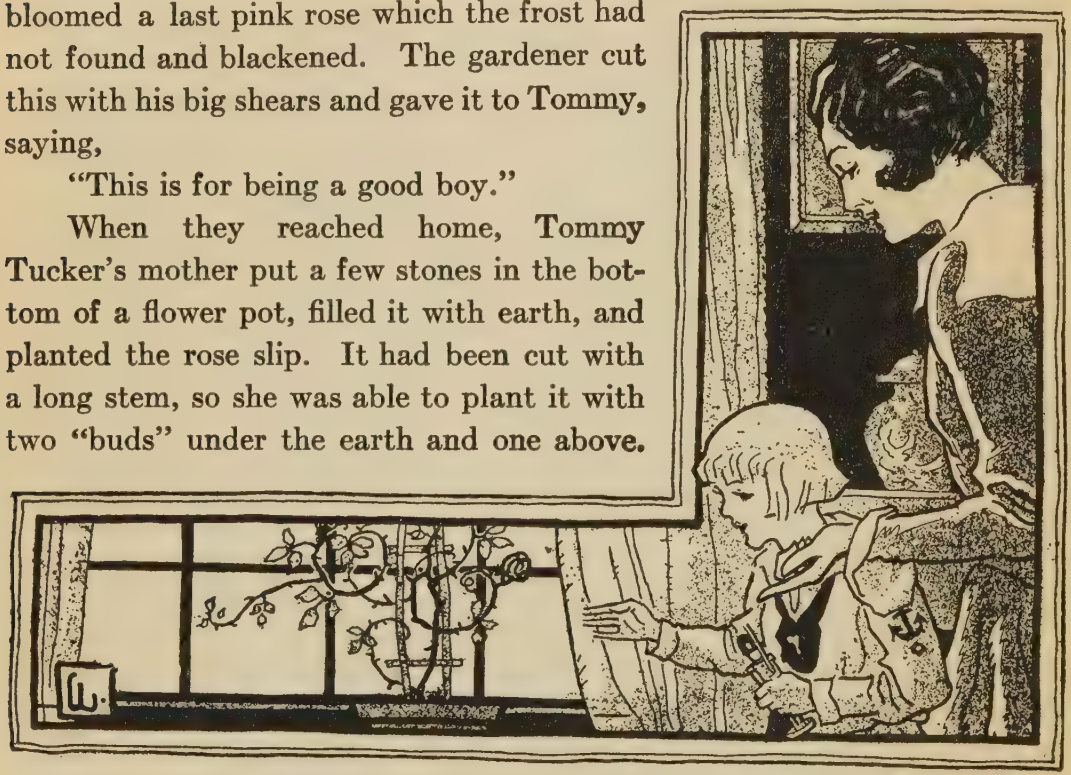
Automobiles are not allowed inside the grounds at Mount Vernon, so Mrs. Tuckerman and Tommy said good-bye to Tommy's Daddy at the gate and walked down the narrow brick path to the old mansion. The boxwood hedge was so much higher than Tommy's brown cap that he felt very small as he trotted along beside his mother, trying to see everything at once.

Mrs. Tuckerman stopped on the wide porch to let Tommy look between the square white pillars, across the sloping lawn, to the broad, quiet Potomac. Then they went through the silent rooms, gazing at the lovely furniture, while Tommy Tucker's mother told him stories of the times when George Washington lived there and the old house was gay with parties and happy guests.

Out in the old-fashioned garden, Tommy Tucker walked quietly beside his mother, never touching the plants or flowers, though he wondered what they were and how long ago they had been planted. On one big bush bloomed a last pink rose which the frost had not found and blackened. The gardener cut this with his big shears and gave it to Tommy, saying,

"This is for being a good boy."

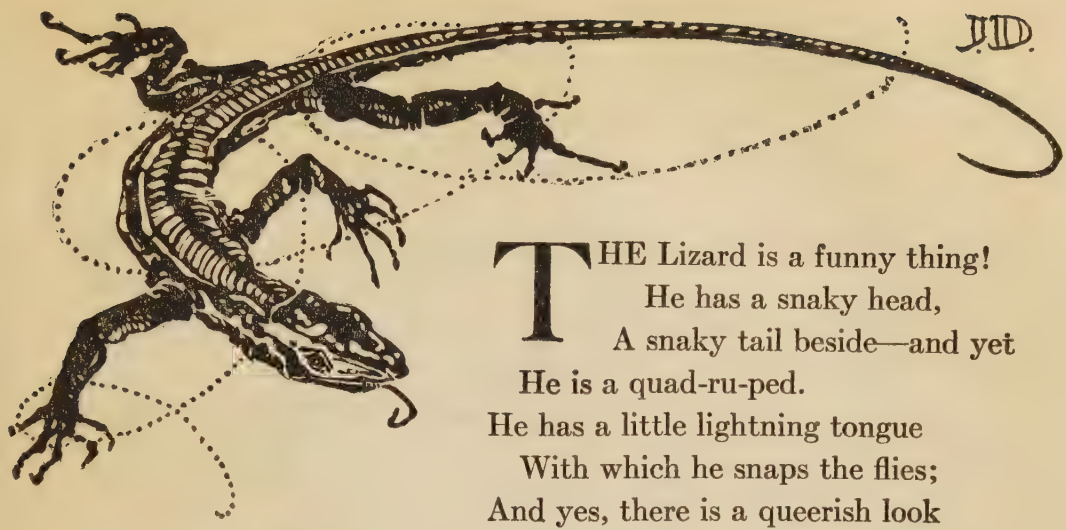
When they reached home, Tommy Tucker's mother put a few stones in the bottom of a flower pot, filled it with earth, and planted the rose slip. It had been cut with a long stem, so she was able to plant it with two "buds" under the earth and one above.



Tommy Tucker watered the rose slip every day for nearly a week, then he forgot all about it. But his mother kept it in a sunny window and never forgot its daily drink of water.

One morning—the 22nd of February—after Tommy had eaten his breakfast, his mother called, "Tommy Tucker, Tommy Tucker, come and see what is on the window sill." And when he got to the window sill there was his little Mount Vernon rose slip—with two tiny leaves it had sprouted to celebrate George Washington's birthday.

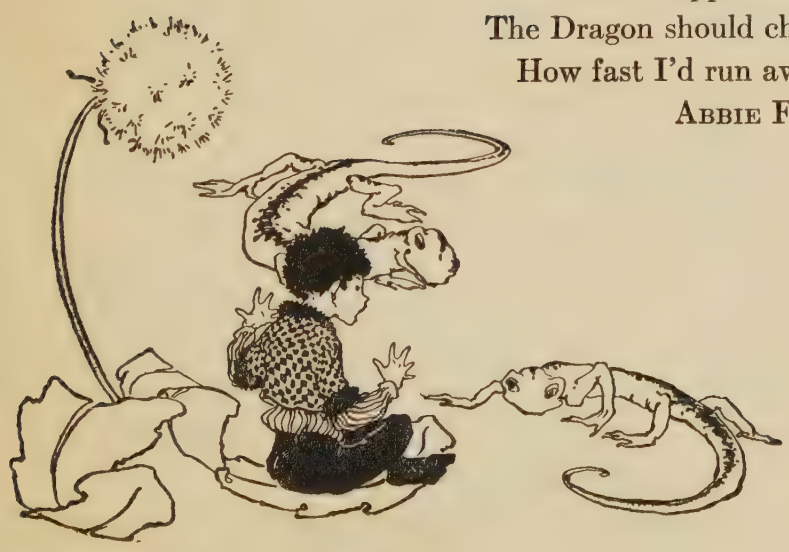
ALBERTA REGESTER DUFFEY



THE LIZARD

THE Lizard is a funny thing!
He has a snaky head,
A snaky tail beside—and yet
He is a quad-ru-ped.
He has a little lightning tongue
With which he snaps the flies;
And yes, there is a queerish look
About his fiery eyes.
I think he was a Dragon once,
With great big pointed wings,
And wicked jaws, and wicked claws,
And teeth, and scales, and things.
I think a Hero sought his den,
And fought a dreadful fight,
Then changed the Dragon by a spell
Into this harmless mite.
I like to watch the lizard bask.
But oh! Suppose some day
The Dragon should change back again—
How fast I'd run away!

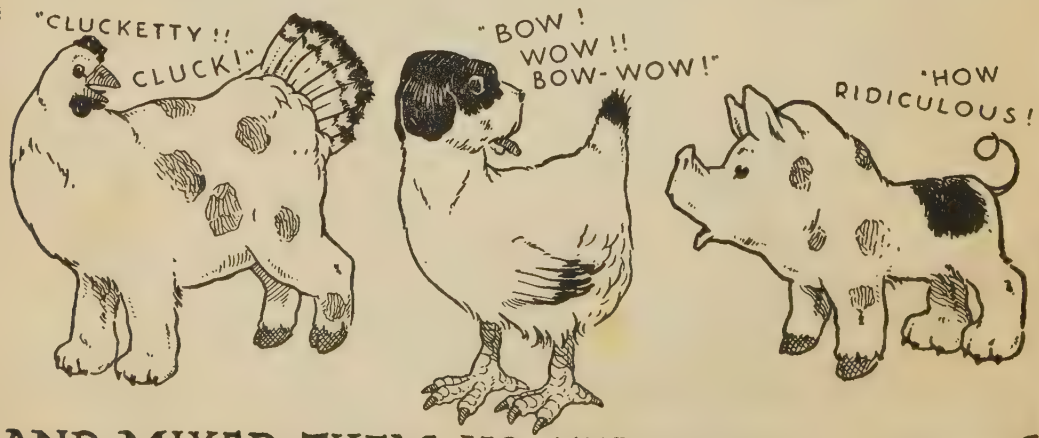
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



PIG and HEN and PUPPY-DOG

WENT OUT TO WALK ONE DAY.

THE NORTH WIND BLEW THEM ALL ABOUT,

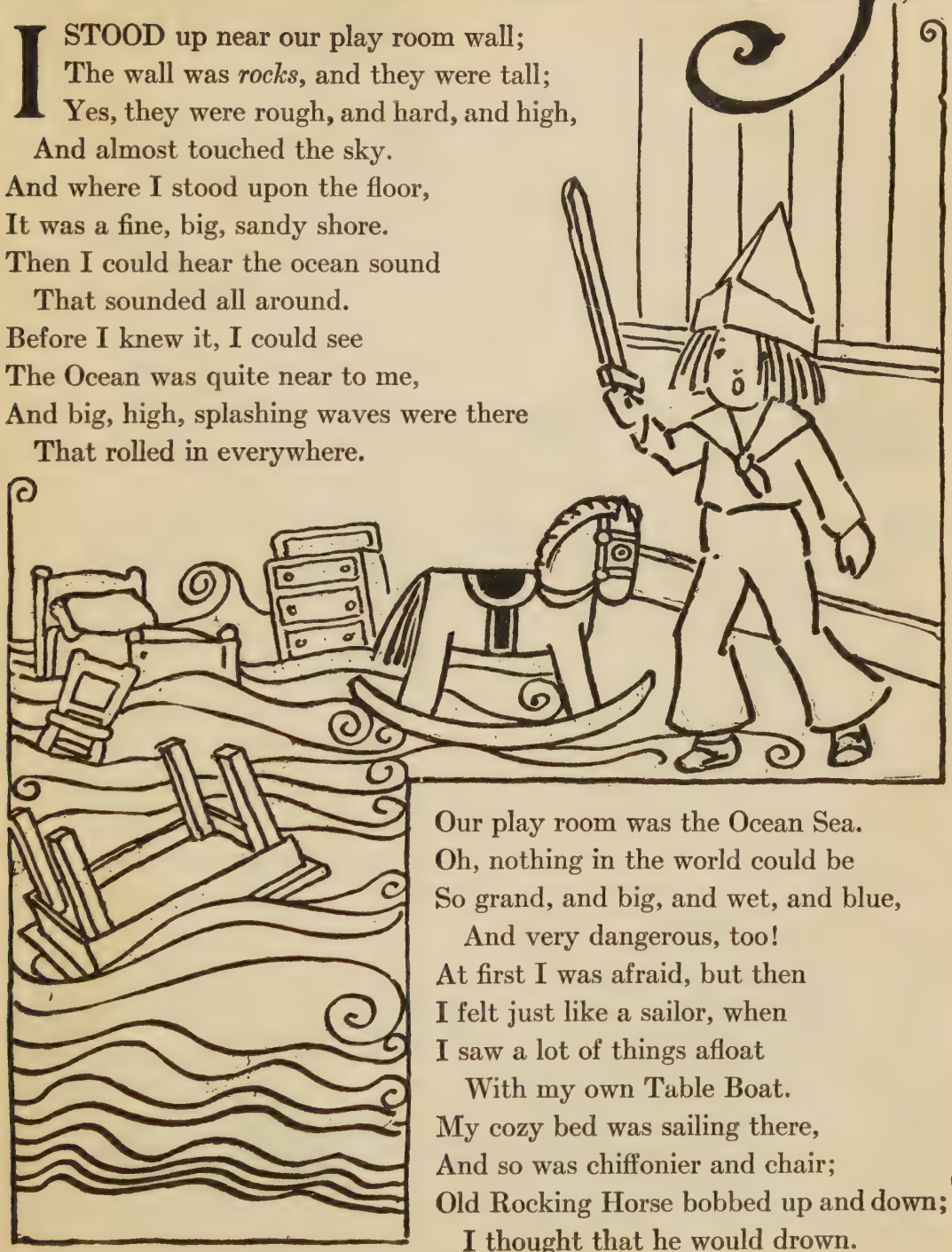


AND MIXED THEM UP THIS WAY.

Jo. McMahon

MY TABLE BOAT

I STOOD up near our play room wall;
The wall was *rocks*, and they were tall;
Yes, they were rough, and hard, and high,
And almost touched the sky.
And where I stood upon the floor,
It was a fine, big, sandy shore.
Then I could hear the ocean sound
That sounded all around.
Before I knew it, I could see
The Ocean was quite near to me,
And big, high, splashing waves were there
That rolled in everywhere.



Our play room was the Ocean Sea.
Oh, nothing in the world could be
So grand, and big, and wet, and blue,
And very dangerous, too!
At first I was afraid, but then
I felt just like a sailor, when
I saw a lot of things afloat
With my own Table Boat.
My cozy bed was sailing there,
And so was chiffonier and chair;
Old Rocking Horse bobbed up and down;
I thought that he would drown.

I make believe my Table Boat
Is just a *ship*, and it can float.
It sails upon the Ocean Sea,
  And steers all right for *me*.
So I ran down across the beach
My boat was almost out of reach;
I threw a rope around the mast,
  And hauled it in at last.
When it was up close to the wharf,
I jumped aboard and shoved it off.
But I was careful not to let
  My Table Boat upset.

Most careful when he goes to sea,
And so I tried with all my might
  To steer my ship just right.
When all was safe and sound aboard;
I sailed my Table Boat toward
An island that was sand and green,
  With palm trees in between.
But I was careful how I went
Because I thought I saw a tent.

And then I gave a sailor-shout,
And pushed my Table Boat far out.
We dashed right up a monstrous
    wave,
  And I was very brave.
Away we tossed across the sea;
I saved old Rocking Horse, for he
Was swimming in the water yet,
  And he was rather wet.
Of course I had to have a flag,
So I soon found a pretty rag.
I climbed right up the tallest mast
  And tied it hard and fast.
You know a sailor has to be

A tent is often apt to hide
Some pirate men inside!
Then I said, "Hush!" to Hobby Horse;
So he kept very still, of course.
Oh, it was dark, and it was night;
I turned out every light.
That island was a mile away;
It had a very pretty bay
To make a pleasant harbor for
A dozen ships or more.
Into that bay I steered my ship
And let our heavy anchor slip;

For ships may drift and come to grief
Upon a coral reef.
And then I petted Hobby Horse,
Who gave his head a frightened toss.
Right to the shore I made him swim
With me on top of him.
We got ashore all safe and sound,
And I began to spy around.
I crept through jungle grass and trees,
Upon my hands and knees.
That jungle-place was dark and deep.
I took a very careful peep
To see if anything was near
That acted fierce or queer.

On through a dangerous place I went,
Until I found the jungle tent.
Then I was brave, because, you see,
I knew I *had* to be.
I had a sword made of a stick,
And it was sharp, and strong, and thick.
If pirate men should pounce on me,
I'd fight them instantly.
And then I saw a fearful sight.
(Old Hobby Horse most died of fright.)
It was a *hundred pirates*, who
Were all a pirate crew.

That pirate crew sat all around
On logs and stones upon the ground,
And in the middle, I could see,
  Was my own family.
My family was captured and
Surrounded by the pirate band.
They were the fiercest pirates, who
  Had swords and pistols, too.
So I stood up, and gave a shout,
And slashed my trusty blade about.
And as for nice old Hobby Horse,
  He pranced and kicked, of course.
Then I was very strong and brave,
So it was right for me to save
My family, because, you see,
  They needed help from me.

Then I began to chase and fight
That pirate crew with all my might,
And I got several wounds that bled,
  But all the crew was dead.
Then all the people clapped their hands
For everybody understands
How brave you are, and useful when
  You conquer pirate men.
Then Mother said, "Come, Dearie, come,
It's time to sail away for home."
So off we sailed across the main,
  And I was home again.
That's how I play on rainy days.
And there are many other ways
To play a game which always brings
  The most exciting things.

JOHN MARTIN

The Little Horned Men

BABY YVETTE WAS OH SO HUNGRY!!

JACQUES was very sad whenever Baby Yvette cried. She cried often because in her home there was not enough bread to eat. There was very little to eat except cabbage soup and a small potato or so. Jacques did not cry, even though he felt very empty after dinner was over. Instead, he sang, and nursed his little sister till she fell asleep. When his own bedtime came, Jacques could not sleep. He was really too hungry, and when he closed his eyes it was to see visions of crusty loaves and all such delicious things which came to him only in dreams.

His father and mother were talking together in the kitchen. Jacques knew what they would be saying. His father would sigh, and wish that good fortune would hurry. Then the brave mother would bid him trust God, who would, perhaps, send a few pennies to-morrow. Jacques could lie still no longer. He would go out and search for wild berries in the ravine close by.

Tip-a-toe, tip-a-toe crept Jacques, and soon he was scurrying as fast as a little rabbit toward the ravine. But, though he searched carefully, he could find no berries. At last, quite tired out, he curled up and went to sleep. He had quite forgotten that he was lying under the Fairies' Rocks, and that it was St. John's Eve. In deep caves under these very rocks lived a race of little men. These tiny people were only a foot high, and were known all over Brittany as the Horned Men. They were peaceable folk, and grew angry only when rude boys called after them, "Cona! Cona!" for that reminded them of their ancient enemies—the ducks.

THERE WERE NO MORE BERRIES!

JACQUES CURLED UP
AND WENT FAST ASLEEP

Jacques was far too wise to call, "Cona! Cona!" This night he was awakened by the sound of singing coming from underground. This is the song he heard:

All the herbs and grasses
That grow on St. John's Eve
Must every one be harvested
Before the night doth leave.

REAPING
HERBS

As the song ended, a door in the rock wall was opened, and out poured troops of little men dressed all in red. Their hair and beards were long; and peeping from beneath their caps, in the middle of their foreheads, were two little horns. Each of the dwarfs carried a quaintly carved sickle.

Jacques knew that, it being St. John's Eve, they had come to reap the magic harvest which starts growing at nightfall and must be gathered before daybreak. Jacques was a good boy, and not a coward, but his voice was a bit shaky as he scrambled up and sang the verse which his grandmother had told him the Horned Men love to hear:

Ric rac, ric rac! Gay, Gay!
This is the d-day to get one's p-p-ay.

As soon as the Horned Men heard the song, they ran to Jacques, crying,

"Get up and help us with our harvest and thou shalt have a gold crown for thy pains!"

How Jacques laughed, and how he worked! A whole gold crown! *What* a big breakfast that would buy!

"GET UP! GET UP! GET UP AND HELP!"

Before the first sunbeams came a-peeping, *all* the harvest was gathered in, and the dwarfs had just one hour for turning all their magic gold, piles of which they have hidden away. This magic gold must see the light once a year, or it becomes red and of no use. Such a hustle and bustle as then began! The Master dwarf beckoned to Jacques and cried, "Help us, help us, and thou shalt have *two* crowns!"

MAGIC GOLD!

Jacques helped with a will at turning the glittering gold. And what do you think the Horned Men gave him in reward? Not only *two* crowns, but *all the old red gold which last year they had not had time to turn!* Jacques wrapped the gold in his coat and went home, staggering under the load.

When his father saw the gold he was delighted, and together they went to the nearest goldsmith.

The goldsmith turned the red gold into glittering yellow gold. With it Jacques' father bought a castle, a wood, a windmill, and twenty-five farms, all of which belonged to Jacques. Not being one bit greedy, he gave a farm to each of his relatives, and with his father, mother and little Yvette lived in the castle as happily as could be.

Once a year, in gratitude, he went to help the Horned Men gather their harvest. And—don't laugh, for it is *said* to be quite true—he *never* kept ducks on his estate because they were the enemies of his best friends!

MAY WYNNE

John Gutenberg The Magician

IN A city over the sea there is one of the most famous churches in the world. It has but one steeple. There is nothing strange about a church with one steeple—unless it was meant to have two. This church was supposed to have two steeples, but only one has been finished and the other looks as though it had been broken off.

A magician lived in the city while the steeple on this church was being built. That was years and years ago,—longer than the great grandmother of your great grandfather could remember.

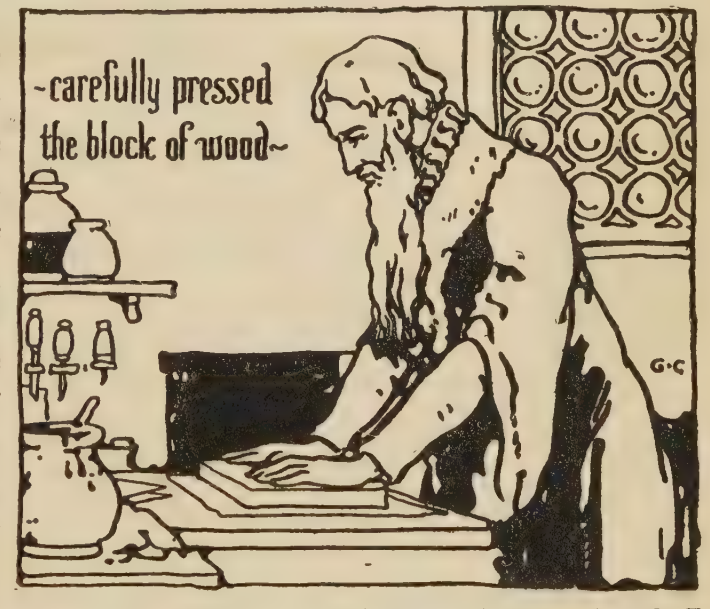
You would never have known that this man was a magician. For a long time he did not know it himself. Neither did the city folk think that he was a

magician; that is, not when they first knew him. His name was John Gutenberg. He looked very much like the other men of the city. His beard was long and wavy. He wore a loose cape with a fur collar, and his shoes were long and narrow and pointed.

For several years the city folk, passing by, saw him cutting and polishing diamonds or rubies in the little front room of his house. If they were rich enough, they went in to buy some of the beautiful stones.

But as time went by, he did not sit in the front room. He sat in the back room, and would let no one enter it except his wife. The workmen in the front room often wondered what he was doing, and the city folk wondered why they no longer saw him in the shop. Gutenberg was not polishing gems in the little back room. He was carving something on a block of wood.

One day, after he had finished the shape he had been carving, he made some ink. Then he covered the face of the carving with the ink. Next, he carefully pressed the block of wood, face downward, on a piece of paper. When he lifted the block up, there on the paper was the picture of a saint!

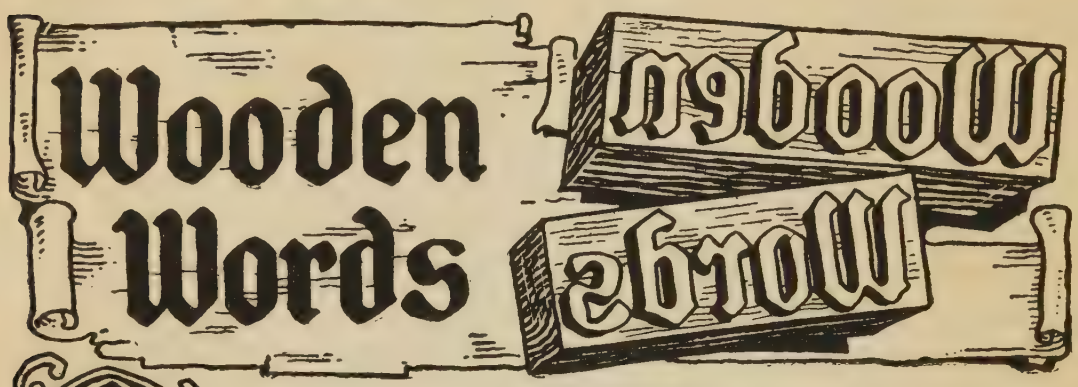


It took a long time to paint the pictures which hung in the church I told you about. With his block of wood, Gutenberg could make pictures of the saint as fast as he could press the block to the paper. But he dared not tell any one about it except his wife. If he had told, people would have thought he was bewitched. Then they would have put him into a dungeon. Perhaps they would have burned him.

Gutenberg took a picture of the saint to a priest of the church with one steeple, and sold it to him. In a little while he took another, and then another, and another. But he dared not tell the priest how he made them.

The good man thought Gutenberg had painted these beautiful pictures.

A brother priest did not believe that pictures could be painted so quickly. He said to the other priest: "Have nothing to do with that fellow. He has sold himself to the Evil One. Otherwise, he could not make such perfect pictures so quickly."



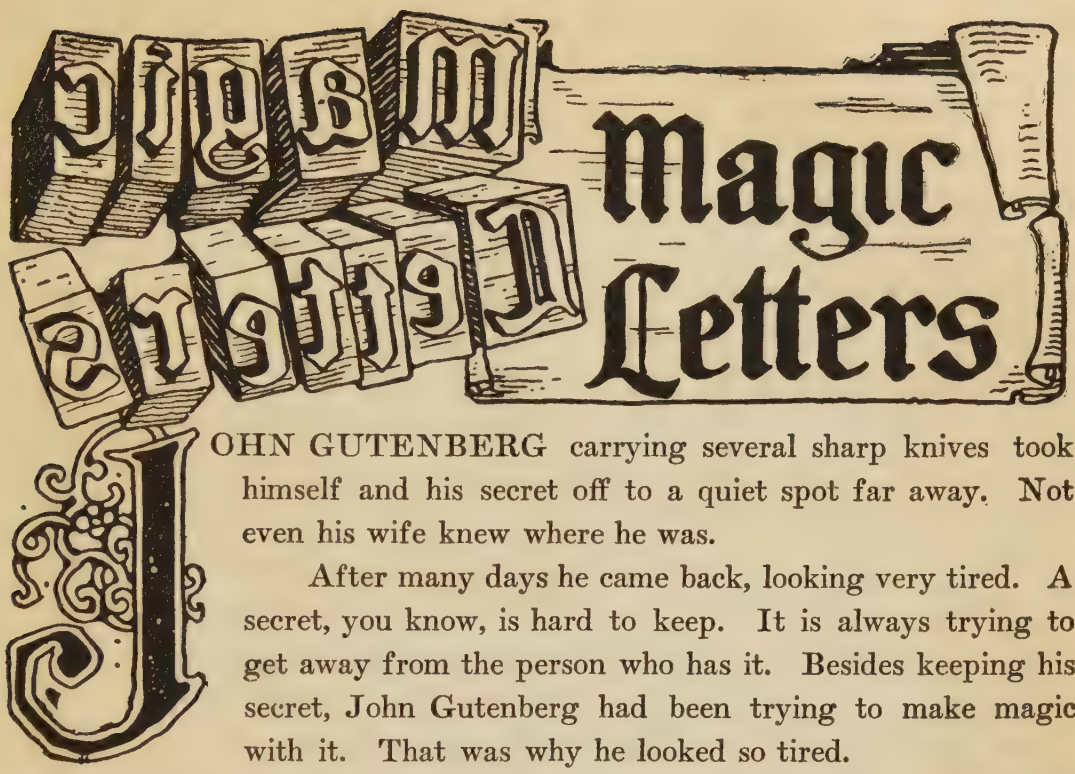
GRADUALLY Gutenberg learned to cut words on blocks of wood. Then, under the carving of the saint, he put words that told something about him. He even made blocks that would print a whole page full of words.

It was hard work to make the wooden words, especially when he had to make enough for a full page. Sometimes when the block was almost finished, it would split. Then Gutenberg would have to begin all over again.

One day a single letter accidentally broke away from the word to which it belonged. Gutenberg threw the rest of the word away and started to throw the letter after it. Instead of doing so, he kept the letter in his hand and sat very still, looking at it.

There was nothing more magical about this letter than about any other. He had made many just like it before. For all that, as he sat there looking at the letter in his hand, he was becoming a magician.

At last he drew a long breath and stood up. His eyes were bright with joy. He was happy, oh, so happy. But he trembled. That was because he was a little frightened, too. He knew he had become a magician and could work wonders by means of the great secret he had learned from the broken-off letter. Nobody in all the world had discovered that secret before, and only he, in all the world, knew it then.



JOHN GUTENBERG carrying several sharp knives took himself and his secret off to a quiet spot far away. Not even his wife knew where he was.

After many days he came back, looking very tired. A secret, you know, is hard to keep. It is always trying to get away from the person who has it. Besides keeping his secret, John Gutenberg had been trying to make magic with it. That was why he looked so tired.

He brought back from his hiding place an armful of blocks made of apple-tree wood. On these blocks he had carved—what do you think? Why, all the letters of the alphabet.

With these separate letters he could spell any word he wanted to spell. If a letter wore out, it was much easier and quicker to make another one than it was to make a whole word.

What is more, by putting the right letters together, he could print a whole word. By putting enough words together, he could print a whole line. When he had enough lines, he could print a whole page, and he could do it much more quickly than when he used to cut all the words on one block.

To print in this wonderful way with movable letters was the secret Gutenberg had learned on the day he became a magician, and nobody but he knew the secret.

Before long, John Gutenberg printed whole books in this new, magical way. Shouldn't you think everybody would have been glad to have books made quickly so that they might have more of them to read? Gutenberg's neighbors were not glad. They were frightened. They thought he could

not make books so quickly without the help of a wicked spirit. They remembered the words of the priest, and said: "Surely, this man has sold himself to the Evil One. How else could he work such wonders? We must drive him away, or he may harm us with his magic."

Of course, Gutenberg would not have hurt the city folk with his magic letters. Nevertheless, they made him leave the city of the famous church.

But he would not give up his magic. He took his secret to another city and went on printing books. After he had learned to use lead for his letters instead of wood, he made books faster than ever.

He kept his secret for a long time, but before he died, he taught others how to print. That is why you can read this story instead of having it told to you.

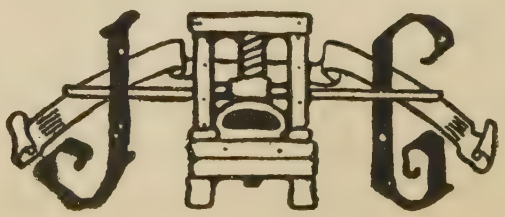
EVIE CORNEY

THE MAGIC of printing, which gives us the history of every other invention, tells us little about itself. The world knows not much more than we are told in this story.

Gutenberg was born in Mainz about the year 1400, nearly a hundred years before America was discovered. His parents were of noble birth, but were obliged to flee to Strassburg because of a quarrel between the rich and the poor. There, in the city of the cathedral, the lad John grew up and did much of his work, not returning to his native city for twenty-six years.

Gutenberg's life was full of trouble, for he was always lacking money to carry out the plans he dreamed of. But he printed the first book ever printed, the Bible, which made him one of the world's greatest men. He died thirteen years after completing this great work, unknown and poor. Four hundred years later his native town raised a monument to his name, but he did not then need their honor. His fame was known the world over.

H. W.



FROM A DRAWING BY
H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR

MY THREE SHIPS

1

I SENT three Ships a-sailing
Out on the ocean sea.
My ships were very stalwart Ships,
And all belonged to me.

2

My First Good Ship was laden
With LOVE for everyone;
But as for fear and malice, O,
That good ship carried *none*.

3

The Second Ship bore Honor
And Purpose well begun;
But as for priggish pride of self,
That good ship carried *none*.

4

My Third Good Ship was freighted
With Smiles and Laughs and Fun;
But as for moods and sulky fits,
That good ship carried *none*.

5

I sent three Ships a-sailing
Across the ocean sea,
And I believe they'll all come back
With all good things for me.

NOTE.—The above drawing is taken from a group of Nursery post cards by H. Willbeek Le Mair.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

"BUZZ, h-m-m, h-m-m-m, this is my busy day," said Young Bee.

"I should think that every day might be called your busy day," laughed big Blue Flower near which Young Bee was hovering. "Why, you have your bag nearly full of honey already, and so early in the morning, too."

"I have need to be busy," said Young Bee shortly. And without more ado he settled down upon one of Blue Flower's pretty blossoms. He poked his head inside the blossom's cup and with his long, narrow tongue he sucked up the honey that was stored away down at the very tip end of the cup.

"Buzz, h-m-m-m, thank you," he said.

"Thank *you*," nodded the flower, for inside her cup Young Bee had left some beautiful golden powder. His soft velvet coat had been quite covered with it when he came to Blue Flower. Many of the blossoms he had visited during the morning had had tiny flecks of yellow dust near their tips and some of this dust clung to Young Bee's coat.

"I must save some powder," he had said.

So with a tiny brush on his leg made for the purpose, he had taken off a part of the dust and put it into the little pockets on his legs. Some of this would be food for the hives. The rest he would carry to the flowers.

"Thank you again," said the flower, warmly. "I don't think you can know what a help you have been to me. I am a mother plant and, without this pollen you have brought to me, my baby seeds would never come to life and grow into beautiful flowers."

"I suppose there are other ways you might get your pollen, though," said the bee, not wishing to claim too much credit for himself.

"Yes, the wind might happen to blow me some, but one can never be sure. There are mother flowers more fortunate than I," she sighed, "for they have the pollen growing on their own stems. Then the breeze has but to shake the pollen down upon the seeds. Tell me, Bee, how do you find the flowers so easily?"

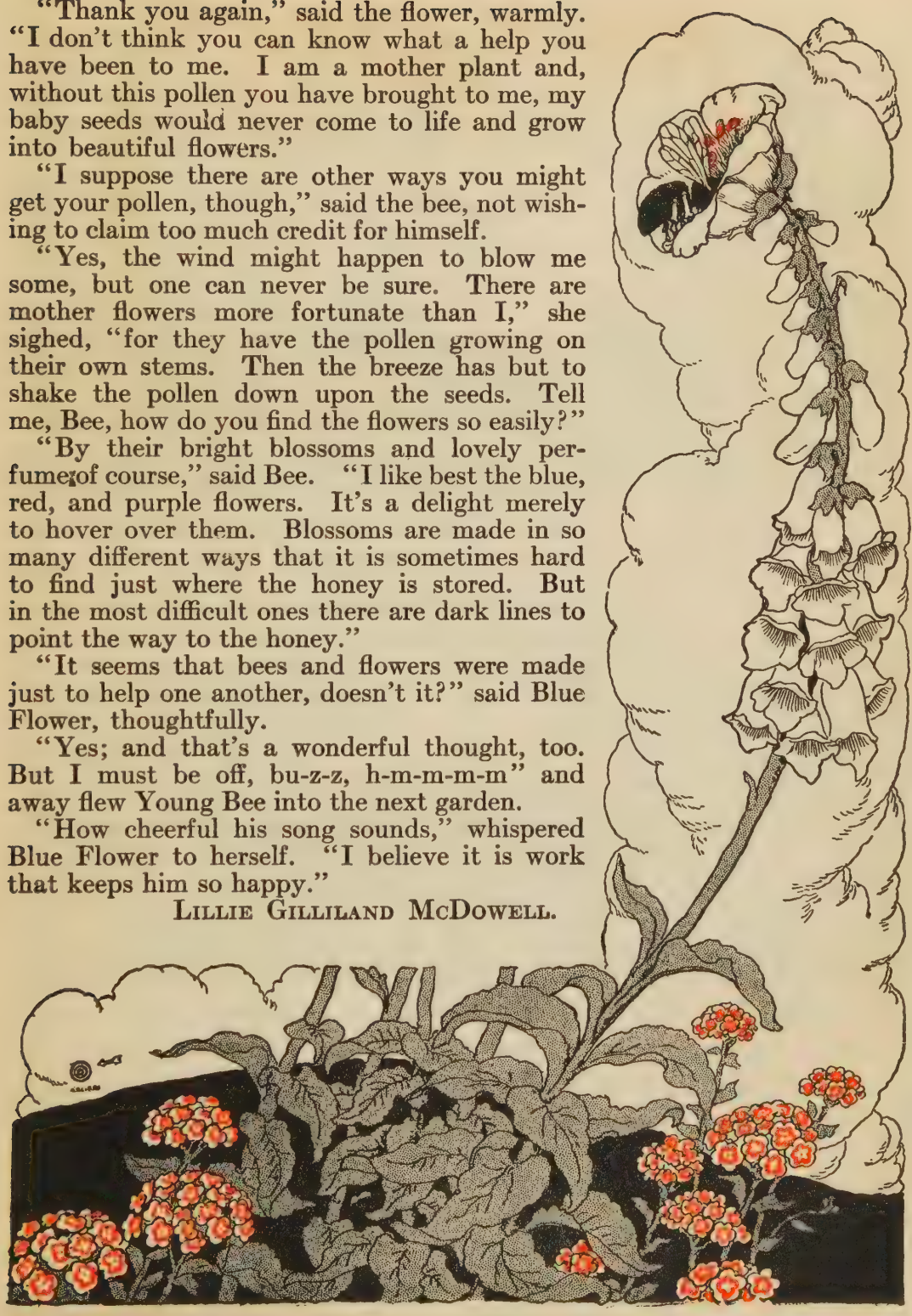
"By their bright blossoms and lovely perfume, of course," said Bee. "I like best the blue, red, and purple flowers. It's a delight merely to hover over them. Blossoms are made in so many different ways that it is sometimes hard to find just where the honey is stored. But in the most difficult ones there are dark lines to point the way to the honey."

"It seems that bees and flowers were made just to help one another, doesn't it?" said Blue Flower, thoughtfully.

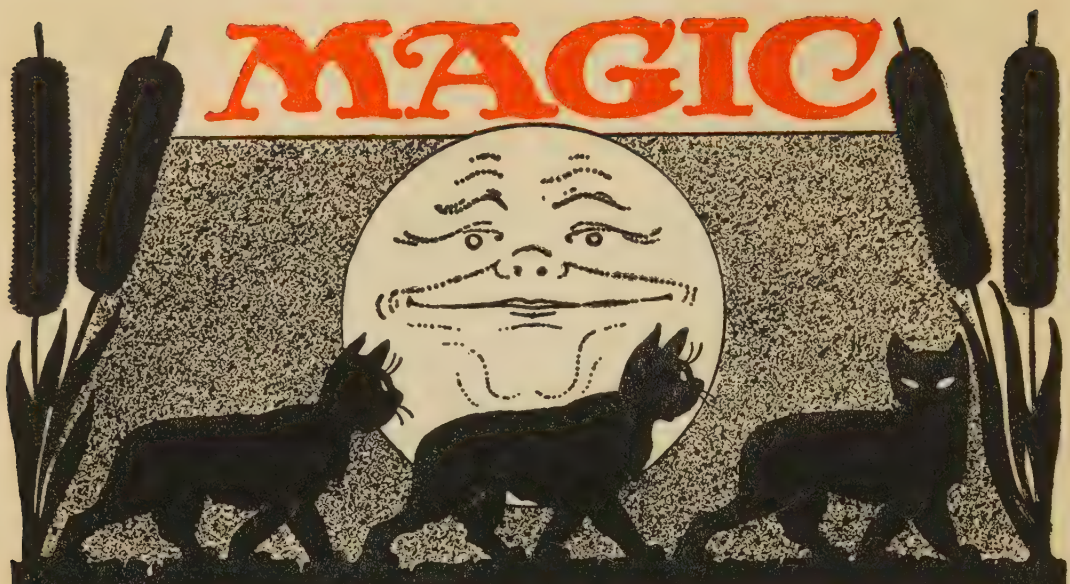
"Yes; and that's a wonderful thought, too. But I must be off, bu-z-z, h-m-m-m-m-m" and away flew Young Bee into the next garden.

"How cheerful his song sounds," whispered Blue Flower to herself. "I believe it is work that keeps him so happy."

LILLIE GILLILAND MCDOWELL.



MAGIC



THREE pussy cats who had no tails, (as may be very plainly seen)
Went for a walk and little talk one magic Hallowe'en.
Alas, alack! 'Twas very sad and most unfortunate, I ween
To have no tails to wave about on magic Hallowe'en.

They walked a bit and talked a bit o'er little meadows nice and green
Until they came where cat-tails grow on magic Hallowe'en.
They wished for tails with all their might, with very patient sighs between
When suddenly they got some tails on magic Hallowe'en.

When happy wishes come to you
. And merry hopes that mean
Much to your blessed little hearts,
Just wish, on Hallowe'en

The Friendly Chickadee

I WONDER if any of you children have had such fun with chickadees as Little Polly Piper and her brother had last winter. Polly and Ted sleep on a big, sunny porch, and about the house are tall elm trees. One December day mother said:

"We'll hang some suet on the tree nearest the porch, and we'll put a piece on the sill. Then you and Ted watch and see what will happen."

So Father got the ladder and hung up the suet, and Polly and Ted watched and watched. The very next morning a funny, harsh scream woke them. They peeped out from their warm blankets, and sure enough —hungrily pulling bits from the suet was a big, bright blue-jay! When he saw the two little heads bob up over the sill, he flew away. But he must have spread the news in the woods on the top of the hill, for before mother called them to breakfast, Polly heard a tinkling "Chickadee—dee—dee!" Out they peeped again, and there were three plump, jolly chickadees, hanging to the suet and hammering it with their sharp little bills.

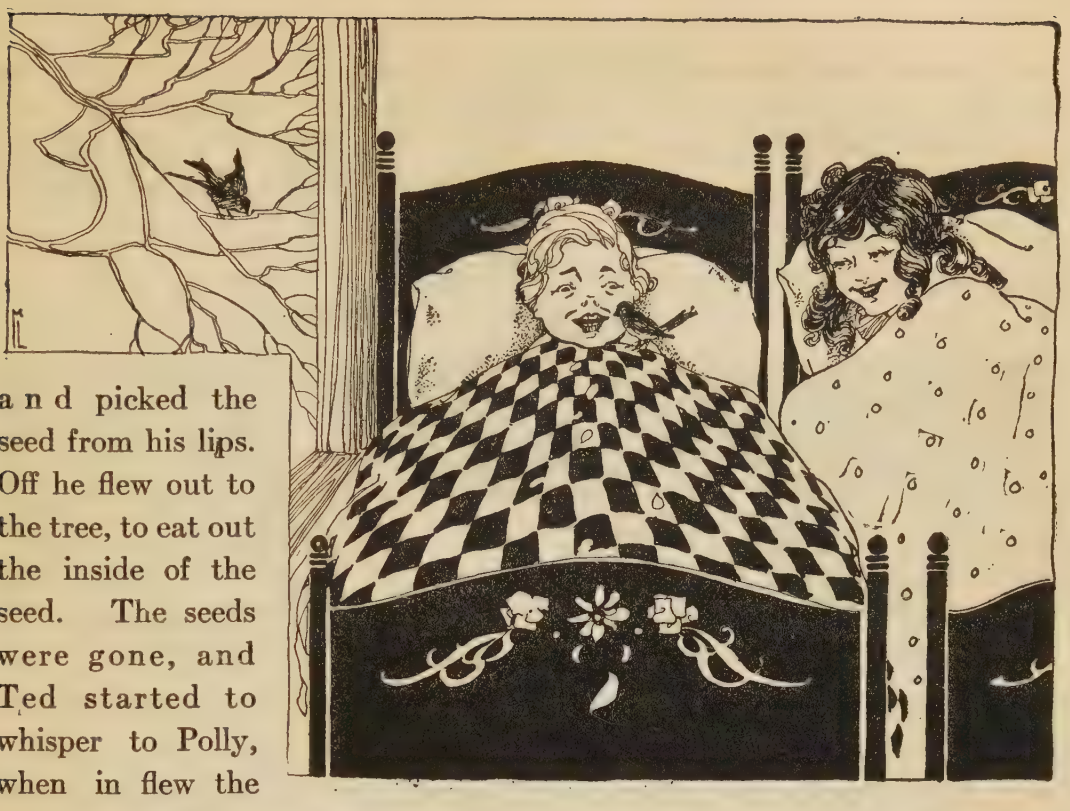
The next morning Ted opened his eyes first and saw, on the sill of the big open window, a brave, black-capped chickadee, looking curiously at the two small beds. Perhaps he wondered what big birds lived in those funny nests! Ted tried not to wiggle, but he was so excited that he really had to squirm a bit—and the curious little bird quickly flew away. That day Mother gave them some pumpkin seeds to put on the window-sill. Father hung an ear of yellow corn on the tree, to keep the greedy blue-jay from eating too much suet. After that, the chickadees came two or three times every day and flew into the porch and hopped about on the floor.

One afternoon, the day before Christmas, there was a snow-storm,

and Mother tucked the children in snugly for their afternoon nap. Then she scattered some pumpkin seeds on the two beds and went away. Soon, far off, Polly heard the clear "phoe-be" calls and the happy "chick-a-dee-dee" songs coming nearer and nearer. She nodded to Ted and they lay very still. In through the snowflakes fluttered five chickadees and straight to the beds they flew, picking up the seeds to carry away. Out on the limbs of the tree and sometimes on the window-sill they put the seeds down flat and pecked away at them. Up and down the blankets they hopped—*almost* to the children's noses. My! but it was such fun, and it was *so* hard to keep still!

The next afternoon Mother slipped some of the seeds in among Polly's black curls and made a trail of seeds straight up the blankets to Ted's red mouth. They waited and waited, but the birds didn't come. Polly grew so sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open and soon she was sound asleep. What do you suppose woke her? A queer little pull on one of her curls! A daring chickadee had tried to pick out a seed and had tangled his cold little feet in a big curl! Ted was sitting up in bed with his hand over his mouth, trying not to laugh. Polly gave a happy giggle, the chickadee gave a frightened jerk, and away he went.

On Christmas Day, at nap-time, Mother again made a trail of seeds up to Ted's red mouth, and tucked one between his lips. Before long, in flew several chickadees. They hopped about on the beds and sang "Chickadee-dee-dee!" in such a merry way that it sounded like "Christmas—merry—merry—Christmas!" Up toward Ted's nose they hopped, and suddenly one gave a quick hop



and picked the seed from his lips. Off he flew out to the tree, to eat out the inside of the seed. The seeds were gone, and Ted started to whisper to Polly, when in flew the chickadee and hopped again to Ted's mouth. No seed in sight! The little bird's shining, sharp, black eyes looked so eager and curious, that Ted's lips parted in a grin—he really couldn't help it. To his surprise the chickadee stood on tip-toe, stretched his neck, and looked into Ted's mouth. That's exactly what he did! The mouth opened wider in astonishment—so wide that the red cave, with its two rows of shining teeth, startled the chickadee. With a frightened squeak, he almost tumbled backward and forgot to hunt for pumpkin seeds.

When he tucked his sleepy head under his wing that night, in the shelter of a big pine tree, what do you suppose he dreamed about?

RUTH B. SYLVESTER.

Peter's Own Cake

"WE'LL put the candles here and here and here and here, and one in the middle," said Aunt Jane, "and pansies around the plate."

"Five candles for little Peter! Think of it!" ejaculated Aunt Harriet.

"Shut the pantry door when you come out," cautioned Aunt Emily. "We don't want him to see it before tea-time."

After dinner Aunt Harriet and Aunt Jane went to what they persisted in calling a Board Meeting, though Peter, who had been to one, knew there were no boards at the meeting. However, the aunts dressed and took the one-forty-five car.

Then Aunt Emily took the Atlantic Monthly and the guinea-feather fan and composed herself for the forty winks she took every afternoon. Grandpa, on the piazza, with his handkerchief over his head, was busy with *his* forty winks.

"Better play still, or Aunt Emily will say, 'Go take a nap'," Peter warned himself.

He looked at his birthday picture books. He sorted his birthday marbles. He drew pictures on his birthday blackboard. He tried to spin his birthday top. But he needed a string for that.

The string bag was in the pantry.

Peter stood by the pantry table looking at the cake.

And the cake shouted *PETER* in red sugar letters.

"It is my own cake," he said, for Peter could read.

"It is my own cake," he repeated, "and I can smell of it if I please."

Peter was pleased to smell of it. Moreover the smell of it pleased him.

"It is my cake, and my name is sometimes Pete." Peter's eyes dwelt upon the *R* that wasn't needed, and his mouth watered.

The *R* came off easily enough, and it tasted rich and sweet.

"It is my cake, and it looks just as well as ever," said Peter, "and my name *is* Pete."

He continued to muse over the fact that Pete is Peter and Peter is Pete; and while he was musing, a perfectly awful thing happened. The *E* got eaten!

Then, indeed, was Peter aroused and indignant. The cake now said in plain terms, *PET*.

"It is my own cake," Peter said firmly, "and it shall not call *me* Pet."

There was but one thing to be done—or three at the most.

Peter cured the cake of saying Pet.

"It is my own cake, and it looks just *about* as well—"

Peter paused. He looked at the cake, and looked at it. Then he left the pantry quietly, and went up the back stairs on tiptoe.

When Aunt Emily called him to supper, he pretended he didn't hear.

When Aunt Harriet called, he said, "All right," but he didn't go down.

Then Aunt Jane called, and he went right along.

All the aunts were at the supper table, and Grandpa, very cheerful after his nap, was just sitting down.

Peter's cake, in a pansy wreath, was in the center.

The aunts didn't pay the least attention to it, but Grandpa couldn't seem to see anything else. He looked at it and looked at it.

"Et," he said admiringly, "My! isn't that so! Who do you suppose 'et' it, Jane?"

"Did you read the President's message, Father?" asked Aunt Harriet.

Of course, Grandpa didn't say anything more about the cake after that. Peter hoped the house would get afire or he would come down with mumps before the time came to cut it. But it didn't and he didn't. Aunt Harriet and Aunt Jane talked about the Board Meeting, though, mind you, there wasn't a board in it. And then Aunt Emily lifted the cake and set it in front of him, and Aunt Jane gave him a knife, and Aunt Harriet said, "Now, Peter, cut your cake."

And now was Peter faced with the grave task of dividing two letters and a lot of rags of icing among four people, all watching him intently.

Peter scowled horribly. "I could give the *P* to Grandpa, if I had it," he thought regretfully, "an' I could give the *T* to Aunt Harriet, if I had it, an' I could give the *R* to Aunt Jane, *if I had it.*"

But they were gone.

After severe thought and many false starts, Peter divided the T between Aunt Jane and Grandpa. Aunt Harriet got the E. He scraped what frosting he could and served it to Aunt Emily. And then, feeling unable to stay at the table any longer, with a brief " 'Scuse," he slipped from his chair and went out into the garden.

By and by Grandpa came out for the slow walk he and Peter always took together before they went to bed.

Together they inspected the carrots and lettuce and peas. The beans had reached the tops of the poles at last. There were neat green buttons on the tomato plants. Among the vines there was another baby squash.

Grandpa did the talking. Peter held his hand, and was still.

And so by way of the marigold border, they came to the pansy bed, Grandpa's favorite spot, and Peter's.

"It was my own cake," Peter said in a low voice.

All the pansies raised their eyebrows at Peter.

"That's so," agreed Grandpa promptly. And the pansies raised their eyebrows at Grandpa.

Peter cleared his throat. "But I hadn't any business—"

"That's so," Grandpa repeated, and the pansies beamed affectionately on them both.

"I'm sorry," said Peter, and immediately felt a great deal better.

"Next time I bet you'll be a good boy," predicted Grandpa comfortably.

"Yes, sir; but it's a whole year to wait."

"Maybe not. Chances to be a good boy come pretty thick." Grandpa tickled a yellow pansy with his cane. "I'm 'most eighty-two," he chuckled. "And I get chances every day."

And the next afternoon, Peter, helping Aunt Jane tie up tomato plants, was sent to the pantry for a string.

On the pantry table was the cake, or its twin, shouting *PETER* in loud red letters.

And, mind you, when supper-time came, Peter cut the cake, and there was a letter, a whole letter, apiece.

JESSIE PENNIMAN WHITE

POLLY HELPS MAKE A CAKE

A Little Story for Very Little Folk

POLLY was going to the store!

When Mother began to make a cake for dinner, she found that she had no raisins.

"What shall I do?" she said to Polly; "Your father is very fond of raisin cake. If Jack were here, he could go."

"I can go," said Polly. "I know the way."

"Yes, I believe you can," said her mother. "I will write a list for you to give to Mr. Blake. Father will be very proud to think his little girl helped to make a cake for him."

"Will it be helping to go to the store?" asked Polly.

"Of course it will," said her mother.

Polly waited while her mother wrote the list. Besides the raisins, she wrote nuts and sugar.

Polly put the list in one of her pockets and started. She had to go around two corners before she came to the store.

Mr. Blake was waiting for her.

"Why, Polly Brown," he said, "are you big enough to come shopping all by yourself?"

"Yes, I am," said Polly. "I want some raisins, and some nuts, and some sugar."

Mr. Blake laughed. He gave her the package, and Polly went back around the two corners.

"Here are the raisins," she said to her mother, "and here is the list. I didn't need to give it to Mr. Blake. I knew what you wanted me to get."

That night Father said that the cake Polly helped to make was the best one he ever ate.

SIDNEY BALDWIN

WISE MRS. YELLOWTHROAT

"NO—no—no!" scolded Mrs. Yellowthroat, flapping her wings and snapping her tail.

"I beseech you—I beseech you—I beseech you!" sang Mr. Yellowthroat.

His yellow breast shone in the spring sunshine, and his black mask made him look a very determined little bird. He wanted to build the nest in a nice little low bush, but his wife said no, for she remembered that last year they had built in a nice little low bush, and Red Squirrel had found the nest and eaten her three white spotted eggs. Mr. Yellowthroat promised to keep Red Squirrel away this year, but she was afraid. And it was time to build the nest.

"Let us consult wise Mr. Ovenbird," suggested Mr. Yellowthroat.

They flew to a quiet pine grove where they heard Mr. Ovenbird calling loud and louder, "Teacher — teacher — teacher— TEACHER — TEACHER!"

"The only proper place for a nest," said Mr. Ovenbird when he had heard their troubles, "is in dry woods, on the ground, among dead leaves. And roof it over, as I do, and have a door on the side, well-hidden. Then you will be safe from

Ovenbird's nest.

everything, animals, hawks and people. Nothing ever finds my nest."

"I can't agree with you," twittered Mr. Ruby-throated Hummingbird, resting in the air on his swiftly whirring wings. "Build on the tip end of a high branch. Not a great, clumsy nest that every one can see, but neat and small and covered with lichen to look like a knot in the wood. That's perfectly safe."

Nighthawk's big ears heard them, and she stretched her mottled body on the mottled branch where she looked just like the wood.

"We can't all be as small as you, Hummer," she said, "so your idea won't do for us. Mrs. Yellowthroat, follow my example and don't build any nest at all. Lay your speckled eggs in a rocky hollow in the pasture. No one can see them if you choose a spotted rock, and they will be all right."

Mr. Oriole flashed down from the green branches to propose a high hanging nest, but Mrs. Yellowthroat did not like any of the suggestions.

The Yellowthroats flew back to their swamp, and as they hunted for a nesting place Mrs. Yellowthroat saw Black Snake wriggle over the ground. Suddenly he stopped, hissed at something and hurried away. She wondered what had frightened him. It seemed to be a tall sturdy plant with thick, bright green leaves and a strong smell. Mrs. Yellowthroat did not mind the smell but the

animals all avoided the plant. Mrs. Yellowthroat watched. Soon she saw Mr. Red Squirrel leaping by. He too, stopped, sniffed at the plant and leaped away, disgusted. Then Mrs. Yellowthroat knew that there was the place for her nest.

Mr. Yellowthroat agreed, and they began at once. They worked so hard that they never noticed Nighthawk watching them from the blue sky. Mrs. Yellowthroat laid five spotted eggs in the new nest and stayed at home to keep them warm. Mr. Yellowthroat brought her food and was too busy even to think about the other birds. So the Yellowthroats never knew that Nighthawk had told Ovenbird and Oriole and Hummingbird about the nest in the skunk cabbage, and that all their neighbors thought them very silly and pitied them for living in a smelly skunk cabbage plant!

But when the baby birds hatched and the parents flew about hunting insects for them, they learned that a little Screech Owl had picked all the Oriole babies out of their hanging nest and eaten them. And that a girl had found Ovenbird's hidden side-door and brought so many people to see it that Mrs. Ovenbird was all tired out scolding at them and trying to get them away by pretending to have a broken wing, and that Hummingbird's tree had blown down in a gale, and a stray cow had stepped on one of Mrs. Nighthawk's eggs in the

pasture. The Yellowthroats were very sorry for their friends.

Late in the fall they went again to the pine grove. The birds were there, getting ready to go South.

"Follow me—follow me—follow me!" sang Mr. Yellowthroat, proudly, and five strong young sons and daughters flew after him.

"What a fine family you have!" said Mr. Ovenbird.

"We had a nice home. No one disturbed us," replied Mr. Yellowthroat. "We were very particular about the location."

Mrs. Yellowthroat looked at the birds who had advised her about nest-building. She saw lonely Mrs. Oriole. She saw tired Mrs. Ovenbird. Then she looked at her own five strong children, and she was glad.

"Yes," she said. "Our new home was a great improvement on the old one. We shall build there again next year. Good-bye, friends. We are starting South."

The Yellowthroats flew out of the wood, and as the other birds heard their cheery calls of "Follow me—follow me—follow me—" they decided that they would surely follow them in one way—they would look very carefully before they built their nests another year and try to choose as safe a place as Mr. and Mrs. Yellowthroat found in the skunk cabbage.

BERTHA CURRIER PORTER.

WE have a strange little girl at our house. She is very *systematic*. Do you know what that means? Ask Father or Mother. For everything she wants to do, she makes a plan. I will tell you about her tree-climbing plan.

One day this little girl, whom we will call Prudence, went to visit another little girl, Elizabeth. They had a lovely time together, for they live in the country; they waded in the brook, and the big brother took them for a row on the pond, and they fed the chickens and ducks, and played with the collie dog, and picked some roses and some lovely, big, ripe strawberries. Late in the afternoon, our little girl came home, and we could see that she was making one of her plans. But we didn't ask any questions.

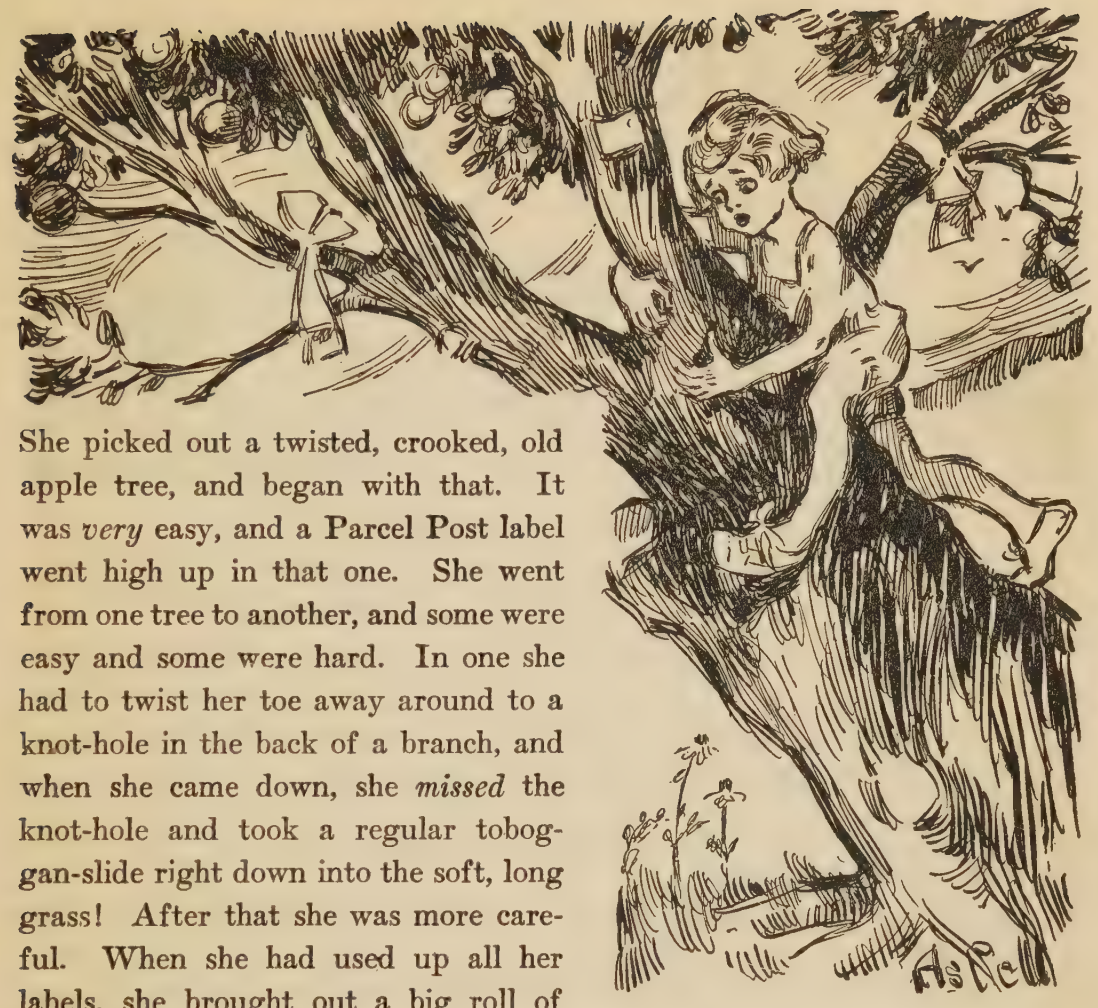
Next morning when Prudence came downstairs, how do you think she was dressed? You'd never guess in the world. All she had on was a pair of tight, tight rompers, that belonged to her little brother, and a pair of old sneakers. The rompers were so small that they looked as if her mother had sewed them on her, and the buttons pulled at the buttonholes just the way a dog pulls when he's tied to a post by a rope!

In her hand Prudence held a package of Parcel Post stickers.

"Well," said Mother, "what are you going to do? Play circus, or trapeze, or tight-rope walking?"

"Not any of those things," said Prudence. "You see, I found out yesterday that Elizabeth can climb trees a great, great deal better than I can—she can climb any tree in their orchard, way up to the slimmest little branches. To-day, I am going to practice climbing trees. I am going to climb every tree in our orchard, and I am going to stick one of these Parcel Post stickers on the highest branch I can reach in each tree, and then, the next time I go up to spend the day with Elizabeth, I shall be able to climb *just as well as she does.*"

Then she went out-of-doors, through the garden, and into the orchard.



She picked out a twisted, crooked, old apple tree, and began with that. It was *very* easy, and a Parcel Post label went high up in that one. She went from one tree to another, and some were easy and some were hard. In one she had to twist her toe away around to a knot-hole in the back of a branch, and when she came down, she *missed* the knot-hole and took a regular toboggan-slide right down into the soft, long grass! After that she was more careful. When she had used up all her labels, she brought out a big roll of white crepe paper ribbon, and tied bows on the high branches. When her father came home and saw his orchard all trimmed up with labels and bows, he thought there must have been a doll's wedding out there.

Prudence practiced a little more the next day, and the next, and soon she could climb trees every bit as well as Elizabeth. Don't you think Prudence is an ambitious little girl? There's another big word that popped out when I wasn't looking!

AGNES STONE HAYES

TAKING THE LAST ONE

THERE is a little game that has a trick in it, and if you can once get the way of it into your head, you will seem to be very clever and you *will* be clever. Behind it, there is a great mathematical principle, but you don't have to know anything about that in order to play the game.

Only two can play. All you need for the game is a handful of buttons, or beans, or pebbles, or any other small objects, about twelve or fourteen of them. Throw them down upon the table and say: "We'll take turns drawing. We can draw either one or two, each turn; and I can always make you take the last one, no matter what you draw." Then, you go ahead and prove your words.

This is the secret. At first, you must play so that there will be left on the table for him to draw from—*one more than a multiple of three.* That will be thirteen, ten, seven, or four. Then, after you have once done this, all you have to do is to take one if he takes two, and take two if he takes one. That will make it always come out right and leave the last one for him to take. The best way is to try this by yourself and then you will *see* how it works out, if you are clever.

Your friend will puzzle over it a great deal, but he will never guess how you do it, you may be sure. And, after he has puzzled over it good and hard for as long as you think he ought to, you can tell him the secret and you two will be partners in the mystery.

ALICE A. KEEN

LYING IN THE SUN

THE LITTLE BIT OF A PUPPY AND THE BUMBLEBEE

THE-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy was lying in the sun on the edge of the back porch, at Grandfather Brown's. He was glad that he and his Mistress Dorothy had come to spend vacation in the beautiful country. It was very, very pleasant there in the sun. The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy's short, shining black nose kept wrinkling happily every little while, as he drew a deep breath and cuddled into a still more comfortable position.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide. Such a queer sound, close by. He cocked up one ear, and listened.

"Bzzzz!"

He looked all about, but he could see nothing new or strange.

"Bzzzzzz!"

He cocked up the other ear.

"Bzzzzzzzzz!"

Still there was nothing to be seen. The sound seemed to come from among the squash-vines, at the farther end of the garden.

"Bzzzzzzzz!"

There it was, at last! Something roundish, and black-and-yellow, and fuzzy-looking. It had come right out of a squash blossom! And then it went into another at once. If The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy had not been

"BZZZ! BZZZ!"

watching very closely he would not have seen it at all.

"Bzzzzzzzzz!"

It was very strange—and very interesting! The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy was no longer sleepy, not one bit. He jumped down from the piazza, and scampered right over the cucumber bed, and the clove pinks, and the lettuce, and the sage, and the petunias!

"Bzzzzzzzzz!"

Now which blossom was the creature in, anyway? It was very hard to tell where the sound came from!

"Bzzzzzzzzzz!"

The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy tiptoed along, from one blossom to another, poking his shiny little black nose into each.

"BZZZZZZZZZ!!!"

The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy had found the right blossom! Out came the funny, roundish, black-and-yellow, fuzzy-looking creature, and rose right into the air! He jumped up after it as high as he could, but it was of no use. He could not reach it.

"How I wish I could fly!" sighed he. "I –oh, it's coming down again! It's coming down again!"

Yes, down it came, and lighted on the edge of another blossom. Then in it went.

"Now's my chance!" said The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy to himself. "It shan't get away so easily this time. The idea of such a creature coming into Grandfather Brown's garden, and eating up his squash blossoms!"

Then he poked his shiny black nose right into the blossom, just as quickly as he could!

"Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi!"

"Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi! Oh, Mistress Dorothy, do come quickly! Do!! Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi! Kiyi!!!"

And Dorothy did come, running as fast as she could, from the front piazza, where she had been reading in the shade.

"Whatever is the matter, Pupsy?" she cried, looking all about. She could see no signs of a tramp, such as once tried to steal her Pupsy, or of a big live lobster such as once got out of its pail, and nipped his soft little paw.

"Whatever is the trouble, Pupsy?" she asked again, picking him up, and looking into his teary eyes.

"Kiyiyiyiyi!" whimpered The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy softly, the tears running down his little black cheeks.

He snuggled in Dorothy's arms, then wriggled around, to look over her shoulder toward the squash vines.

"Bzzzzzzzz!" came from a big squash blossom.

"Ah, now I know!" cried Dorothy. "You tried to catch a bumblebee! Let me look at your nose."

"Mmmmmmmm," murmured The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy.

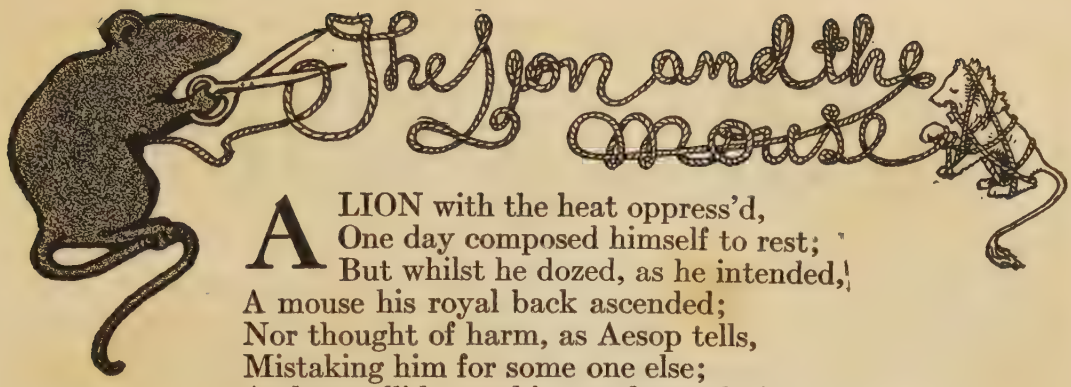
"Ah," said Dorothy. "I see a lump on your poor little nose. Poor Pupsy! I'll get Nora to help me poultice it all up comfy. You were a brave Pupsy to try to catch the saucy Bumblebee!"

"Mmmmmmmm," mumbled The-Little-Bit-of-a-Puppy. "I'll make him face me, next time!"

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

PERHAPS I am a tiny mouse;
My voice a little squeak,
But I can show the patience and
The *wisdom* of the weak.



A LION with the heat oppress'd,
One day composed himself to rest;
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse his royal back ascended;
Nor thought of harm, as Aesop tells,
Mistaking him for some one else;
And travell'd over him, and round him
And might have left him as he found him,
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear!
Who straightway woke with wrath immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
"You rascal, what are you about?"
Said he, when he had turned him out.
"I'll teach you soon," the lion said,
"To make a mouse-hole in my head!"
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling, tiny brute;
But he, (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'ner a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after this,
The lion chanced his way to miss;
When pressing forward, heedless yet,
He got entangled in a net.
With dreadful rage, he stamped and tore,
And straight commenced a lordly roar;
When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,
Attended, for she knew his voice.
Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, she did at length;
With patient labor she applied
Her teeth, the network to divide;
And so at last forth issued he,
A *lion*, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,
Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest or the least despise.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.
(*About 1820.*)

MADAM SPIDER

PART II

THAT gorgeous black and gold matron, Madam Garden Spider, is a very grand person, for she is large and important looking,—sometimes measuring two inches from tip to tip of her outstretched legs. Nor is she hard to find. In almost any field or garden in the high grass or low growing bushes she will spread her great circular web, she herself like a jewel set in the centre ready to catch the unwary fly that bungles into her trap.

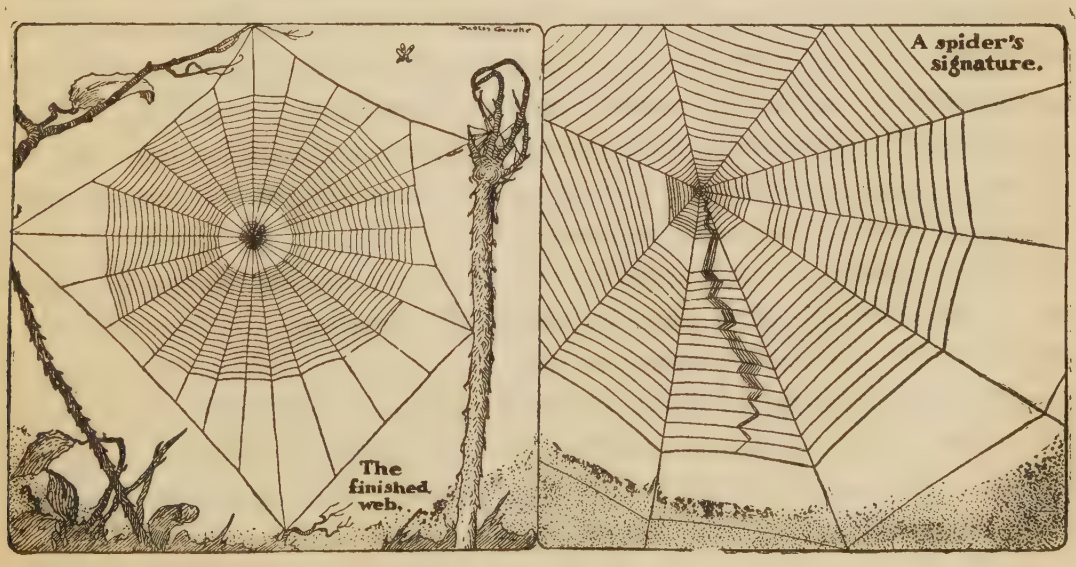
For the web she builds in a few hours, she uses in proportion to her size, what would be two miles of rope, if she were as large as a man. This snare is hung up and down that insects on the wing may be caught as they fly. Her first step is to span the distance to be covered, very much as the engineers of the Brooklyn and Niagara suspension bridges must have done. But the engineers knew just where their attachment was to be made. Not so, Madam Spider. She tilts her body upward and floats out a long streamer depending upon the breeze to carry it for her. It may touch a twig, a log, or a fence post. As soon as it has fastened itself, she at once draws the line tight and runs across to see if the attachment is secure. If the support satisfies her, she begins to lay other *boundary* threads until she has spanned the outside of the space she plans to fill. This is her foundation or frame.

Making a web.

Now she stretches one solitary thread directly across her space. In the middle is a little, round silk cushion which will mark the centre of the finished web. With a sort of wild disorder she goes to work at the spokes of her wheel. She runs back and forth, dives, climbs, giving out her thread all the

time. Strong and sure she makes all the outside fastenings, each time returning to the centre to pull the line tight and pile up on the little central cushion what thread is left, matting it with her claws to give the wheel a solid hub. Clever engineer that she is, Madam does not lay her spokes all around in regular order. So doing she might drag her work out of line. When she has set a few spokes on one side, she leaves them and, going over to the other side, she lays the opposite spokes. In this way they pull on each other equally and keep the web straight.

When the rays are all fixed, you will find them beautifully regular. Each kind of Garden Spider uses a certain number of rays. Without measuring instruments of any kind, the little spider divides her space almost as evenly as we could do with a compass. Now, her spokes complete, she takes her place on the central cushion and begins slowly to turn around. She is making her resting floor. Starting at the centre with a fine thread, she moves from spoke to spoke fastening a close spiral. Suddenly her thread becomes thicker and with coils of rapidly increasing width she fills her space with a great circular web. Do not think this is the finished trap. Except for the resting floor, which will remain, this is but the scaffolding on which she will stand while making her final web. Now, beginning at the outer rim, she works her spiral into close lines. Her two hind legs, which are her weaving instruments, are constantly in use. One leg draws the thread from the spinnerets while the other fixes it to the proper spot on the ray. As she proceeds, she gathers up the scaffolding and packs it in small bundles

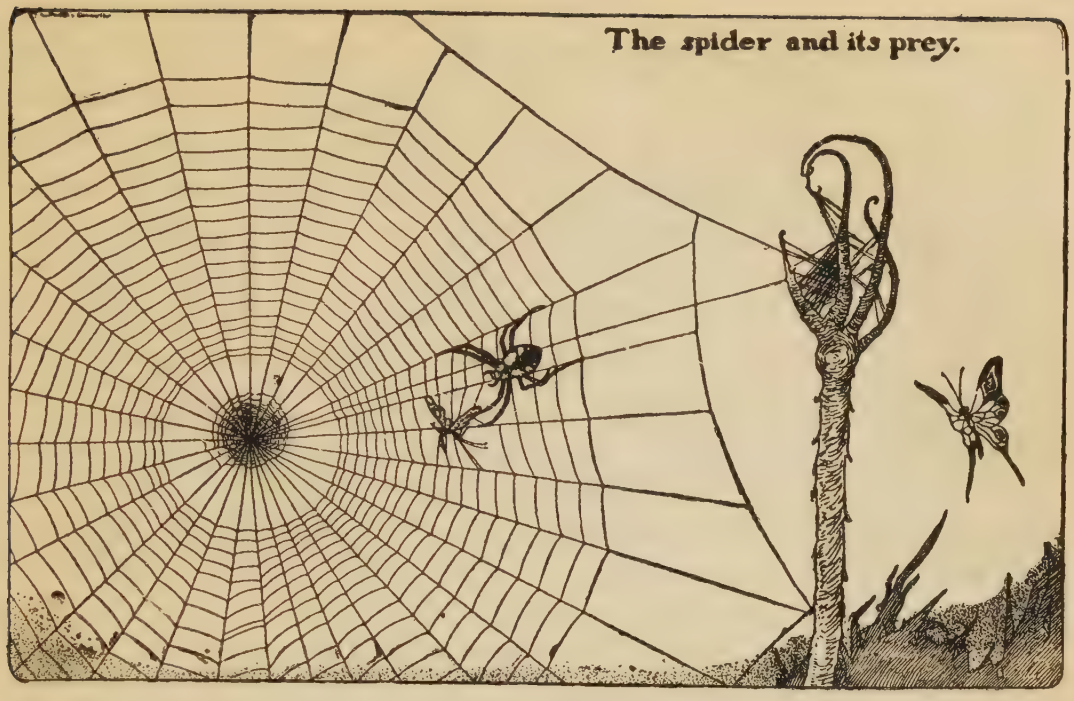


on the web. At some distance from the centre, she abruptly stops. Then she rushes to the centre to remove and, we might think, to throw away the silky cushion. But no, there is no waste in Madam Spider's household. She pulls it up and eats it that it may store up material for future webs.

As the old spiders build, so do the young ones. There are no learners in this trade, all know their craft from the first thread that they spin. Some spiders write their names on their webs. That is, they stretch a broad ribbon in a zig zag from the centre to the lower edge which, besides giving it strength, adds a signature to their work and if you are familiar with spider writing, it will tell you from which particular group of the spider race the worker came.

There are spiders so proud of their handiwork that they use it for home as well as trap and spread themselves pompously in the centre to await their prey. But the cleverest huntress is nowhere to be seen. Hidden away in a dark chamber from twenty inches to ten feet distant, she keeps watch. But she is not without communication with her sun parlor. She has a telegraph connection and her foot is never removed from the key. When her web was finished there remained but one addition to make it perfect for her use. It must be wired! At the centre from which she removed the thread cushion she secures her trap line and carries its free end back to her retreat. By this signal she has a true report of what is happening down below. The moment a fly or insect strikes her web, she gets the message. Quick as a flash she is on her resting floor, this time using her telegraph wire as a bridge. The struggling fly has set in motion the spoke thread nearest him and thus shaken the centre with its attached wire. Standing with her eight legs spread over her resting floor she learns the direction of the trouble. If her prey is small, she pounces upon it, gives it a stab or two with her fangs full of numbing poison. She may eat it at once if she is hungry. If not she will hoist it away for a leisurely meal later.

If her victim is large or poisonous, there are various things she may do. Spiders are not courageous and they will sometimes cut from the web and let fall to the ground creatures they fear to attack. More often, however, they will drop liquid silk on them, sweep clouds of silk over and around them. Sometimes a strand of silk is cleverly wound around the struggler and by a deft turn the little huntress will set the body in motion spinning it around until it is hopelessly bound and she can bite it into dullness. There



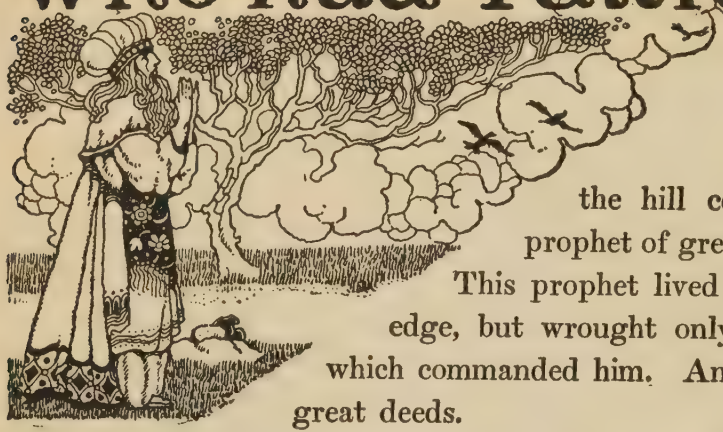
The spider and its prey.

are spiders that make a spring net which collapses as soon as the trap line is loosed. But that destroys the web and demands a new one for every victim.

Perhaps you wonder how it is possible for the little mistress to run about her web so freely when an insect that touches it is held fast. That is one more wonder in the little architect's work. When she makes the frame, scaffolding, and the wheel spokes of her snare, she uses a tough, dry thread. Even her resting floor is fashioned with this material. But the great spiral into which the victims will fall, is a sticky and elastic cable. Under the microscope it seems to be hung with tiny drops of glue. Fabre, the great French naturalist, tells us that the threads are closely twisted like the gold cord of officers' sword knots and that they are hollow and contain the gummy liquid that oozes through. The stretching,comes from unrolling their twist. When Madam Spider runs upon her game, she uses the tight rope of her wheel spokes, the snare threads of the web not being touched by her feet. But if she *should* come in contact with the gummy strands, she need have no fear; for the oily covering which makes her waterproof protects her as well from being caught in her own snare.

HELEN WALDO.

The Man of God Who had Faith



THERE once lived in Gilead, which was in the hill country of Palestine, a prophet of great wisdom called Elijah. This prophet lived not by his own knowledge, but wrought only by the word of God which commanded him. And it was so that he did great deeds.

Now when he had waxed old in the work and had become known throughout all the countries for his wonderful power, God tested him by a new command. He commanded the prophet to leave all those peoples who believed in him and whose blessing was great upon him, to go to another land and there, alone, to hide his face from his companions. The place where Elijah was commanded to go lay before Jordan, and was beside a brook called Cherith. It was a lonely spot where no food was, but Elijah questioned not, going as the Lord commanded him and hiding himself by the brook. As he approached, there was neither bread nor flesh to be seen in this place, but God had promised that he would send the ravens to feed his servant, and Elijah knew that it would be so. His thirst, too, might be quenched by the clear, cool waters of the brook.

So Elijah hid himself and slept and offered thanksgiving for what was to be his, though he saw it not. For this man of God said not, as others might have done: "I see no creatures here, not even the ravens that the Lord, my God, hath promised, and I have no sling with which to bring food with the pebbles of Cherith." But Elijah waited and slept in faith, and in the morning, lo, he wakened. And as he wakened, there was spread before him on a rock near the brook a breakfast of bread and flesh, and he beheld, flying afar, the ravens that had brought the food as his Lord had said. Then Elijah arose and was satisfied and quenched his thirst at the brook.

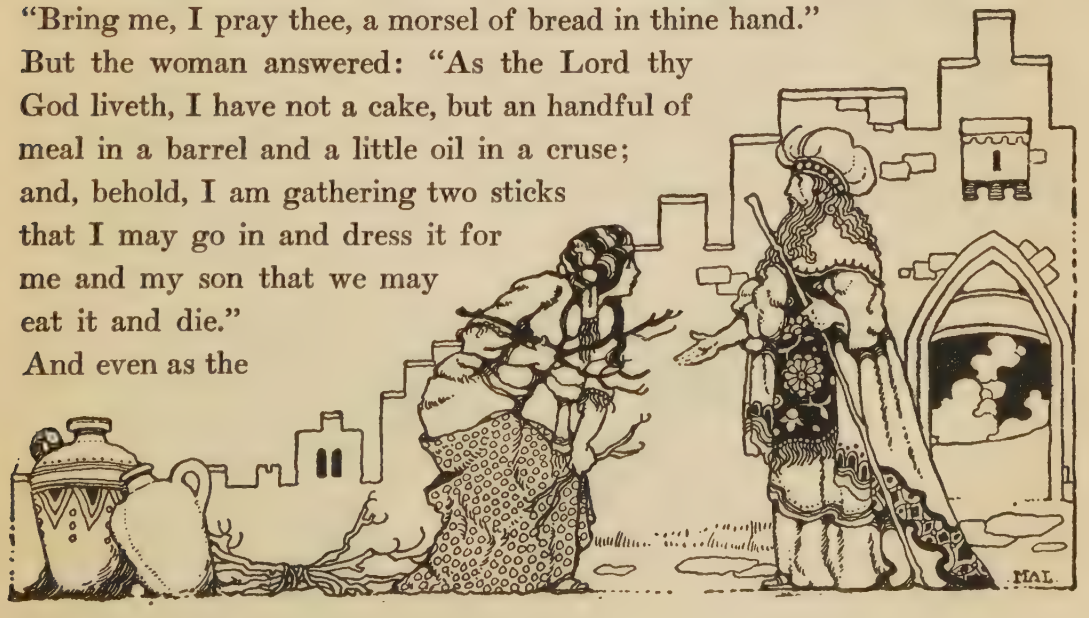
Every night and every morning the bread and flesh were provided, and the prophet partook in faith and was increased in strength. Neither, at any time, did he doubt nor did he long that more delicate food should be brought him. But he waxed stronger in faith and gave thanks as he drank of the cool waters of the brook called Cherith. And Elijah missed not the multitude of the people who had followed him, for God was with him.

But after time had passed by, the brook was dried up. Still Elijah's faith was not shaken, and he waited. And the angel of the Lord, as a great voice, came to him as he fell upon his face in prayer, and spake thus: "Arise, get thee to Zarephath which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there; behold I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee."

Then did Elijah arise as the Lord commanded, and made his way to Zarephath. And it was a goodly journey, so that when he reached the gates of the city, he was weary and a-hungered. And there was a woman just within the gates, and she was busy gathering of sticks. Thereupon the eyes of the prophet, as they saw her, were anointed and he knew that the woman within the gates was the widow to whom he had been sent. And it was so that Elijah thirsted greatly and he called, addressing the woman, and said: "Fetch me a little water in a vessel, that I may drink." And when the woman looked upon the stranger, she turned to fetch the water as he had asked. But Elijah also hungered and he said again: "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand."

But the woman answered: "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son that we may eat it and die."

And even as the



woman spake thus, the voice of the Lord came to Elijah and it said just as though the prophet himself were speaking: "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first." And when the woman had obeyed and had brought Elijah a little cake, he told her from the Lord that the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil should not fail until the day that the rain should once more come upon the land.

Then for many days Elijah dwelt in the house of the widow and her son, and the food failed not. But the woman did not yet understand the power of the Lord, and her faith was only of sight. Then it so happened that her son, her only beloved child, sickened and grew ill, sore unto death. Then did the woman bewail and cry out grievously to the man of God, saying: "What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? Art thou come unto me to condemn me and to slay my son?" And she forgot the cruse of oil and the handful of meal and all the goodness of God.

And as she bewailed and cried out thus to him, Elijah bowed his head and called upon God, for his faith was strong within him. But the woman knew not the true faith which sustaineth in sorrow as in joy.

And Elijah said: "Give me thy son," and he took him from his mother's bosom and bore him aloft to his own humble chamber and to his own bed. And he cast his body upon the body of the child and prayed to God that His will might send restoring strength. And once more the man of faith called unto God: "Oh, Lord, my God, I pray Thee, let this child's soul come unto him once again." And God sent back the soul of the youth and he revived. So was answered the prayer of faith.

And when Elijah brought the living child to his mother, she cried out: "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

WHO KNOWS FRANK?

MARY where did you put my hat?
Mary, where did you put my ball?
Yes, I've hunted them everywhere
In the study and in the hall!

Mary, where is my spelling-book?
And where is my new umbrella?
I know I'll be late to school to-day,
Please, come and help a fellow!

Now, my cap has disappeared!
I know I put it on the rack.
"Oh, Master Frank, why don't you look,
It's there behind your back."

But, Mary, where's my 'rithmetic,
I studied it last night,
I put it with my other books
And strapped them, good and tight.

"Why, Master Frank, I found that book
Upon the study floor.
You threw it at your Brother Joe
When he whistled at the door."

Mary, I'm a nuisance, but,
I promise, honor bright,
I'll put my balls and books and things
Where they belong to-night.

FLORENCE REYNOLDS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"The world is so full of a number
of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy
as kings."

I WONDER if you or I could have said that if we had suffered as much as did Robert Louis Stevenson. He must himself have been a happy thought to have believed that. When other boys were in school, he lay ill in bed inventing things with which to amuse himself. Once, when he was getting well after a severe cold, he ran across a small boy who wanted "something craggy to break his mind upon." Immediately they set to work making colored drawings and sketches. Robert Louis Stevenson drew a map of an island, and, when he had colored it highly, he called it Treasure Island. That was the beginning of the book he afterward wrote by that name.

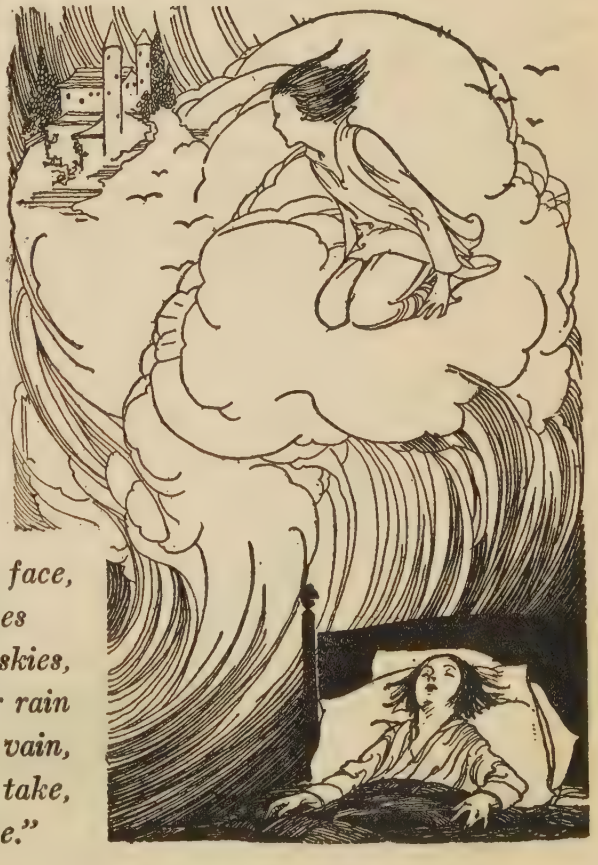
If you would like to know the story of Stevenson's life, there is no better way than to read his own writings. You can begin with his *Child's Garden of Verses,* and learn from that how lonely he was and how he studied to make himself cheerful. Some of these verses were written with his left hand, because his right one was done up in a sling, and in a darkened room, made dark on account of his eyes. Some of them were spelled out with the aid of the deaf and dumb alphabet, because the doctor had forbidden him to speak lest he bring on more coughing spells. These are the memories of his childhood as he lay ill in his bed and thought of them. The key to the little book is this:

"As from the house your mother sees
You playing 'round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the window of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden play."

When he was very little, and had to lie in bed, he would say:

"I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant land of Play."

This little book of verses, this Child's Garden, was dedicated to Miss Allison Cunningham, his nurse when he was a child, whom he loved devotedly, and always called Cummy. He thought the book should go to no other person than Cummy, who had done so much to make his childhood happy. He said he would never have lived at all if it had not been for her watchful kindness. In some of his verses he says that happy children make every one near them happy, also. Deep down in his heart he thought, "Children are too good to be true," meaning that they are something like fairies, and vanish if you touch them.



Robert Louis Stevenson says many beautiful things that we may carry away with us when we close his books. One is, that it is not the result of our acts that makes them brave and noble, but the acts themselves and the unselfish love that moves us to do them. In another place he writes:

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have mingled with my race
And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake."

When Robert was only six years old, his Uncle David offered a prize to the one of his nephews who could write the best story of Moses. Robert had not yet learned to write, but he told the story to his mother, and she wrote it for him; and he was the boy who won the prize. From that time on, his mother said, he always wanted to write.

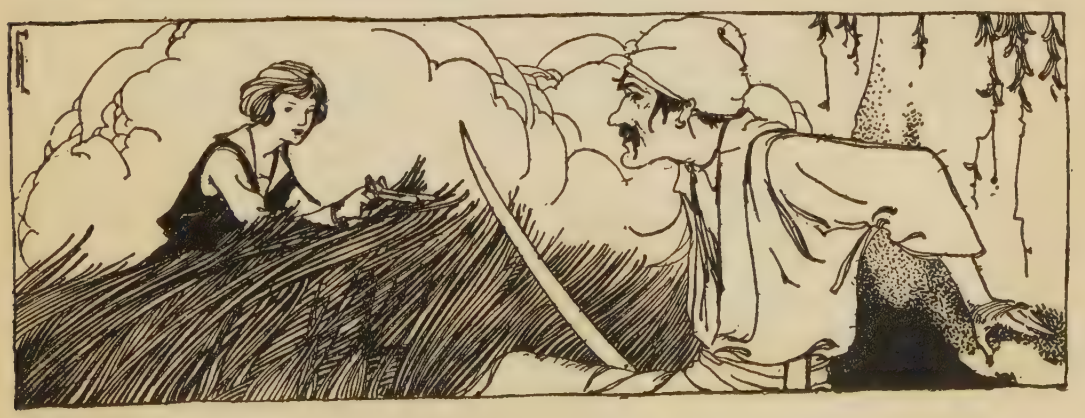
As he grew older, and learned to read, some of his favorite books were *Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Rob Roy, Guy Mannering, The Pilgrim's Progress,* and *Arabian Nights.* He read a great deal, and was fond of acting out what he had read. All his out-of-door games he called "Crusoing," which might mean digging a cave or kindling a fire out of doors and baking things, principally apples and potatoes. Then he invented a game of his own, which he called Lantern Bearing. It was played something like this: "Toward the end of September, when the nights were already black, we would begin to sally forth, each with a tin bull's-eye lantern. We wore them buckled to the waist, under a cricket belt, and over them a buttoned top-coat. They smelled of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more." When two of them met there would be the anxious question, "Have you got your lantern?" and the mysterious answer, "Yes," satisfactory to all the other boys. He tells all about it in his book called *Across the Plains.*

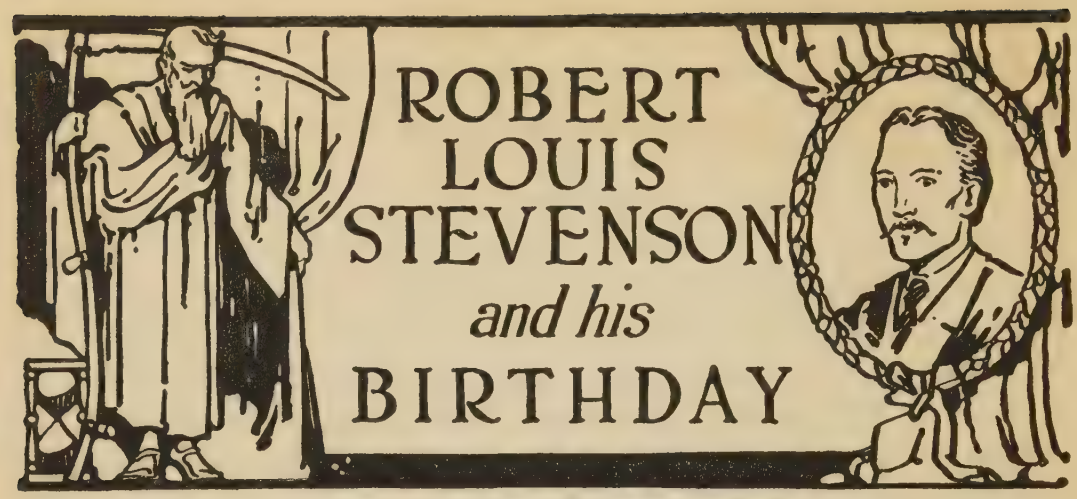
After that you will want to read *Treasure Island,* which is packed full of adventure. It was his first real book. Nearly all boys like it, and it may be that you have seen it played on the stage or the moving picture screen. Gladstone, the great English statesman, began to read it at the house of a friend, and could not rest until he had searched London for a copy of his own.

You can remember Robert Louis Stevenson's birthday if you think of the very middle of the nineteenth century (1850), on the thirteenth day of November. That was an especially lucky thirteen that gave us R. L. S., as he is lovingly called by his friends. He had many loving friends, and though he lived to be only forty-four years old, he still lives in the hearts of many children as well as grown-ups.

Did you ever hear of the Road of the Loving Heart? It was made by some Mataafa chiefs who had been taken prisoners when their villages were destroyed. So kindly were they treated by Mr. Stevenson that they wanted to show their gratitude. They made a road, by the hardest kind of work, from his South Sea home at Vailima as far as the public way to Apia. In a few weeks they had it all finished, and called it *Ala Lota Alofa,* which means the *Road of the Loving Heart.* An old Mataafa chief (who had been in prison, and afterward helped in making the road) when he learned of Stevenson's death came to look at his face, and said, "We were in prison and he cared for us. We were sick and he made us well. We were hungry and he fed us. The way was no longer than his kindness. Who among you is so great as Tusitala (the Teller of Tales)?" Was not that a fine tribute to pay to a man?

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS





IN the story before this one, the author tells you that Stevenson's birthday was on November 13th, and so it was, until a certain day when he gave it away and it was his no longer.

In Samoa where he lived, the American Land Commissioner was Mr. H. C. Ide, for whom he had a high regard. Mr. Ide's little daughter, Annie, had been born on Christmas day. This she felt was not fair, since she was thus defrauded of a really private celebration such as most persons had. Mr. Stevenson was full of sympathy, for he was fond of children and wanted them to be happy. In the third volume of the *Letters of Stevenson* we read how he transferred all his rights in that birthday to the little girl who had no proper birthday of her own. On the page opposite is the text of the document which he sent to Miss Annie Ide's father.

After Annie received this deed of transfer, she sent Mr. Stevenson a letter, a photograph of herself and her sister, and some drawings, which, he said, made him feel he had his money's worth for that birthday. He was sure the transaction made them very near relatives and proposed that he call her his name-daughter. He writes:

> *"From the moment the deed was registered, the 13th of November became your own and only birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas day. Ask your father: I am sure he will tell you this is sound law. You thus became a month and twelve days younger than you were, but you will go on growing older in the regular and human manner from one 13th of November to the next. The effect on me is more doubtful; I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces like the one-horse shay at a moment's notice; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not in the least regret that which enables me to sign myself*
>
> *Your revered and delighted name-father,*
>
> *Robert Louis Stevenson."*

Some day, when you are older, you will want to read all the letters of this great and kindly man who loved life, and honor, and people, and not least, little children.

HELEN WALDO

Quotations from Vol. 3, *The Letters of Stevenson,* are reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems,* stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upola, Samoa, a British Subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, on Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained the age when, oh, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

Have transferred, and *do hereby transfer,* to the said Annie H. Ide, *all and whole* my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

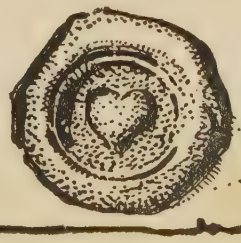
And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, *et tamque bona filia familiae,* the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

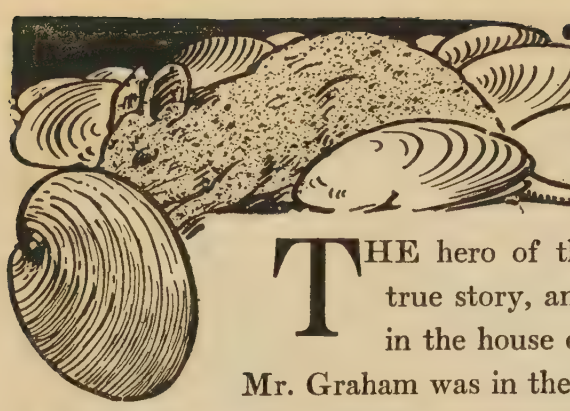
And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being:

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Witness, Lloyd Osborne
Witness, Harold Watts

Robert Louis Stevenson





The Clam that made a Noise

THE hero of this story is a clam. It is a really true story, and happened a number of years ago in the house of my neighbor, Mr. Graham.

Mr. Graham was in the habit of buying large, round clams and laying them upon the floor of his cellar, in the dark, until he was ready to use them. You know, clams are silent; but Mr. Graham and his family were astonished when, one day, the cook ran into the dining-room where they were sitting, and exclaimed:

"Mr. Graham, there is a dreadful noise and clatter down in the cellar."

"Well, well, just step down and see what the trouble is, Mary," said he.

"Indeed, I wouldn't go down for anything, sir; there must be something terrible going on down there."

"Then I'll go myself, Mary, but there's nothing to be afraid of," said Mr. Graham, as he left the room.

In a moment the family heard his voice calling, "Come down here, everybody. Come quickly." They heard him laughing heartily, and trooped down to see what the joke could be. They heard a loud thumping and clattering, and what do you think they saw? I don't believe you could ever guess.

A rat had come into the cellar, looking for food. He had sniffed at the clams and poked them about, and tried to find a soft spot on them which he could bite. They were very hard, he thought; but they did smell tempting! The clams were annoyed at this treatment, and one of them opened his shell wide and snapped, and oh, my, Mr. Rat was caught by the tail! The clam held him fast in the vise of his shell. The more Mr. Rat tried to shake him off, the tighter the angry clam held on. That is what the family saw—Mr. Rat galloping around and around the cellar, with the big clam fastened to the end of his tail. Do you wonder they all laughed? I think you would have laughed, too, if you had been with them.

NINA M. BUCKINGHAM

FRIENDS

MY BOOKS ARE FRIENDS, WHOSE PAGES HOLD
WHAT'S BETTER THAN THE PUREST GOLD.
I TURN TO THEM AND ALWAYS FIND
THE BEST OF HELP FOR HEART AND MIND.
NO MATTER WHAT MY NEED MAY BE,
MY BOOKS PROVIDE THEIR BEST FOR ME.
DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF THESE GOOD FRIENDS
IS FAITHFULNESS THAT NEVER ENDS.

FROM A MEDALLION

BY BRENDA PUTNAM